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THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER.

COMPRISING

HIS POEMS,

CORRESPONDENCE, AND TRANSLATIONS.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR

BY THE EDITOR,

ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D.

POET LAUREATE, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY FINE ENGRAVINGS.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

LONDON:

H. G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

MDCCCLIV.

THE

ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED BY

WILLIAM COWPER.

EDITED BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D.

POET LAUREATE, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, AFTER DRAWINGS BY W. HARVEY.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
MDCCCLIV.

PLATES IN THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

1. Sparta . . . . . *Frontispiece.*
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3. The Plains of Troy 52
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ADVERTISEMENT.

It is incumbent upon the present Editor to state the reasons which have induced him, between two editions of Cowper's Homer, differing so materially from each other that they might almost be deemed different versions, to prefer the first.

Whoever has perused the Translator's letters must have perceived that he had considered with no ordinary care the scheme of his versification, and that when he resolved upon altering it in a second edition, it was in deference to the opinion of others.

It seems to the Editor that Cowper's own judgement is entitled to more respect than that of any, or all his critics; and that the version which he composed when his faculties were most active and his spirits least subject to depression,—indeed in the happiest part of his life,—ought not to be superseded by a revisal, or rather reconstruction, which was undertaken three years before his death,—not like the first translation as "a pleasant work, an innocent luxury," the cheerful and delightful occupation of hope and ardour and ambition,—but as "a hopeless employment," a task which he gave in "all his miserable days, and often many hours of the night," seeking to beguile the sense of utter wretchedness, by altering as if for the sake of alteration.

The Editor has been confirmed in this opinion by the concurrence of every person with whom he has communicated on the subject. Among others he takes the liberty of mentioning Mr. Cary, whose authority upon such a question is of

especial weight, the Translator of Dante being the only one of our countrymen who has ever executed a translation of equal magnitude and not less difficulty, with the same perfect fidelity and admirable skill.

In support of this determination, the case of Tasso may be cited as curiously in point. The great Italian poet altered his Jerusalem, like Cowper, against his own judgement, in submission to his critics: he made the alteration in the latter years of his life, and in a diseased state of mind; and he proceeded upon the same prescribed rule of smoothing down his versification, and removing all the elisions. The consequence has been that the reconstructed poem is utterly neglected, and has rarely, if ever, been reprinted, except in the two great editions of his collected works; while the original poem has been and continues to be in such demand, that the most diligent bibliographer might vainly attempt to enumerate all the editions through which it has passed.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

PREFACE.

WHETHER a translation of HOMER may be best executed in blank verse or in rhyme, is a question in the decision of which no man can find difficulty, who has ever duly considered what translation ought to be, or who is in any degree practically acquainted with those very different kinds of versification. I will venture to assert that a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme, is impossible. No human ingenuity can be equal to the task of closing every couplet with sounds homotonous, expressing at the same time the full sense, and only the full sense of his original. The translator's ingenuity, indeed, in this case, becomes itself a snare, and the readier he is at invention and expedient, the more likely he is to be betrayed into the widest departures from the guide whom he professes to follow. Hence it has happened, that although the public have long been in possession of an English HOMER by a poet whose writings have done immortal honour to his country, the demand of a new one, and especially in blank verse, has been repeatedly and loudly made by some of the best judges and ablest writers of the present day.

I have no contest with my predecessor. None is supposeable between performers on different instruments. Mr. Pope has surmounted all difficulties in his version of HOMER that it was possible to surmount in rhyme. But he was fettered, and his fetters were his choice. Accustomed always to rhyme, he had formed to himself an ear which probably could not be much gratified by verse that wanted it, and determined to encounter even impossibilities, rather than abandon a mode of writing in which he had excelled everybody, for the sake of another to which, unexercised in it as he was, he must have felt strong objections.

I number myself among the warmest admirers of Mr. Pope as an original writer, and I allow him all the merit he can

justly claim as the translator of this chief of poets. He has given us the *Tale of Troy divine* in smooth verse, generally in correct and elegant language, and in diction often highly poetical. But his deviations are so many, occasioned chiefly by the cause already mentioned, that, much as he has done, and valuable as his work is on some accounts, it was yet in the humble province of a translator that I thought it possible even for me to follow him with some advantage.

That he has sometimes altogether suppressed the sense of his author, and has not seldom intermingled his own ideas with it, is a remark which, on this occasion, nothing but necessity should have extorted from me. But we differ sometimes so widely in our matter, that unless this remark, invidious as it seems, be premised, I know not how to obviate a suspicion, on the one hand, of careless oversight, or of factitious embellishment on the other. On this head, therefore, the English reader is to be admonished, that the matter found in me, whether he like it or not, is found also in HOMER, and that the matter not found in me, how much soever he may admire it, is found only in Mr. Pope. I have omitted nothing; I have invented nothing.

There is indisputably a wide difference between the case of an original writer in rhyme and a translator. In an original work the author is free; if the rhyme be of difficult attainment, and he cannot find it in one direction, he is at liberty to seek it in another: the matter that will not accommodate itself to his occasions he may discard, adopting such as will. But in a translation no such option is allowable; the sense of the author is required, and we do not surrender it willingly even to the plea of necessity. Fidelity is indeed of the very essence of translation, and the term itself implies it. For which reason, if we suppress the sense of our original, and force into its place our own, we may call our work an *imitation*, if we please, or perhaps a *paraphrase*, but it is no longer the same author only in a different dress, and therefore it is not translation. Should a painter, professing to draw the likeness of a beautiful woman, give her more or fewer features than belong to her, and a general cast of countenance of his own invention, he might be said to have produced a *jeu d'esprit*, a curiosity perhaps in its way, but by no means the lady in question.

It will however be necessary to speak a little more largely to this subject, on which discordant opinions prevail even among good judges.

The free and the close translation have, each, their advocates. But inconveniences belong to both. The former can hardly be true to the original author's style and manner, and the latter is apt to be servile. The one loses his peculiarities, and the other his spirit. Were it possible, therefore, to find an exact medium, a manner so close that it should let slip nothing of the text, nor mingle any thing extraneous with it, and at the same time so free as to have an air of originality, this seems precisely the mode in which an author might be best rendered. I can assure my readers from my own experience, that to discover this very delicate line is difficult, and to proceed by it when found, through the whole length of a poet voluminous as HOMER, nearly impossible. I can only pretend to have endeavoured it.

It is an opinion commonly received, but, like many others, indebted for its prevalence to mere want of examination, that a translator should imagine to himself the style which his author would probably have used, had the language into which he is rendered been his own; a direction which wants nothing but practicability to recommend it. For suppose six persons, equally qualified for the task, employed to translate the same Ancient into their own language, with this rule to guide them. In the event it would be found that each had fallen on a manner different from that of all the rest, and by probable inference it would follow that none had fallen on the right. On the whole, therefore, as has been said, the translation which partakes equally of fidelity and liberality, that is close, but not so close as to be servile, free, but not so free as to be licentious, promises fairest: and my ambition will be sufficiently gratified, if such of my readers as are able, and will take the pains to compare me in this respect with Homer, shall judge that I have in any measure attained a point so difficult.

As to energy and harmony, two grand requisites in a translation of this most energetic and most harmonious of all poets, it is neither my purpose nor my wish, should I be found deficient in either, or in both, to shelter myself under an unfilial imputation of blame to my mother-tongue. Our language is indeed less musical than the Greek, and there is no language

with which I am at all acquainted that is not. But it is musical enough for the purposes of melodious verse, and if it seem to fail, on whatsoever occasion, in energy, the blame is due, not to itself, but to the unskilful manager of it. For so long as Milton's works, whether his prose or his verse, shall exist, so long there will be abundant proof that no subject, however important, however sublime, can demand greater force of expression than is within the compass of the English language.

I have no fear of judges familiar with Homer in the original. They need not be told that a translation of him is an arduous enterprize, and as such, entitled to some favour. From these, therefore, I shall expect, and shall not be disappointed, considerable candour and allowance. Especially *they* will be candid, and I believe that there are many such, who have occasionally tried their own strength in this *bow of Ulysses*. They have not found it supple and pliable, and with me are perhaps ready to acknowledge that they could not always even approach with it the mark of their ambition. But I would willingly, were it possible, obviate uncandid criticism, because to answer it is lost labour, and to receive it in silence has the appearance of stately reserve, and self-importance.

To those, therefore, who shall be inclined to tell me hereafter that my diction is often plain and unelevated, I reply beforehand that I know it,—that it would be absurd were it otherwise, and that Homer himself stands in the same predicament. In fact, it is one of his numberless excellencies, and a point in which his judgement never fails him, that he is grand and lofty always in the right place, and knows infallibly how to rise and fall with his subject. *Big words on small matters* may serve as a pretty exact definition of the burlesque; an instance of which they will find in the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, but none in the Iliad.

By others I expect to be told that my numbers, though here and there tolerably smooth, are not always such, but have, now and then, an ugly hitch in their gait, ungraceful in itself, and inconvenient to the reader. To this charge also I plead guilty, but beg leave in alleviation of judgement to add, that my limping lines are not numerous, compared with those that limp not. The truth is, that not one of them all escaped me, but, such as they are, they were all made such with a wilful

intention. In poems of great length there is no blemish more to be feared than sameness of numbers, and every art is useful by which it may be avoided. A line, rough in itself, has yet its recommendations; it saves the ear the pain of an irksome monotony, and seems even to add greater smoothness to others. Milton, whose ear and taste were exquisite, has exemplified in his Paradise Lost the effect of this practice frequently.

Having mentioned Milton, I cannot but add an observation on the similitude of his manner to that of Homer. It is such, that no person familiar with both, can read either without being reminded of the other; and it is in those breaks and pauses, to which the numbers of the English poet are so much indebted both for their dignity and variety, that he chiefly copies the Grecian. But these are graces to which rhyme is not competent; so broken, it loses all its music; of which any person may convince himself by reading a page only of any of our poets anterior to Denham, Waller, and Dryden. A translator of Homer, therefore, seems directed by Homer himself to the use of blank verse, as to that alone in which he can be rendered with any tolerable representation of his manner in this particular. A remark which I am naturally led to make by a desire to conciliate, if possible, some, who, rather unreasonably partial to rhyme, demand it on all occasions, and seem persuaded that poetry in our language is a vain attempt without it. Verse, that claims to be verse in right of its metre only, they judge to be such rather by courtesy than by kind, on an apprehension that it costs the writer little trouble, that he has only to give his lines their prescribed number of syllables, and, so far as the mechanical part is concerned, all is well. Were this true, they would have reason on their side, for the author is certainly best entitled to applause who succeeds against the greatest difficulty, and in verse that calls for the most artificial management in its construction. But the case is not as they suppose. To rhyme, in our language, demands no great exertion of ingenuity, but is always easy to a person exercised in the practice. Witness the multitudes who rhyme, but have no other poetical pretensions. Let it be considered too, how merciful we are apt to be to unclassical and indifferent language for the sake of rhyme, and we shall soon see that the labour lies principally on the other side. Many ornaments of no easy purchase are required to atone for

the absence of this single recommendation. It is not sufficient that the lines of blank verse be smooth in themselves, they must also be harmonious in the combination. Whereas the chief concern of the rhymist is to beware that his couplets and his sense be commensurate, lest the regularity of his numbers should be (too frequently at least) interrupted. A trivial difficulty this, compared with those which attend the poet unaccompanied by his bells. He, in order that he may be musical, must exhibit all the variations, as he proceeds, of which ten syllables are susceptible; between the first syllable and the last there is no place at which he must not occasionally pause, and the place of the pause must be perpetually shifted. To effect this variety, his attention must be given, at one and the same time, to the pauses he has already made in the period before him, as well as to that which he is about to make, and to those which shall succeed it. On no lighter terms than these is it possible that blank verse can be written which will not, in the course of a long work, fatigue the ear past all endurance. If it be easier, therefore, to throw five balls into the air and to catch them in succession, than to sport in that manner with one only, then may blank verse be more easily fabricated than rhyme. And if to these labours we add others equally requisite, a style in general more elaborate than rhyme requires, farther removed from the vernacular idiom both in the language itself and in the arrangement of it, we shall not long doubt which of these two very different species of verse threatens the composer with most expense of study and contrivance. I feel it unpleasant to appeal to my own experience, but, having no other voucher at hand, am constrained to it. As I affirm, so I have found. I have dealt pretty largely in both kinds, and have frequently written more verses in a day, with tags, than I could ever write without them. To what has been here said (which whether it have been said by others or not, I cannot tell, having never read any modern book on the subject) I shall only add, that to be poetical without rhyme, is an argument of a sound and classical constitution in any language.

A word or two on the subject of the following translation, and I have done.

My chief boast is that I have adhered closely to my original, convinced that every departure from him would be punished

with the forfeiture of some grace or beauty for which I could substitute no equivalent. The epithets that would consent to an English form I have preserved as epithets; others that would not, I have melted into the context. There are none, I believe, which I have not translated in one way or other, though the reader will not find them repeated so often as most of them are in HOMER, for a reason that need not be mentioned.

Few persons of any consideration are introduced either in the Iliad or Odyssey by their own name only, but their patronymic is given also. To this ceremonial I have generally attended, because it is a circumstance of my author's manner.

HOMER never allots less than a whole line to the introduction of a speaker. No, not even when the speech itself is no longer than the line that leads it. A practice to which, since he never departs from it, he must have been determined by some cogent reason. He probably deemed it a formality necessary to the majesty of his narration. In this article, therefore, I have scrupulously adhered to my pattern, considering these introductory lines as heralds in a procession; important persons, because employed to usher in persons more important than themselves.

It has been my point everywhere to be as little verbose as possible, though at the same time, my constant determination not to sacrifice my author's full meaning to an affected brevity.

In the affair of style, I have endeavoured neither to creep nor to bluster, for no author is so likely to betray his translator into both these faults, as HOMER, though himself never guilty of either. I have cautiously avoided all terms of new invention, with an abundance of which, persons of more ingenuity than judgement have not enriched our language, but incumbered it. I have also everywhere used an unabbreviated fullness of phrase as most suited to the nature of the work, and above all, have studied perspicuity, not only because verse is good for little that wants it, but because HOMER is the most perspicuous of all poets.

In all difficult places I have consulted the best commentators, and where they have differed, or have given, as is often the case, a variety of solutions, I have ever exercised my best judgement, and selected that which appears, at least to myself, the most probable interpretation. On this ground, and on

account of the fidelity which I have already boasted, I may venture, I believe, to recommend my work as promising some usefulness to young students of the original.

The passages which will be least noticed, and possibly not at all, except by those who shall wish to find me at a fault, are those which have cost me abundantly the most labour. It is difficult to kill a sheep with dignity in a modern language, to flay and to prepare it for the table, detailing every circumstance of the process. Difficult also, without sinking below the level of poetry, to harness mules to a waggon, particularizing every article of their furniture, straps, rings, staples, and even the tying of the knots that kept all together. HOMER, who writes always to the eye, with all his sublimity and grandeur, has the minuteness of a Flemish painter.

But in what degree I have succeeded in my version either of these passages, and such as these, or of others more buoyant and above-ground, and especially of the most sublime, is now submitted to the decision of the reader, to whom I am ready enough to confess that I have not at all consulted their approbation, who account nothing grand that is not turgid, or elegant that is not bedizened with metaphor.

I purposely decline all declamation on the merits of HOMER, because a translator's praises of his author are liable to a suspicion of dotage, and because it were impossible to improve on those which this author has received already. He has been the wonder of all countries that his works have ever reached, even deified by the greatest names of antiquity, and in some places actually worshipped. And to say truth, were it possible that mere man could entitle himself by preeminence of any kind to divine honours, Homer's astonishing powers seem to have given him the best pretensions.

I cannot conclude without due acknowledgements to the best critic in HOMER I have ever met with, the learned and ingenious Mr. FUSELI. Unknown as he was to me when I entered on this arduous undertaking, (indeed to this moment I have never seen him) he yet voluntarily and generously offered himself as my reviser. To his classical taste and just discernment I have been indebted for the discovery of many blemishes in my own work, and of beauties, which would otherwise have escaped me in the original. But his necessary avocations would not suffer him to accompany me farther than

to the latter books of the Iliad, a circumstance which I fear my readers, as well as myself, will regret with too much reason[1].

I have obligations likewise to many friends, whose names, were it proper to mention them here, would do me great honour. They have encouraged me by their approbation, have assisted me with valuable books, and have eased me of almost the whole labour of transcribing.

And now I have only to regret that my pleasant work is ended. To the illustrious Greek I owe the smooth and easy flight of many thousand hours. He has been my companion at home and abroad, in the study, in the garden, and in the field; and no measure of success, let my labours succeed as they may, will ever compensate to me the loss of the innocent luxury that I have enjoyed, as a Translator of HOMER.

[1] Some of the few notes subjoined to my translation of the Odyssey are by Mr. FUSELI, who had a short opportunity to peruse the MS. while the Iliad was printing. They are marked with his initial.

PREFACE

PREPARED BY MR. COWPER,

FOR A

SECOND EDITION.

Soon after my publication of this work, I began to prepare it for a second edition, by an accurate revisal of the first. It seemed to me, that here and there, perhaps, a slight alteration might satisfy the demands of some, whom I was desirous to please; and I comforted myself with the reflection, that if I still failed to conciliate all, I should yet have no cause to account myself in a singular degree unfortunate. To please an unqualified judge, an author must sacrifice too much; and the attempt to please an uncandid one were altogether hopeless. In one or other of these classes may be ranged all such objectors, as would deprive blank verse of one of its principal advantages, the variety of its pauses; together with all such as deny the good effect, on the whole, of a line, now and then, less harmonious than its fellows.

With respect to the pauses, it has been affirmed with an unaccountable rashness, that Homer himself has given me an example of verse without them. Had this been true, it would by no means have concluded against the use of them in an English version of Homer; because, in one language, and in one species of metre, that may be musical, which in another would be found disgusting. But the assertion is totally unfounded. The pauses in Homer's verse are so frequent and various, that to name another poet, if pauses are a fault, more faulty than He, were, perhaps, impossible. It may even be questioned, if a single passage of ten lines flowing with uninterrupted smoothness could be singled out from all the thousands that he has left us. He frequently pauses at the first word of the line, when it consists of three or more syllables; not seldom when of two; and sometimes even when of one only. In this practice he was followed, as was observed in my Preface to the first Edition, by the Author of the Paradise

Lost. An example inimitable indeed, but which no writer of English heroic verse without rhyme can neglect with impunity.

Similar to this is the objection which proscribes absolutely the occasional use of a line irregularly constructed. When Horace censured Lucilius for his lines *incomposito pede currentes*, he did not mean to say, that he was chargeable with such in some instances, or even in many, for then the censure would have been equally applicable to himself; but he designed by that expression to characterize all his writings. The censure therefore was just; Lucilius wrote at a time when the Roman verse had not yet received its polish, and instead of introducing artfully his rugged lines, and to serve a particular purpose, had probably seldom, and never but by accident, composed a smooth one. Such has been the versification of the earliest poets in every country. Children lisp, at first, and stammer; but, in time, their speech becomes fluent, and, if they are well taught, harmonious.

Homer himself is not invariably regular in the construction of his verse. Had he been so, Eustathius, an excellent critic and warm admirer of Homer, had never affirmed, that some of his lines want a head, some a tail, and others a middle. Some begin with a word that is neither Dactyl nor Spondee, some conclude with a Dactyl, and in the intermediate part he sometimes deviates equally from the established custom. I confess that instances of this sort are rare; but they are surely, though few, sufficient to warrant a sparing use of similar license in the present day.

Unwilling, however, to seem obstinate, in both these particulars, I conformed myself in some measure to these objections, though unconvinced myself of their propriety. Several of the rudest and most unshapely lines I composed anew; and several of the pauses least in use I displaced for the sake of an easier enunciation.—And this was the state of the work after the revisal given it about seven years since.

Between that revisal and the present a considerable time intervened, and the effect of long discontinuance was, that I became more dissatisfied with it myself, than the most difficult to be pleased of all my judges. Not for the sake of a few uneven lines or unwonted pauses, but for reasons far more substantial. The diction seemed to me in many passages either not sufficiently elevated, or deficient in the grace of ease,

and in others I found the sense of the original either not adequately expressed or misapprehended. Many elisions still remained unsoftened; the compound epithets I found not always happily combined, and the same sometimes too frequently repeated.

There is no end of passages in Homer, which must creep unless they are lifted; yet in such, all embellishment is out of the question. The hero puts on his clothes, or refreshes himself with food and wine, or he yokes his steed, takes a journey, and in the evening preparation is made for his repose. To give relief to subjects prosaic as these without seeming unseasonably tumid is extremely difficult. Mr. Pope much abridges some of them, and others he omits; but neither of these liberties was compatible with the nature of my undertaking. These, therefore, and many similar to these, have been new-modelled; somewhat to their advantage I hope, but not even now entirely to my satisfaction. The lines have a more natural movement, the pauses are fewer and less stately, the expression as easy as I could make it without meanness, and these were all the improvements that I could give them.

The elisions, I believe, are all cured, with only one exception. An alternative proposes itself to a modern versifier, from which there is no escape, which occurs perpetually, and which, choose as he may, presents him always with an evil. I mean in the instance of the particle (*the*). When this particle precedes a vowel, shall he melt it into the substantive, or leave the *hiatus* open? Both practices are offensive to a delicate ear. The particle absorbed occasions harshness, and the open vowel a vacuity equally inconvenient. Sometimes, therefore, to leave it open, and sometimes to ingraft it into its adjunct seems most adviseable; this course Mr. Pope has taken, whose authority recommended it to me; though of the two evils I have most frequently chosen the elision as the least.

Compound epithets have obtained so long in the poetical language of our country, that I employed them without fear or scruple. To have abstained from them in a blank verse translation of Homer, who abounds with them, and from whom our poets probably first adopted them, would have been strange indeed. But though the genius of our language favours the formation of such words almost as much as that of the Greek, it happens sometimes, that a Grecian compound either cannot

be rendered in English at all, or, at best, but awkwardly. For this reason, and because I found that some readers much disliked them, I have expunged many; retaining, according to my best judgement, the most eligible only, and making less frequent the repetitions even of these.

I know not that I can add anything material on the subject of this last revisal, unless it be proper to give the reason why the Iliad, though greatly altered, has undergone much fewer alterations than the Odyssey. The true reason I believe is this. The Iliad demanded my utmost possible exertions; it seemed to meet me like an ascent almost perpendicular, which could not be surmounted at less cost than of all the labour that I could bestow on it. The Odyssey on the contrary seemed to resemble an open and level country, through which I might travel at my ease. The latter therefore, betrayed me into some negligence, which, though little conscious of it at the time, on an accurate search, I found had left many disagreeable effects behind it.

I now leave the work to its fate. Another may labour hereafter in an attempt of the same kind with more success; but more industriously, I believe, none ever will.

PREFACE

BY

J. JOHNSON, LL.B.

CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

I HAVE no other pretensions to the honourable name of Editor on this occasion, than as a faithful transcriber of the Manuscript, and a diligent corrector of the Press, which are, doubtless, two of the very humblest employments in that most extensive province. I have wanted the ability to attempt any thing higher; and, fortunately for the Reader, I have also wanted the presumption. What, however, I can do, I will. Instead of critical remark, I will furnish him with anecdote. He shall trace from beginning to end the progress of the following Work; and in proportion as I have the happiness to engage his attention, I shall merit the name of a fortunate Editor.

It was in the darkest season of a most calamitous depression of his spirits, that I was summoned to the house of my inestimable friend the Translator, in the month of January 1794. He had happily completed a revisal of his Homer, and was thinking of the Preface to his new Edition, when all his satisfaction in the one, and whatever he had projected for the other, in a moment vanished from his mind. He had fallen into a deplorable illness; and though the foremost wish of my heart was to lessen the intenseness of his misery, I was utterly unable to afford him any aid.

I had however a pleasing though a melancholy opportunity of tracing his recent footsteps in the Field of Troy, and in the Palace of Ithaca. He had materially altered both the Iliad and Odyssey; and, so far as my ability allowed me to judge, they were each of them greatly improved. He had, also at the request of his bookseller, interspersed the two Poems with copious Notes; for the most part translations of the ancient Scholia, and gleaned, at the cost of many valuable hours, from the pages of Barnes, Clarke, and Villoisson. It has been a constant subject of regret to the admirers of "The Task,"

t the exercise of such marvellous, original powers, should e been so long suspended by the drudgery of Translation ; , in this view, their quarrel with the illustrious Greek will doubtless, extended to his Commentators[1].

)uring two long years from this most anxious period, the nslation continued as it was ; and though, in the hope of)eing able to divert his melancholy, I had attempted more n once to introduce it to its Author, I was every time pain- y obliged to desist. But in the summer of ninety-six, when had resided with me in Norfolk twelve miserable months, the oduction, long wished for, took place. To my inexpres- e astonishment and joy, I surprised him, one morning, ı the Iliad in his hand ; and with an excess of delight, which n still more unable to describe, I the next day discovered : he had been writing.—Were I to mention one of the piest moments of my life, it might be that which intro- ed me to the following lines :—

Mistaken meanings corrected,
admonente G. Wakefield.

XIII.

429. that the nave
Of thy neat wheel seem e'en to grind upon it.

865. As when (the North wind freshening) near the bank
Up springs a fish in air, then falls again
And disappears beneath the sable flood,
So at the stroke, he bounded.

018. Thenceforth Tydides o'er his ample shield
Aim'd and still aim'd to pierce him in the neck.

Or better thus—

Tydides, in return, with spear high-poised
O'er the broad shield, aim'd ever at his neck.

Very few signatures had at this time been affixed to the Notes ; but erward compared them with the Greek, note by note, and endeavoured ıpply the defect ; more especially in the last three Volumes, where Reader will be pleased to observe that all the notes without signa- ı are Mr. Cowper's, and that those marked B. C. V. are respectively d in the Editions of Homer by Barnes, Clarke, and Villoisson. But ımployment was so little to the taste and inclination of the Poet, he never afterward revised them, or added to their number more than ı which follow :—In the Odyssey, Vol. I. Book xi., the note 32.—Vol. book xv., the note 13.—The note 10, Book xvi., of that volume, and note 14, Book xix. of the same.

Or best of all—

> Then Tydeus' son, with spear high-poised above
> The ample shield, stood aiming at his neck.

He had written these lines with a pencil, on a leaf at the end of his Iliad; and when I reflected on the cause which had given them birth, I could not but admire its disproportion to the effect. What the voice of persuasion had failed in for a year, accident had silently accomplished in a single day. The circumstance I allude to was this: I received a copy of the Iliad and Odyssey of Pope, then recently published by the Editor above-mentioned, with illustrative and critical notes of his own. As it commended Mr. Cowper's Translation in the Preface, and occasionally pointed out its merits in the Notes, I was careful to place it in his way; though it was more from a habit of experiment which I had contracted, than from well-grounded hopes of success. But what a fortunate circumstance was the arrival of this work! and by what name worthy of its influence shall I call it? In the mouth of an indifferent person it might be chance; but in mine, whom it rendered so peculiarly happy, common gratitude requires that it should be Providence.

As I watched him with an indescribable interest in his progress, I had the satisfaction to find, that, after a few mornings given to promiscuous correction, and to frequent perusal of the above-mentioned Notes, he was evidently settling on the sixteenth Book. This he went regularly through, and the fruits of an application so happily resumed were, one day with another, about sixty new lines. But with the end of the sixteenth Book he had closed the corrections of the year. An excursion to the Coast, which immediately followed, though it promised an accession of strength to the body, could not fail to interfere with the pursuits of the mind. It was therefore with much less surprise than regret, that I saw him relinquish the "*Tale of Troy Divine.*"

Such was the prelude to the Last Revisal, which, in the month of January, ninety-seven, Mr. Cowper was persuaded to undertake; and to a faithful copy, as I trust, of which, I have at this time the honour to conduct the Reader. But it may not be amiss to observe, that with regard to the earlier Books of the Iliad, it was less a revisal of the altered text, than of the text as it stands in the first Edition. For though the inter-

ed copy was always at hand, and in the multitude of its ed places could hardly fail to offer some things worthy to reserved, but which the ravages of illness and the lapse of might have utterly effaced from his mind, I could not persuade the Translator to consult it. I was therefore ced, in the course of transcribing, to compare the two sals as I went along, and to plead for the continuance of first correction, when it forcibly struck me as better than last. This, however, but seldom occurred; and the prac- at length, was completely left off, by his consenting to ive into the number of the Books which were daily laid before him, the interleaved Copy to which I allude.

t the end of the first six Books of the Iliad, the arrival of ng brought the usual interruptions of exercise and air, h increased as the Summer advanced to a degree so un- rable to the progress of Homer, that in the requisite at- on to their salutary claims, the Revisal was, at one time, ether at a stand. Only four Books were added in the se of nine months; but opportunity returning as the Winter n, there were added, in less than seven weeks, four more: thus ended the year ninety-seven.

s the Spring that succeeded was a happier Spring, so it led happier Summer. We had no longer air and exercise e, but exercise and Homer hand in hand. He even fol- d us thrice to the Sea; and whether our walks were

> " on the margin of the land,
> O'er the green summit of the" cliffs, " whose base
> Beats back the roaring surge,"
> " or on the shore
> Of the untillable and barren Deep,"

were always within hearing of his magic Song. About middle of this busy summer, the revisal of the Iliad was ght to a close; and on the very next day, the 24th of , the correction of the Odyssey commenced,—a morning ered memorable by a kind and unexpected visit from the oness of that Work, the Dowager Lady Spencer!

is not my intention to detain the Reader with a progres- account of the Odyssey revised, as circumstantial as that ne Iliad, because it went on smoothly from beginning to and was finished in less than eight months.

cannot deliver these Volumes to the Public without feeling

emotions of gratitude towards Heaven, in recollecting often this corrected Work has appeared to me an instr of divine mercy, to mitigate the sufferings of my exc Relation. Its progress in our private hours was sing medicinal to his mind: may its presentment to the l prove not less conducive to the honour of the departed A who has every claim to my veneration! As a copious I the Poet is already in the Press, from the pen of his int friend Mr. Hayley, it is unnecessary for me to enter on extensive commendation of his character, as my own int with him might suggest; but I hope the reader will l allow me the privilege of indulging, in some degree, th ings of my heart, by applying to Him, in the close o Preface, an expressive verse (borrowed from Homer) He inscribed Himself, with some little variation, on a B his Grecian Favourite.

Ὡς τε πατὴρ ᾧ παιδὶ, καὶ ὅποτε λήσομαι αὐτῆ.

Loved as his Son, in him I early found
A Father, such as I will ne'er forget.

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THE

ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The book opens with an account of a pestilence that prevailed in the Grecian camp, and the cause of it is assigned. A council is called, in which fierce altercation takes place between Agamemnon and Achilles. The latter solemnly renounces the field. Agamemnon by his heralds demands Briseïs, and Achilles resigns her. He makes his complaint to Thetis, who undertakes to plead his cause with Jupiter. She pleads it, and prevails. The book concludes with an account of what passed in Heaven on that occasion.

The English reader will be pleased to observe, that by Achaians, Argives, Danaï, are signified Grecians. Homer himself having found these various appellatives both graceful and convenient, it seemed unreasonable that a Translator of him should be denied the same advantage.

ACHILLES sing, O Goddess! Peleus' son;
His wrath pernicious, who ten thousand woes
Caused to Achaia's host, sent many a soul
Illustrious into Hades premature,
And Heroes gave (so stood the will of Jove)
To dogs and to all ravening fowls a prey,
When fierce dispute had separated once
The noble Chief Achilles from the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, King of men.
Who them to strife impell'd? What power divine?
Latona's son and Jove's. For He, incensed
Against the King, a foul contagion raised
In all the host, and multitudes destroy'd,
For that the son of Atreus had his priest
Dishonoured, Chryses. To the fleet he came
Bearing rich ransom glorious to redeem

His daughter, and his hands charged with the wreath
And golden sceptre of the God shaft-arm'd.
  His supplication was at large to all
The host of Greece, but most of all to two,
The sons of Atreus, highest in command.
  Ye gallant Chiefs, and ye their gallant host,
(So may the Gods who in Olympus dwell
Give Priam's treasures to you for a spoil
And ye return in safety,) take my gifts
And loose my child, in honour of the son
Of Jove, Apollo, archer of the skies.
  At once the voice of all was to respect
The priest, and to accept the bounteous price;
But so it pleased not Atreus' mighty son,
Who with rude threatenings stern him thence dismiss'd.
  Beware, old man! that at these hollow barks
I find thee not now lingering, or henceforth
Returning, lest the garland of thy God
And his bright sceptre should avail thee nought.
I will not loose thy daughter, till old age
Steal on her. From her native country far,
In Argos, in my palace, she shall ply
The loom, and shall be partner of my bed.
Move me no more. Begone; hence while thou may'st.
  He spake, the old priest trembled and obey'd.
Forlorn he roamed the ocean's sounding shore,
And, solitary, with much prayer his King
Bright-hair'd Latona's son, Phœbus, implored.
  God of the silver bow, who with thy power
Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme
In Tenedos and Cilla the divine,
Sminthian[1] Apollo! If I e'er adorned
Thy beauteous fame, or on thy altar burn'd
The fat acceptable of bulls or goats,
Grant my petition. With thy shafts avenge
On the Achaian host thy servant's tears.
  Such prayer he made, and it was heard. The God,
Down from Olympus with his radiant bow
And his full quiver o'er his shoulder slung,

[1] So called on account of his having saved the people of Troas from a plague of mice, sminthos in their language meaning a mouse.

Marched in his anger; shaken as he moved
His rattling arrows told of his approach.
Gloomy he came as night; sat from the ships
Apart, and sent an arrow. Clang'd the cord
[2]Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow.
Mules first and dogs he struck, but at themselves
Dispatching soon his bitter arrows keen,
Smote them. Death-piles on all sides always blazed.
Nine days throughout the camp his arrows flew;
The tenth, Achilles from all parts convened
The host in council. Juno the white-armed,
Moved at the sight of Grecians all around
Dying, imparted to his mind the thought.
The full assembly, therefore, now convened,
Uprose Achilles ardent, and began.
Atrides! Now, it seems, no course remains
For us, but that the seas roaming again,
We hence return; at least if we survive;
But haste, consult we quick some prophet here
Or priest, or even interpreter of dreams,
(For dreams are also of Jove,) that we may learn
By what crime we have thus incensed Apollo,
What broken vow, what hecatomb unpaid
He charges on us, and if soothed with steam
Of lambs or goats unblemish'd, he may yet.
Be won to spare us, and avert the plague.
He spake and sat, when Thestor's son arose
Calchas, an augur foremost in his art,
Who all things, present, past, and future knew,
And whom his skill in prophecy, a gift
Conferr'd by Phœbus on him, had advanced
To be conductor of the fleet to Troy;
He, prudent, them admonishing, replied.
Jove-loved Achilles! Would'st thou learn from me
What cause hath moved Apollo to this wrath,
The shaft-arm'd King? I shall divulge the cause.
But thou, swear first and covenant on thy part

[2] For this singular line the Translator begs to apologize, by pleading the strong desire he felt to produce an English line, if possible, somewhat resembling in its effect the famous original one.

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.

That speaking, acting, thou wilt stand prepared
To give me succour; for I judge amiss,
Or he who rules the Argives, the supreme
O'er all Achaia's host, will be incensed.
Woe to the man who shall provoke the King!
For if, to-day, he smother close his wrath,
He harbours still the vengeance and in time
Performs it. Answer, therefore, wilt thou save me?
  To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
What thou hast learn'd in secret from the God,
That speak, and boldly. By the son of Jove,
Apollo, whom thou, Calchas, seek'st in prayer
Made for the Danaï, and who thy soul
Fills with futurity, in all the host
The Grecian lives not, who while I shall breathe,
And see the light of day, shall in this camp
Oppress thee; no, not even if thou name
Him, Agamemnon, sovereign o'er us all.
  Then was the seer embolden'd, and he spake.
Nor vow nor hecatomb unpaid on us
He charges, but the wrong done to his priest
Whom Agamemnon slighted when he sought
His daughter's freedom, and his gifts refused.
He is the cause. Apollo for his sake
Afflicts and will afflict us, neither end
Nor intermission of his heavy scourge
Granting, 'till unredeem'd, no price required,
The black-eyed maid be to her father sent,
And a whole hecatomb in Chrysa bleed.
Then, not before, the God may be appeased.
  He spake and sat; when Atreus' son arose,
The Hero Agamemnon, throned supreme.
Tempests of black resentment overcharged
His heart, and indignation fired his eyes.
On Calchas louring, him he first address'd.
  Prophet of mischief! from whose tongue no note
Of grateful sound to me, was ever heard;
Ill tidings are thy joy, and tidings glad
Thou tell'st not, or thy words come not to pass.
And now among the Danaï thy dreams
Divulging, thou pretend'st the Archer-God

For his priest's sake, our enemy, because
I scorn'd his offer'd ransom of the maid
Chrysëis, more desirous far to bear
Her to my home, for that she charms me more
Than Clytemnestra, my own first espoused,
With whom, in disposition, feature, form,
Accomplishments, she may be well compared.
Yet, being such, I will return her hence
If that she go be best. Perish myself,—
But let the people of my charge be saved!
Prepare ye, therefore, a reward for me,
And seek it instant. It were much unmeet
That I alone of all the Argive host
Should want due recompense, whose former prize
Is elsewhere destined, as ye all perceive.
To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
Atrides, glorious above all in rank,
And as intent on gain as thou art great,
Whence shall the Grecians give a prize to thee?
The general stock is poor; the spoil of towns
Which we have taken, hath already passed
In distribution, and it were unjust
To gather it from all the Greeks again.
But send thou back this Virgin to her God,
And when Jove's favour shall have given us Troy,
A threefold, fourfold share shall then be thine.
To whom the Sovereign of the host replied.
God-like Achilles, valiant as thou art,
Would'st thou be subtle too? But me no fraud
Shall overreach, or art persuade, of thine.
Would'st thou, that thou be recompensed, and I
Sit meekly down defrauded of my due?
And did'st thou bid me yield her? Let the bold
Achaians give me competent amends,
Such as may please me, and it shall be well.
Else, if they give me none, I will command
Thy prize, the prize of Ajax, or the prize
It may be of Ulysses to my tent,
And let the loser chafe. But this concern
Shall be adjusted at convenient time.
Come,—Launch we now into the sacred deep

A bark with lusty rowers well supplied;
Then put on board Chrysëis, and with her
The sacrifice required. Go also one
High in authority, some counsellor,
Idomeneus, or Ajax, or thyself,
Thou most untractable of all mankind;
And seek by rites of sacrifice and prayer
To appease Apollo on our host's behalf.
Achilles eyed him with a frown, and spake.
Ah! cloathed with impudence as with a cloak,
And full of subtlety, who, thinkest thou—
What Grecian here will serve thee, or for thee
Wage covert war, or open? Me thou know'st
Troy never wronged; I came not to avenge
Harm done to me; no Trojan ever drove
My pastures, steeds or oxen took of mine,
Or plunder'd of their fruits the golden fields
Of Phthia the deep-soil'd. She lies remote,
And obstacles are numerous interposed,
Vale-darkening mountains, and the dashing sea.
No, [3] Shameless Wolf! For thy good pleasure sake
We came, and, [4] Face of flint! to avenge the wrongs
By Menelaus and thyself sustain'd,
On the offending Trojan—service kind,
But lost on thee, regardless of it all.
And now—What now? Thy threatening is to seize
Thyself, the just requital of my toils,
My prize hard-earn'd, by common suffrage mine.
I never gain, what Trojan town soe'er
We ransack, half thy booty. The swift march
And furious onset,—these I largely reap,
But, distribution made, thy lot exceeds
Mine far; while I, with any pittance pleased,
Bear to my ships the little that I win
After long battle, and account it much.
But I am gone, I and my sable barks
(My wiser course) to Phthia, and I judge,
Scorn'd as I am, that thou shalt hardly glean
Without me, more than thou shalt soon consume.
He ceased, and Agamemnon thus replied.

[3] Κυνῶπα. . [4] μεγ' ἀναιδές.

Fly, and fly now; if in thy soul thou feel
Such ardour of desire to go—begone!
I woo thee not to stay; stay not an hour
On my behalf, for I have others here
Who will respect me more, and above all
All-judging Jove. There is not in the host
King or commander whom I hate as thee,
For all thy pleasure is in strife and blood,
And at all times; yet valour is no ground
Whereon to boast, it is the gift of Heaven.
Go, get ye back to Phthia, thou and thine!
There rule thy Myrmidons. I need not thee,
Nor heed thy wrath a jot. But this I say,
Sure as Apollo takes my lovely prize
Chrysëis, and I shall return her home
In mine own bark, and with my proper crew,
So sure the fair Brisëis shall be mine.
I shall demand her even at thy tent.
So shalt thou well be taught, how high in power
I soar above thy pitch, and none shall dare
Attempt, thenceforth, comparison with me.
He ended, and the big disdainful heart
Throbbed of Achilles; racking doubt ensued
And sore perplex'd him, whether forcing wide
A passage through them, with his blade unsheathed
To lay Atrides breathless at his foot,
Or to command his stormy spirit down.
So doubted he, and undecided yet
Stood drawing forth his faulchion huge; when lo!
Down sent by Juno, to whom both alike
Were dear, and who alike watched over both,
Pallas descended. At his back she stood
To none apparent, save himself alone,
And seized his golden locks. Startled, he turned,
And instant knew Minerva. Flashed her eyes
Terrific; whom with accents on the wing
Of haste, incontinent he questioned thus.
Daughter of Jove, why comest thou? that thyself
May'st witness these affronts which I endure
From Agamemnon? Surely as I speak,
This moment, for his arrogance, he dies.

To whom the blue-eyed Deity. From heaven
Mine errand is, to soothe, if thou wilt hear,
Thine anger. Juno the white-arm'd, alike
To him and thee propitious, bade me down:
Restrain thy wrath. Draw not thy faulchion forth.
Retort, and sharply, and let that suffice.
For I foretell thee true. Thou shalt receive,
Some future day, thrice told, thy present loss
For this day's wrong. Cease, therefore, and be still.
To whom Achilles. Goddess, although much
Exasperate, I dare not disregard
Thy word, which to obey is always best.
Who hears the Gods, the Gods hear also him.
He said; and on his silver hilt the force
Of his broad hand impressing, sent the blade
Home to its rest, nor would the counsel scorn
Of Pallas. She to heaven well-pleased return'd,
And in the mansion of Jove Ægis[5]-armed
Arriving, mingled with her kindred Gods.
But though from violence, yet not from words
Abstained Achilles, but with bitter taunt
Opprobrious, his antagonist reproached.
Oh charged with wine, in stedfastness of face
Dog unabashed, and yet at heart a deer!
Thou never, when the troops have taken arms,
Hast dared to take thine also; never thou
Associate with Achaia's Chiefs, to form
The secret ambush. No. The sound of war
Is as the voice of destiny to thee.
Doubtless the course is safer far, to range
Our numerous host, and if a man have dared
Dispute thy will, to rob him of his prize.
King! over whom? Women and spiritless—
Whom therefore thou devourest; else themselves
Would stop that mouth that it should scoff no more.
But hearken. I shall swear a solemn oath.
By this same sceptre, which shall never bud,
Nor boughs bring forth as once, which having left
Its stock on the high mountains, at what time

[5] The shield of Jupiter, made by Vulcan, and so called from its covering, which was the skin of the goat that suckled him.

The woodman's axe lopped off its foliage green,
And stript its bark, shall never grow again;
Which now the judges of Achaia bear,
Who under Jove, stand guardians of the laws,
By this I swear (mark thou the sacred oath)
Time shall be, when Achilles shall be missed;
When all shall want him, and thyself the power
To help the Achaians, whatsoe'er thy will;
When Hector at your heels shall mow you down;
The Hero-slaughtering Hector! Then thy soul,
Vexation-stung, shall tear thee with remorse,
That thou hast scorn'd, as he were nothing worth,
A Chief, the soul and bulwark of your cause.
So saying, he cast his sceptre on the ground
Studded with gold, and sat. On the other side
The son of Atreus all impassion'd stood,
When the harmonious orator arose
Nestor, the Pylian oracle, whose lips
Dropped eloquence—the honey not so sweet.
Two generations past of mortals born
In Pylus, coëtaneous with himself,
He govern'd now the third—amid them all
He stood, and thus, benevolent, began.
Ah! what calamity hath fall'n on Greece!
Now Priam and his sons may well exult,
Now all in Ilium shall have joy of heart
Abundant, hearing of this broil, the prime
Of Greece between, in council and in arms.
But be persuaded; ye are younger both
Than I, and I was conversant of old
With Princes your superiors, yet from them
No disrespect at any time received.
Their equals saw I never; never shall;
Exadius, Cœneus, and the God-like son
Of Ægeus, mighty Theseus; men renown'd
For force superior to the race of man.
Brave Chiefs they were, and with brave foes they fought,
With the rude dwellers on the mountain-heights
The Centaurs, whom with havoc such as fame
Shall never cease to celebrate, they slew.
With these men I consorted erst, what time

From Pylus, though a land from theirs remote,
They called me forth, and such as was my strength,
With all that strength I served them. Who is he?
What Prince or Chief of the degenerate race
Now seen on earth who might with these compare?
Yet even these would listen and conform
To my advice in consultation given,
Which hear ye also, for compliance proves
Oft times the safer and the manlier course.
Thou, Agamemnon, valiant as thou art,
Seize not the maid, his portion from the Greeks,
But leave her his; nor thou, Achilles, strive
With our imperial Chief; for never King
Had equal honour at the hands of Jove
With Agamemnon, or was throned so high.
Say thou art stronger, and art Goddess-born,
How then? His territory passes thine,
And he is Lord of thousands more than thou.
Cease, therefore, Agamemnon; calm thy wrath;
And it shall be mine office to entreat
Achilles also to a calm, whose might
The chief munition is of all our host.
To whom the sovereign of the Greeks replied,
The son of Atreus. Thou hast spoken well,
Old Chief, and wisely. But this wrangler here—
Nought will suffice him but the highest place;
He must control us all, o'er all must reign,
Dictate to all; but he shall find at least
One here, disposed to question his commands.
If the eternal Gods have made him brave,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

who having given, ye take away.
ve other precious things on board;
take none away without my leave.
lease thee, put me to the proof
iis whole assembly, and my spear
eam that moment, purpled with thy blood.
hey long time in opposition fierce
'd the war of words; and now, at length,
nd consult dissolved,) Achilles walked,
is and the Myrmidons his steps
g) to his camp and to his fleet.
nemnon ordered forth a bark,
ne, manned with twice ten lusty rowers;
on board the Hecatomb: he placed
with the blooming cheeks, himself,
llysses gave the freight in charge.
barked, and plough'd their watery way.
next, bade purify the host;
was purified as he enjoin'd,
ablution cast into the sea.
o Apollo, on the shore they slew,
tillable and barren deep,
ecatombs of bulls and goats, whose steam
smoky volumes climbed the skies.
vas the camp employed; nor ceased the while
of Atreus from his threats denounced
gainst Achilles, but command
Talthybius and Eurybates
ds, ever faithful to his will.
—Seek ye both the tent of Peleus' son
Thence lead hither by the hand
Briseïs, whom if he withhold,
alone, but other spoil myself
in person—He shall rue the hour.
uch harsh message charged he them dismissed.
l and slow, beside the barren waste
, to the galleys and the tents
f the Myrmidons. Him there they found
the shadow of his bark reclined,
at their approach. Trembling they stood,
ice of the royal Chief awe-struck,

Nor questioned him or spake. He not the less
Knew well their embassy, and thus began,
Ye heralds, messengers of Gods and men.
Hail, and draw near! I bid you welcome both.
I blame not you; the fault is his alone
Who sends you to conduct the damsel hence
Briseïs. Go Patroclus, generous friend!
Lead forth, and to their guidance give the maid.
But be themselves my witnesses before
The blessed Gods, before mankind, before
The ruthless king, should want of me be felt
To save the host from havoc[6]—Oh, his thoughts
Are madness all; intelligence or skill
Forecast or retrospect, how best the camp
May be secured from inroad, none hath he.
He ended, nor Patroclus disobey'd,
But leading beautiful Briseïs forth
Into their guidance gave her; loth she went
From whom she loved, and looking oft behind.
Then wept Achilles, and apart from all,
With eyes directed to the gloomy Deep
And arms outstretch'd, his mother suppliant sought.
Since, mother, though ordain'd so soon to die,
I am thy son, I might with cause expect
Some honour at the Thunderer's hands, but none
To me he shows, whom Agamemnon, Chief
Of the Achaians, hath himself disgraced,
Seizing by violence my just reward.
So prayed he weeping, whom his mother heard
Within the gulfs of Ocean where she sat
Beside her ancient sire. From the gray flood
Ascending sudden, like a mist, she came,
Sat down before him, stroked his face, and said.
Why weeps my son? and what is thy distress?
Hide not a sorrow that I wish to share.
To whom Achilles, sighing deep, replied.
Why tell thee woes to thee already known?
At Thebes, Eëtion's city we arrived,
Smote, sack'd it, and brought all the spoil away.

[6] The original is here abrupt, and expresses the precipitancy of the speaker by a most beautiful aposiopesis.

Just distribution made among the Greeks,
The son of Atreus for his lot received
Blooming Chrysëis. Her, Apollo's priest
Old Chryses followed to Achaia's camp,
That he might loose his daughter. Ransom rich
He brought, and in his hands the hallow'd wreath
And golden sceptre of the Archer God
Apollo, bore; to the whole Grecian host,
But chiefly to the foremost in command
He sued, the sons of Atreus; then, the rest
All recommended reverence of the Seer,
And prompt acceptance of his costly gifts.
But Agamemnon might not so be pleased,
Who gave him rude dismission; he in wrath
Returning, prayed, whose prayer Apollo heard,
For much he loved him. A pestiferous shaft
He instant shot into the Grecian host,
And heap'd the people died. His arrows swept
The whole wide camp of Greece, 'till at the last
A Seer, by Phœbus taught, explain'd the cause.
I first advised propitiation. Rage
Fired Agamemnon. Rising, he denounced
Vengeance, and hath fulfilled it. She, in truth,
Is gone to Chrysa, and with her we send
Propitiation also to the King
Shaft-arm'd Apollo. But my beauteous prize
Brisëis, mine by the award of all,
His Heralds, at this moment, lead away.
But thou, wherein thou canst, aid thy own son!
Haste hence to Heaven, and if thy word or deed
Hath ever gratified the heart of Jove,
With earnest suit press him on my behalf.
For I, not seldom, in my father's hall
Have heard thee boasting, how when once the Gods,
With Juno, Neptune, Pallas at their head,
Conspired to bind the Thunderer, thou did'st loose
His bands, O Goddess! calling to his aid
The Hundred-handed warrior, by the Gods
Briareus, but by men Ægeon named.
For he in prowess and in might surpassed
His father Neptune, who, enthroned sublime,

Sits second only to Saturnian Jove,
Elate with glory and joy. Him all the Gods
Fearing from that bold enterprise abstained.
Now, therefore, of these things reminding Jove,
Embrace his knees; entreat him that he give
The host of Troy his succour, and shut fast
The routed Grecians, prisoners in the fleet,
That all may find much solace[7] in their King,
And that the mighty sovereign o'er them all,
Their Agamemnon, may himself be taught
His rashness, who hath thus dishonour'd foul
The life itself, and bulwark of his cause.
To him, with streaming eyes, Thetis replied.
Born as thou wast to sorrow, ah, my son!
Why have I rear'd thee! Would that without tears,
Or cause for tears (transient as is thy life,
A little span) thy days might pass at Troy!
But short and sorrowful the fates ordain
Thy life, peculiar trouble must be thine,
Whom, therefore, oh that I had never borne!
But seeking the Olympian hill snow-crown'd,
I will myself plead for thee in the ear
Of Jove, the Thunderer. Meantime at thy fleet
Abiding, let thy wrath against the Greeks
Still burn, and altogether cease from war.
For to the banks of the Oceanus[8],
Where Æthiopia holds a feast to Jove,
He journey'd yesterday, with whom the Gods
Went also, and the twelfth day brings them home.
Then will I to his brazen-floor'd abode,
That I may clasp his knees, and much misdeem
Of my endeavour, or my prayer shall speed.
So saying, she went; but him she left enraged
For fair Brisëis sake, forced from his arms
By stress of power. Meantime Ulysses came
To Chrysa with the Hecatomb in charge.
Arrived within the haven[9] deep, their sails

[7] ἐπαύρωνται.

[8] A name by which we are frequently to understand the Nile in Homer.

[9] The original word (πολυβενθέος) seems to express variety of soundings, an idea probably not to be conveyed in an English epithet.

ıg, they stowed them in the bark below.
by its tackle lowering swift the mast
ts crutch, they briskly push'd to land,
:d anchors out, and moor'd the vessel fast.
came the mariners, and trod the beach;
came the victims of Apollo next,
last, Chrysëis. Her Ulysses led
:d the altar, gave her to the arms
r own father, and him thus address'd.
Chryses! Agamemnon, King of men,
sent thy daughter home, with whom we bring
ecatomb on all our host's behalf
ıœbus, hoping to appease the God
ıose dread shafts the Argives now expire.
saying, he gave her to him, who with joy
ved his daughter. Then, before the shrine
ificent in order due they ranged
oble Hecatomb. Each laved his hands
ook the salted meal, and Chryses made
ervent prayer with hands upraised on high.
d of the silver bow, who with thy power
clest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme
nedos, and Cilla the divine!
prov'dst propitious to my first request,
honour'd me, and punished sore the Greeks;
yet thy servant's prayer; take from their host
ce the loathsome pestilence away!
Chryses prayed, whom Phœbus heard well-pleased;
prayed the Grecians also, and with meal
kling the victims, their retracted necks
pierced, then flay'd them; the disjointed thighs
next, invested with the double caul,
ı with crude slices thin they overspread.
priest burned incense, and libation poured
on the hissing brands, while, him beside,
with spit and prong, stood many a youth
ed to the task. The thighs with fire consumed,
gave to each his portion of the maw,
slashed the remnant, pierced it with the spits,
nanaging with culinary skill
oast, withdrew it from the spits again.

Their whole task thus accomplish'd, and the board
Set forth, they feasted, and were all sufficed.
When neither hunger more nor thirst remained
Unsatisfied, boys crown'd the beakers high
With wine delicious, and from right to left
Distributing the cups, served every guest.
Thenceforth the youths of the Achaian race
To song propitiatory gave the day,
Pæans to Phœbus, Archer of the skies,
Chaunting melodious. Pleased, Apollo heard.
But, when, the sun descending, darkness fell,
They on the beach beside their hawsers slept;
And, when the day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
Aurora look'd abroad, then back they steer'd
To the vast camp. Fair wind, and blowing fresh,
Apollo sent them; quick they rear'd the mast,
Then spread the unsullied canvass to the gale,
And the wind filled it. Roared the sable flood
Around the bark, that ever as she went
Dash'd wide the brine, that scudded swift away.
Thus reaching soon the spacious camp of Greece,
Their galley they updrew sheer o'er the sands
From the rude surge remote, then propp'd her sides
With scantlings long, and sought their several tents.
But Peleus' noble son, the speed-renown'd
Achilles, he, his well-built bark beside,
Consumed his hours, nor would in council more,
Where wise men win distinction, or in fight
Appear, to sorrow and heart-withering woe
Abandon'd; though for battle, ardent, still
He panted, and the shout-resounding field.
But when the twelfth fair morrow streak'd the East,
Then all the everlasting Gods to Heaven
Resorted, with the Thunderer at their head,
And Thetis, not unmindful of her son
From the salt flood emerged, seeking betimes
Olympus and the boundless fields of heaven.
High, on the topmost eminence sublime
Of the deep-fork'd Olympian she perceived
The Thunderer seated, from the Gods apart.
She sat before him, clasped with her left hand

His knees, her right beneath his chin she placed,
And thus the King, Saturnian Jove, implored.
Father of all, by all that I have done
Or said that ever pleased thee, grant my suit.
Exalt my son, by destiny short-lived
Beyond the lot of others. Him with shame
The King of men hath overwhelm'd, by force
Usurping his just meed; thou, therefore, Jove,
Supreme in wisdom, honour him, and give
Success to Troy, till all Achaia's sons
Shall yield him honour more than he hath lost!
She spake, to whom the Thunderer nought replied,
But silent sat long time. She, as her hand
Had grown there, still importunate, his knees
Clasp'd as at first, and thus her suit renew'd.
Or grant my prayer, and ratify the grant,
Or send me hence, (for thou hast none to fear,)
Plainly refused; that I may know and feel
By how much I am least of all in heaven.
To whom the cloud-assembler at the last
Spake, deep-distress'd. Hard task and full of strife
Thou hast enjoined me; Juno will not spare
For gibe and taunt injurious, whose complaint
Sounds daily in the ears of all the Gods,
That I assist the Trojans; but depart,
Lest she observe thee; my concern shall be
How best I may perform thy full desire.
And to assure thee more, I give the sign
Indubitable, which all fear expels
At once from heavenly minds. Nought, so confirmed
May, after, be reversed or render'd vain.
He ceased, and under his dark brows the nod
Vouchsafed of confirmation. All around
The Sovereign's everlasting head his curls
Ambrosial shook, and the huge mountain reeled.
Their conference closed, they parted. She, at once,
From bright Olympus plunged into the flood
Profound, and Jove to his own courts withdrew.
Together all the Gods, at his approach,
Uprose; none sat expectant till he came,
But all advanced to meet the Eternal Sire.

So on his throne he sat. Nor Juno him
Not understood; she, watchful, had observed,
In consultation close with Jove engaged
Thetis, bright-footed daughter of the deep,
And keen the son of Saturn thus reproved.
  Shrewd as thou art, who now hath had thine ear?
Thy joy is ever such, from me apart
To plan and plot clandestine, and thy thoughts,
Think what thou may'st, are always barred to me.
  To whom the father, thus, of heaven and earth.
Expect not, Juno, that thou shalt partake
My counsels at all times, which oft in height
And depth, thy comprehension far exceed,
Jove's consort as thou art. When aught occurs
Meet for thine ear, to none will I impart
Of Gods or men more free than to thyself.
But for my secret thoughts, which I withhold
From all in heaven beside, them search not thou
With irksome curiosity and vain.
  Him answer'd then the Goddess ample-eyed.
What word hath passed thy lips, Saturnian Jove,
Thou most severe! I never search thy thoughts,
Nor the serenity of thy profound
Intentions trouble; they are safe from me:
But now there seems a cause. Deeply I dread
Lest Thetis, silver-footed daughter fair
Of Ocean's hoary Sovereign, here arrived
At early dawn to practise on thee, Jove!
I noticed her a suitress at thy knees,
And much misdeem or promise-bound thou stand'st
To Thetis past recall, to exalt her son,
And Greeks to slaughter thousands at the ships.
  To whom the cloud-assembler God, incensed.
Ah subtle! ever teeming with surmise,
And fathomer of my concealed designs,
Thy toil is vain, or (which is worse for thee,)
Shall but estrange thee from mine heart the more.
And be it as thou sayest,—I am well pleased
That so it should be. Be advised, desist,
Hold thou thy peace. Else, if my glorious hands
Once reach thee, the Olympian Powers combined

To rescue thee, shall interfere in vain.
He said,—whom Juno, awful Goddess, heard
Appall'd, and mute submitted to his will.
But through the courts of Jove the heavenly Powers
All felt displeasure; when to them arose
Vulcan, illustrious artist, who with speech
Conciliatory interposed to soothe
His white-arm'd mother Juno, Goddess dread.
Hard doom is ours, and not to be endured,
If feast and merriment must pause in heaven
While ye such clamour raise tumultuous here
For man's unworthy sake: yet thus we speed
Ever, when evil overpoises good.
But I exhort my mother, though herself
Already warn'd, that meekly she submit
To Jove our father, lest our father chide
More roughly, and confusion mar the feast.
For the Olympian Thunderer could with ease
Us from our thrones precipitate, so far
He reigns to all superior. Seek to assuage
His anger therefore; so shall he with smiles
Cheer thee, nor thee alone, but all in heaven.
So Vulcan, and, upstarting, placed a cup
Full-charged between his mother's hands, and said,
My mother, be advised, and, though aggrieved,
Yet patient; lest I see thee whom I love
So dear, with stripes chastised before my face,
Willing, but impotent to give thee aid.
Who can resist the Thunderer? Me, when once
I flew to save thee, by the foot he seized
And hurl'd me through the portal of the skies.
"From morn to eve I fell, a summer's day,"
And dropped, at last, in Lemnos. There half-dead
The Sintians found me, and with succour prompt
And hospitable, entertained me fallen.
So He; then Juno smiled, Goddess white-arm'd,
And smiling still, from his unwonted hand [10]

[10] The reader, in order that he may partake with the Gods in the drollery of this scene, should observe that the crippled and distorted Vulcan had thrust himself into an office at all other times administered either by Hebe or Ganymede.

Received the goblet. He from right to left
Rich nectar from the beaker drawn, alert
Distributed to all the powers divine.
Heaven rang with laughter inextinguishable
Peal after peal, such pleasure all conceived
At sight of Vulcan in his new employ.
So spent they in festivity the day,
And all were cheered; nor was Apollo's harp
Silent, nor did the Muses spare to add
Responsive melody of vocal sweets.
But when the sun's bright orb had now declined,
Each to his mansion, wheresoever built
By the lame matchless Architect, withdrew.
Jove also, kindler of the fires of heaven,
His couch descending as at other times
When gentle sleep approach'd him, slept serene,
With golden-sceptred Juno at his side.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, in pursuance of his purpose to distress the Grecians in answer to the prayer of Thetis, deceives Agamemnon by a dream. He, in consequence of it, calls a council, the result of which is that the army shall go forth to battle. Thersites is mutinous, and is chastised by Ulysses. Ulysses, Nestor, and Agamemnon harangue the people; and preparation is made for battle. An exact account follows of the forces on both sides.

ALL night both Gods and Chiefs equestrian slept,
But not the Sire of all. He, waking soon,
Mused how to exalt Achilles, and destroy
No few in battle at the Grecian fleet.
This counsel, at the last, as best he chose
And likeliest; to dispatch an evil Dream
To Agamemnon's tent, and to his side
The phantom summoning, him thus addressed.
  Haste, evil Dream! fly to the Grecian fleet,
And, entering royal Agamemnon's tent,
His ear possess thou thus, omitting nought
Of all that I enjoin thee. Bid him arm
His universal host, for that the time
When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above
No longer dwell at variance. The request
Of Juno hath prevail'd; now, Woe to Troy!
  So charged, the Dream departed. At the ships
Well-built arriving of Achaia's host,
He Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sought.
Him sleeping in his tent he found, immersed
In soft repose ambrosial. At his head
The shadow stood, similitude exact
Of Nestor, son of Neleus; sage, with whom
In Agamemnon's thought might none compare.
His form assumed, the sacred Dream began.
  O son of Atreus the renown'd in arms

And in the race! Sleep'st thou? It ill behoves
To sleep all night the man of high employ,
And charged, as thou art, with a people's care.
Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,
Inform thee, that although so far remote,
He yet compassionates and thinks on thee
With kind solicitude. He bids thee arm
Thine universal host, for that the time
When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above
No longer dwell at variance. The requests
Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, woe to Troy
From Jove himself! Her fate is on the wing.
Awaking from thy dewy slumbers, hold
In firm remembrance all that thou hast heard.
So spake the Dream, and vanishing, him left
In false hopes occupied and musings vain.
Full sure he thought, ignorant of the plan
By Jove design'd, that day the last of Troy.
Fond thought! For toils and agonies to Greeks
And Trojans both, in many a bloody field
To be endured, the Thunderer yet ordain'd.
Starting he woke, and seeming still to hear
The warning voice divine, with hasty leap
Sprang from his bed, and sat. His fleecy vest
New-woven he put on, and mantle wide;
His sandals fair to his unsullied feet
He braced, and slung his argent-studded sword.
Then, incorruptible for evermore
The sceptre of his sires he took, with which
He issued forth into the camp of Greece.
Aurora now on the Olympian heights
Proclaiming stood new day to all in heaven,
When he his clear-voiced heralds bade convene
The Greeks in council. Went the summons forth
Into all quarters, and the throng began.
First, at the ship of Nestor, Pylian King,
The senior Chiefs for high exploits renown'd
He gather'd, whom he prudent thus address'd.
My fellow-warriors, hear! A dream from heaven,
Amid the stillness of the vacant night

Approach'd me, semblance close in stature, bulk,
And air, of noble Nestor. At mine head
The shadow took his stand, and thus he spake.
Oh son of Atreus the renown'd in arms
And in the race, sleep'st thou? It ill behoves
To sleep all night the man of high employ,
And charged as thou art with a people's care.
Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,
Inform thee, that although so far remote,
He yet compassionates and thinks on thee
With kind solicitude. He bids thee arm
Thine universal host; for that the time
When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above
No longer dwell at variance. The requests
Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, woe to Troy
From Jove himself! Her fate is on the wing.
Charge this on thy remembrance. Thus he spake,
Then vanished suddenly, and I awoke.
Haste therefore, let us arm, if arm we may[1],
The warlike sons of Greece; but first, myself
Will prove them, recommending instant flight
With all our ships, and ye throughout the host
Dispersed, shall, next, encourage all to stay.
He ceased, and sat; when in the midst arose
Of highest fame for wisdom, Nestor, King
Of sandy Pylus, who them thus bespake.
Friends, Counsellors, and Leaders of the Greeks!
Had any meaner Argive told his dream,
We had pronounced it false, and should the more
Have shrunk from battle; but the dream is his
Who boasts himself our highest in command.
Haste, arm we, if we may, the sons of Greece.
So saying, he left the council; him, at once,
The sceptred Chiefs, obedient to his voice,
Arising, follow'd; and the throng began.
As from the hollow rock bees stream abroad,
And in succession endless seek the fields,

[1] Agamemnon seems to entertain some doubts lest the army should so resent his treatment of their favourite Achilles, as to be indisposed to serve him.

Now clustering, and now scattered far and near,
In spring-time, among all the new-blown flowers,
So they to council swarm'd, troop after troop,
Grecians of every tribe, from camp and fleet
Assembling orderly o'er all the plain
Beside the shore of Ocean. In the midst
A kindling rumour, messenger of Jove,
Impell'd them, and they went. Loud was the din
Of the assembling thousands; groan'd the earth
When down they sat, and murmurs ran around.
Nine heralds cried aloud—Will ye restrain
Your clamours, that your heaven-taught Kings may speak?
Scarce were they settled, and the clang had ceased,
When Agamemnon, sovereign o'er them all,
Sceptre in hand, arose. (That sceptre erst
Vulcan with labour forged and to the hand
Consign'd it of the King, Saturnian Jove;
Jove to the vanquisher[2] of Ino's[3] guard.
And he to Pelops; Pelops in his turn,
To royal Atreus; Atreus at his death
Bequeath'd it to Thyestes rich in flocks,
And rich Thyestes left it to be borne
By Agamemnon, symbol of his right
To empire over Argos and her isles)
On that he lean'd, and, rapid, thus began.
Friends, Grecian Heroes, ministers of Mars!
Ye see me here entangled in the snares
Of unpropitious Jove. He promised once,
And with a nod confirm'd it, that with spoils
Of Ilium laden, we should hence return;
But now, devising ill, he sends me shamed,
And with diminished numbers, home to Greece.
So stands his sovereign pleasure, who hath laid
The bulwarks of full many a city low,
And more shall level, matchless in his might.
That such a numerous host of Greeks as we,
Warring with fewer than ourselves, should find
No fruit of all our toil, (and none appears)
Will make us vile with ages yet to come.
For should we now strike truce, till Greece and Troy

[2] Mercury. [3] Argus.

; number each her own, and were the Greeks
buted in bands, ten Greeks in each,
anded decads should exceed so far
units, that all Troy could not supply
very ten, a man, to fill us wine;
the Achaians, in my thought, surpass
ative Trojans. But in Troy are those
baffle much my purpose; aids derived
other states, spear-arm'd auxiliars, firm
defence of Ilium's lofty towers.
years have passed us over, nine long years;
hips are rotted, and our tackle marr'd,
ll our wives and little-ones at home
tching our return, while this attempt
still in doubt, for which that home we left.
t ye then my counsel. Fly we swift
all our fleet back to our native land,
ess of Troy, not yet to be subdued.
spake the King, whom all the concourse heard
minds in tumult toss'd; all, save the few,
rs of his intent. Commotion shook
hole assembly, such as heaves the flood
e Icarian Deep, when South and East
forth together from the clouds of Jove.
s when vehement the West-wind falls
nding corn mature, the loaded ears
nerable bow before the gale,
s the council shaken. With a shout
w toward the ships; upraised, the dust
o'er them; universal was the cry,
clear the passages, strike down the props,
ery vessel free, launch, and away!"
n rang with exclamation of the host
meward bent, and launching glad the fleet.
baffled Fate had the Achaians seen
ning premature, but Juno thus,
admonition quick to Pallas spake.
conquer'd daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!
ul dishonour! Is it thus at last
the Achaians on the billows borne,
seek again their country, leaving here,

To be the vaunt of Ilium and her King,
Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks
Have numerous perish'd from their home remote?
Haste! Seek the mail-arm'd multitude, by force
Detain them of thy soothing speech, ere yét
All launch their oary barks into the flood.
She spake, nor did Minerva not comply,
But darting swift from the Olympian heights,
Reach'd soon Achaia's fleet. There, she perceived
Prudent as Jove himself, Ulysses; firm
He stood; he touch'd not even with his hand
His sable bark, for sorrow whelm'd his soul.
The Athenæan Goddess azure-eyed
Beside him stood, and thus the Chief bespake.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Why seek ye, thus precipitate, your ships?
Intend ye flight? And is it thus at last,
That the Achaians on the billows borne,
Shall seek again their country, leaving here,
To be the vaunt of Ilium and her King,
Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks
Have numerous perish'd from their home remote?
Delay not. Rush into the throng; by force
Detain them of thy soothing speech, ere yet
All launch their oary barks into the flood.
She ceased, whom by her voice Ulysses knew,
Casting his mantle from him, which his friend
Eurybates the Ithacensian caught,
He ran; and in his course meeting the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, from his hand
The everlasting sceptre quick received,
Which bearing, through Achaia's fleet he pass'd.
What King soever, or distinguish'd Greek
He found, approaching to his side, in terms
Of gentle sort he stay'd him. Sir, he cried,
It is unseemly that a man renown'd
As thou, should tremble. Go—Resume the seat
Which thou hast left, and bid the people sit.
Thou know'st not clearly yet the monarch's mind.
He proves us now, but soon he will chastize.
All were not present; few of us have heard

peech this day in council. Oh, beware,
n resentment of this hasty course
ılar, he let his anger loose.
is the anger of a King; he reigns
ve's own ordinance, and is dear to Jove.
what plebeian base soe'er he heard
hing his throat to swell the general cry,
r'd the sceptre smartly on his back,
reprimand severe. Fellow, he said,
ll; hear others; thy superiors hear.
ho art thou? A dastard and a drone,
ne account in council, or in arms.
means may we all alike bear sway
ım; such plurality of Kings
evil. One suffices. One, to whom
ɔn of politic Saturn hath assign'd
ɛptre, and inforcement of the laws,
ıe may rule us as a monarch ought.
h such authority the troubled host
ay'd; they, quitting camp and fleet again,
d back to council; deafening was the sound
en a billow of the boisterous deep
broad beach dashes, and the ocean roars.
host all seated, and the benches fill'd,
tes only of loquacious tongue
'ern'd, clamour'd mutinous; a wretch
erance prompt, but in coarse phrase obscene
earn'd alone, with which to slander Kings.
he but set the rabble in a roar,
'ed not with what jest; of all from Greece
ım sent, his country's chief reproach.
eyed he was, and halting moved on legs
r'd; his gibbous shoulders o'er his breast
ıcted, pinch'd it; to a peak his head.
ıoulded sharp, and sprinkled thin with hair
rveling length, flimsy and soft as down.
ɛs and Ulysses had incurr'd
ıis aversion; them he never spared;
ɔw, imperial Agamemnon 'self
rcing accents stridulous he charged
'oul reproach. The Grecians with contempt

Listen'd, and indignation, while with voice
At highest pitch, he thus the monarch mock'd.
What would'st thou now? Whereof is thy complaint
Now, Agamemnon? Thou hast fill'd thy tents
With treasure, and the Grecians, when they take
A city, choose the loveliest girls for thee.
Is gold thy wish? More gold? A ransom brought
By some chief Trojan for his son's release
Whom I, or other valiant Greek may bind?
Or would'st thou yet a virgin, one, by right
Another's claim, but made by force thine own?
It was not well, great Sir, that thou shouldst bring
A plague on the Achaians, as of late.
But come, my Grecian sisters, soldiers named
Unfitly, of a sex too soft for war,
Come, let us homeward: let him here digest
What he shall gorge, alone; that he may learn
If our assistance profit him or not.
For when he shamed Achilles, he disgraced
A Chief far worthier than himself, whose prize
He now withholds. But tush,—Achilles lacks
Himself the spirit of a man; no gall
Hath he within him, or his hand long since
Had stopp'd that mouth[4], that it should scoff no more.
Thus, mocking royal Agamemnon, spake
Thersites. Instant starting to his side,
Noble Ulysses with indignant brows
Survey'd him, and him thus reproved severe.
Thersites! Railer!—peace. Think not thyself,
Although thus eloquent, alone exempt
From obligation not to slander Kings.
I deem thee most contemptible, the worst
Of Agamemnon's followers to the war;
Presume not then to take the names revered
Of Sovereigns on thy sordid lips, to asperse
Their sacred character, and to appoint
The Greeks a time when they shall voyage home.
How soon, how late, with what success at last
We shall return, we know not: but because

[4] The extremest provocation is implied in this expression, which Thersites quotes exactly as he had heard it from the lips of Achilles.

a's heroes numerous spoils allot
;amemnon, Leader of the host,
therefore from thy seat revilest the King.
ıark me. If I find thee, as even now,
g and foaming at the lips again,
ıever man behold Ulysses' head
ese my shoulders more, and may my son
the begotten of another Sire,
ot strip thee to that hide of thine
re as thou wast born, and whip thee hence
to thy galley, sniveling like a boy.
ceased, and with his sceptre on the back
houlders smote him. Writhing to and fro,
:pt profuse, while many a bloody whelk
berant beneath the sceptre sprang.
[uell'd he sat, and from his visage mean,
sighing, wiped the rheums. It was no time
ıirth, yet mirth illumined every face,
aughing, thus they spake. A thousand acts
rious, both by well-concerted plans
)rudent disposition of the host
es hath achieved, but this by far
cends his former praise, that he hath quell'd
contumelious rhetoric profuse.
aliant talker shall not soon, we judge,
liberties with royal names again.
spake the multitude. Then, stretching forth
ceptre, city-spoiler Chief, arose
es. Him beside, herald in form,
ared Minerva. Silence she enjoined
l, that all Achaia's sons might hear,
nost and rearmost, and might weigh his words,
ıen his counsel, prudent, thus proposed.
:ides! Monarch! The Achaians seek
ake thee ignominious above all
ght of all mankind. None recollects
)romise more in steed-famed Argos pledged,
to abide till Ilium wall'd to heaven
ld vanquish'd sink, and all her wealth be ours.
·now, like widow'd women, or weak boys,
whimper to each other, wishing home.

And home, I grant, to the afflicted soul
Seems pleasant[6]. The poor seaman from his wife
One month detain'd, cheerless his ship and sad
Possesses, by the force of wintry blasts,
And by the billows of the troubled deep
Fast lock'd in port. But us the ninth long year
Revolving, finds camp'd under Ilium still.
I therefore blame not, if they mourn beside
Their sable barks, the Grecians. Yet the shame
That must attend us after absence long
Returning unsuccessful, who can bear?
Be patient, friends! wait only till we learn
If Calchas truly prophecied, or not;
For well we know, and I to all appeal,
Whom Fate hath not already snatch'd away,
(It seems but yesterday, or at the most
A day or two before,) that when the ships
Woe-fraught for Priam, and the race of Troy,
At Aulis met, and we beside the fount
With perfect hecatombs the Gods adored
Beneath the plane-tree, from whose root a stream
Ran crystal-clear, there we beheld a sign
Wonderful in all eyes. A serpent huge,
Tremendous spectacle! with crimson spots
His back all dappled, by Olympian Jove
Himself protruded, from the altar's foot
Slipp'd into light, and glided to the tree.
There on the topmost bough, close-cover'd sat
With foliage broad, eight sparrows, younglings all,
Then newly feather'd, with their dam, the ninth.
The little ones lamenting shrill he gorged,
While, wheeling o'er his head, with screams the dam
Bewail'd her darling brood. Her also, next,
Hovering and clamouring, he by the wing
Within his spiry folds drew, and devoured.
All eaten thus, the nestlings and the dam,
The God who sent him, signalized him too,
For him Saturnian Jove transform'd to stone.
We wondering stood, to see that strange portent

[6] Some for πόνος here read πόθος; which reading I have adopted for the sake both of perspicuity and connexion.

Intrude itself into our holy rites,
When Calchas, instant, thus the sign explain'd.
Why stand ye, Greeks, astonish'd? Ye behold
A prodigy by Jove himself produced,
An omen, whose accomplishment indeed
Is distant, but whose fame shall never die.
E'en as this serpent in your sight devour'd
Eight youngling sparrows, with their dam, the ninth,
So we nine years must war on yonder plain,
And in the tenth, wide-bulwark'd Troy is ours.
So spake the seer, and as he spake, is done.
Wait, therefore, brave Achaians! go not hence
Till Priam's spacious city be your prize.
He ceased, and such a shout ensued, that all
The hollow ships the deafening roar return'd
Of acclamation, every voice the speech
Extolling of Ulysses, glorious Chief.
Then Nestor the Gerenian, warrior old,
Arising, spake; and, by the Gods, he said,
Ye more resemble children inexpert
In war, than disciplined and prudent men.
Where now are all your promises and vows,
Councils, libations, right-hand covenants?
Burn them, since all our occupation here
Is to debate and wrangle, whereof end
Or fruit though long we wait, shall none be found.
But, Sovereign, be not thou appall'd. Be firm.
Relax not aught of thine accustomed sway,
But set the battle forth as thou art wont.
And if there be a Grecian, here and there,
One[6], adverse to the general voice, let such
Wither alone. He shall not see his wish
Gratified, neither will we hence return
To Argos, ere events shall yet have proved
Jove's promise false or true. For when we climb'd
Our gallant barks full-charged with Ilium's fate,
Saturnian Jove omnipotent, that day,
(Omen propitious!) thunder'd on the right.
Let no man therefore pant for home, till each
Possess a Trojan spouse, and from her lips

[6] Nestor is supposed here to glance at Achilles.

Take sweet revenge for Helen's pangs of heart.
Who then? What soldier languishes and sighs
To leave us? Let him dare to lay his hand
On his own vessel, and he dies the first.
But hear, O King! I shall suggest a course
Not trivial. Agamemnon! sort the Greeks
By districts and by tribes, that tribe may tribe
Support, and each his fellow. This performed,
And with consent of all, thou shalt discern
With ease what Chief, what private man deserts,
And who performs his part. The base, the brave,
Such disposition made, shall both appear;
And thou shalt also know, if heaven or we,
The Gods, or our supineness, succour Troy.
  To whom Atrides, King of men, replied.
Old Chief! Thou passest all Achaia's sons
In consultation; would to Jove our Sire,
To Athenæan Pallas, and Apollo!
That I had ten such coadjutors, wise
As thou art, and the royal city soon
Of Priam, with her wealth, should all be ours.
But me the son of Saturn, Jove supreme
Himself afflicts, who in contentious broils
Involves me, and in altercation vain.
Thence all that wordy tempest for a girl
Achilles and myself between, and I
The fierce aggressor. Be that breach but heal'd!
And Troy's reprieve thenceforth is at an end.
Go—take refreshment now that we may march
Forth to our enemies. Let each whet well
His spear, brace well his shield, well feed his brisk
High-mettled horses, well survey and search
His chariot on all sides, that no defect
Disgrace his bright habiliments of war.
So will we give the day from morn to eve
To dreadful battle. Pause there shall be none
Till night divide us. Every buckler's thong
Shall sweat on the toil'd bosom, every hand
That shakes the spear shall ache, and every steed
Shall smoke that whirls the chariot o'er the plain.
Woe then to whom I shall discover here

ing among the tents ; let him escape
engeance if he can. The vultures' maw
have his carcase, and the dogs his bones.
spake ; whom all applauded with a shout
as against some headland cliff the waves
l by the stormy South o'er rocks that shoot
nto the deep, which in all winds
ood still overspreads, blow whence they may.
g, forth they rush'd, among the ships
atter'd ; smoke from every tent arose,
ost their food preparing ; next, his God
man invoked (of the Immortals him
ı he preferr'd) with sacrifice and prayer
ıfe escape from danger and from death.
gamemnon to Saturnian Jove
potent, an ox of the fifth year
lesh'd devoted, and the Princes call'd
st of all the Grecians to his feast.
Nestor with Idomeneus the King,
either Ajax, and the son he call'd
'deus, with Ulysses sixth and last,
ı peer in wisdom. Menelaus went,
c Chief! unbidden, for he knew
rother's mind with weight of care oppress'd.
x encircling, and their hands with meal
ısecration fill'd, the assembly stood,
Agamemnon thus his prayer preferred.
ıighty Father! Glorious above all!
-girt, who dwell'st in heaven thy throne sublime,
ot the sun go down, till Priam's roof
ıat into the flames ; till I shall burn
ates with fire ; till I shall hew away
ack'd and riven corslet from the breast
ector, and till numerous Chiefs, his friends,
ıd him, prone in dust, shall bite the ground.
prayed he, but with none effect. The God
ved his offering, but to double toil
'd them, and sorrow more than all the past.
ey then, the triturated barley grain,
duly sprinkling, the sharp steel infix'd
in the victim's neck reversed, then stripp'd
:.—7.

The carcase, and divided at their joint
The thighs, which in the double caul involved
They spread with slices crude, and burn'd with fire
Ascending fierce from billets sere and dry.
The spitted entrails next they o'er the coals
Suspended held. The thighs with fire consumed,
They gave to each his portion of the maw,
Then slash'd the remnant, pierced it with the spits,
And managing with culinary skill
The roast, withdrew it from the spits again.
Thus, all their task accomplish'd, and the board
Set forth, they feasted, and were all sufficed.
When neither hunger more nor thirst remain'd
Unsatisfied, Gerenian Nestor spake.
  Atrides! Agamemnon! King of men!
No longer waste we time in useless words,
Nor to a distant hour postpone the work
To which heaven calls thee. Send thine heralds forth.
Who shall convene the Achaians at the fleet,
That we, the Chiefs assembled here, may range,
Together, the imbattled multitude,
And edge their spirits for immediate fight.
  He spake, nor Agamemnon not complied.
At once he bade his clear-voiced heralds call
The Greeks to battle. They the summons loud
Gave forth, and at the sound the people throng'd.
Then Agamemnon and the Kings of Greece
Dispatchful drew them into order just,
With whom Minerva azure-eyed advanced,
The inestimable Ægis on her arm,
Immortal, unobnoxious to decay.
An hundred braids, close twisted, all of gold,
Each valued at an hundred beeves[7], around
Dependent fringed it. She from side to side
Her eyes cærulean rolled, infusing thirst
Of battle endless into every breast.
War won them now, war sweeter now to each
Than gales to waft them over ocean home.
As when devouring flames some forest seize
On the high mountains, splendid from afar

[7] Money stamped with the figure of an ox.

The blaze appears, so, moving on the plain,
The steel-clad host innumerous flash'd to heaven.
And as a multitude of fowls in flocks
Assembled various, geese, or cranes, or swans
Lithe-neck'd, long hovering o'er Caÿster's banks
On wanton plumes, successive on the mead
Alight at last, and with a clang so loud
That all the hollow vale of Asius rings;
In number such from ships and tents effused,
They cover'd the Scamandrian plain; the earth
Rebellow'd to the feet of steeds and men.
They overspread Scamander's grassy vale,
Myriads, as leaves, or as the flowers of spring.
As in the hovel where the peasant milks
His kine in spring-time, when his pails are fill'd,
Thick clouds of humming insects on the wing
Swarm all around him, so the Grecians swarm'd
An unsumm'd multitude o'er all the plain,
Bright arm'd, high crested, and athirst for war.
As goat-herds separate their numerous flocks
With ease, though fed promiscuous, with like ease
Their leaders them on every side reduced
To martial order glorious; among whom
Stood Agamemnon "with an eye like Jove's,
To threaten or command," like Mars in girth,
And with the port of Neptune. As the bull
Conspicuous among all the herd appears,
For He surpasses all, such Jove ordain'd
That day the son of Atreus, in the midst
Of Heroes, eminent above them all.
Tell me, (for ye are heavenly, and beheld
A scene, whereof the faint report alone
Hath reached our ears, remote and ill-informed,)
Tell me, ye Muses, under whom, beneath
What Chiefs of royal or of humbler note
Stood forth the embattled Greeks? The host at large;
They were a multitude in number more
Then with ten tongues, and with ten mouths, each mouth
Made vocal with a trumpet's throat of brass,
I might declare, unless the Olympian nine,
Jove's daughters, would the chronicle themselves

Indite, of all assembled, under Troy.
I will rehearse the Captains and their fleets.
Bœotia's sturdy sons Peneleus led,
And Leïtus, whose partners in command
Arcesilaus and Prothoenor came,
And Clonius. Them the dwellers on the rocks
Of Aulis followed, with the hardy clans
Of Hyrie, Schoenos, Scholos, and the hills
Of Eteon; Thespia, Græa, and the plains
Of Mycalessus them, and Harma served,
Eleon, Erythræ, Peteon; Hyle them,
Ilesius and Ocalea, and the strength
Of Medeon; Copæ also in their train
Marched, with Eutresis and the mighty men
Of Thisbe famed for doves; nor pass unnamed
Whom Coronæa, and the grassy land
Of Haliartus added to the war,
Nor whom Platæa, nor whom Glissa bred,
And Hypothebæ[8], and thy sacred groves
To Neptune, dark Onchestus. Arne claims
A record next for her illustrious sons,
Vine-bearing Arne. Thou wast also there
Mideia, and thou Nissa; nor be thine
Though last, Anthedon, a forgotten name.
These in Bœotia's fair and gallant fleet
Of fifty ships, each bearing o'er the waves
Thrice forty warriors, had arrived at Troy.
In thirty ships deep-laden with the brave,
Aspledon and Orchomenos had sent
Their chosen youth; them ruled a noble pair,
Sons of Astyoche; she, lovely nymph,
Received by stealth, on Actor's stately roof,
The embraces of a God, and bore to Mars
Twins like himself, Ascalaphus the bold,
And bold Iälmenus, expert in arms.
Beneath Epistrophus and Schedius, took
Their destined station on Bœotia's left,
The brave Phocensians; they in forty ships
From Cyparissus came, and from the rocks

[8] Some say Thebes the less, others, the suburbs of Thebes the greater. It is certain that Thebes itself sent none.

Of Python, and from Crissa the divine;
From Anemoria, Daulis, Panopeus,
And from Hyampolis, and from the banks
Of the Cephissus, sacred stream, and from
Lilæa, seated at its fountain-head.
Next from beyond Eubœa's happy isle
In forty ships conveyed, stood forth well armed
The Locrians; dwellers in Augeia some
The pleasant, some of Opoëis possessed,
Some of Calliarus; these Scarpha sent,
And Cynus those; from Bessa came the rest,
From Tarpha, Thronius, and from the brink
Of loud Boagrius; Ajax them, the swift,
Son of Oileus led, not such as he
From Telamon, big-boned and lofty built,
But small of limb, and of an humbler crest;
Yet he, competitor had none throughout
The Grecians of what land soe'er, for skill
In ushering to its mark the rapid lance.
Elphenor brought (Calchodon's mighty son)
The Eubœans to the field. In forty ships
From Histriæa for her vintage famed,
From Chalcis, from Iretria, from the gates
Of maritime Cerinthus, from the heights
Of Dios rock-built citadel sublime,
And from Caristus and from Styra came
His warlike multitudes, all named alike
Abantes, on whose shoulders fell behind
Their locks profuse, and they were eager all
To split the hauberk with the pointed spear.
Nor Athens had withheld her generous sons,
The people of Erectheus. Him of old
The teeming glebe produced, a wonderous birth!
And Pallas rear'd him: her own unctuous fane
She made his habitation, where with bulls
The youth of Athens, and with slaughter'd lambs
Her annual worship celebrate. Them led
Menestheus, whom, (sage Nestor's self except,
Thrice school'd in all events of human life,)
None rivall'd ever in the just array
Of horse and man to battle. Fifty ships

Black-prowed, had borne them to the distant war.
Ajax from Salamis twelve vessels brought,
And where the Athenian band in phalanx stood
Marshall'd compact, there station'd he his powers.
The men of Argos and Tyrintha next,
And of Hermione, that stands retired
With Asine, within her spacious bay;
Of Epidaurus, crown'd with purple vines,
And of Trœzena, with the Achaian youth
Of sea-begirt Ægina, and with thine,
Maseta, and the dwellers on thy coast,
Wave-worn Eïonæ; these all obeyed
The dauntless Hero Diomede, whom served
Sthenelus, son of Capaneus, a Chief
Of deathless fame, his second in command,
And Godlike man, Euryalus, the son
Of King Mecisteus, Talaüs' son, his third.
But Diomede controll'd them all, and him
Twice forty sable ships their leader own'd.
Came Agamemnon with a hundred ships,
Exulting in his powers; more numerous they,
And more illustrious far than other Chief
Could boast, whoever. Clad in burnish'd brass,
And conscious of pre-eminence, he stood.
He drew his host from cities far renown'd,
Mycenæ, and Corinthus, seat of wealth,
Orneia, and Cleonæ bulwark'd strong,
And lovely Aræthyria; Sicyon, where
His seat of royal power held at the first
Adrastus: Hyperesia, and the heights
Of Gonoëssa; Ægium, with the towns
That sprinkle all that far-extended coast,
Pellene also and wide Helice
With all their shores, were number'd in his train.
From hollow Lacedæmon's glen profound,
From Phare, Sparta, and from Messa, still
Resounding with the ring-dove's amorous moan,
From Brysia, from Augeia, from the rocks
Of Laas, from Amycla, Otilus,
And from the towers of Helos, at whose foot
The surf of Ocean falls, came sixty barks

Menelaus. From the monarch's host
'oyal brother ranged his own apart,
panted for revenge of Helen's wrongs,
)f her sighs and tears. From rank to rank,
:ious of dauntless might he pass'd, and sent
all hearts the fervour of his own.
renian Nestor in thrice thirty ships
)rought his warriors; they from Pylus came,
blythe Arene, and from Thryos, built
by the fords of Alpheus, and from steep
stately Æpy. Their confederate powers
Amphigenia, Cyparissa veiled
broad redundance of funereal shades,
)s and Helos, and of deathless fame
n. In Dorion erst the Muses met
cian Thamyris, on his return
Eurytus, Oechalian Chief, and hush'd
ong for ever; for he dared to vaunt
he would pass in song even themselves
Muses, daughters of Jove Ægis-arm'd.
, therefore, by his boast incensed, the bard
k blind, and from his memory dash'd severe
aces of his once celestial strains.
:adia's sons, the dwellers at the foot
ount Cyllene, where Æpytus sleeps
ıb'd; a generation bold in fight,
warriors hand to hand; the valiant men
ıeneus, of Orchomenos by flocks
d numberless, of Ripe, Stratia, bleak
ıe; Mantinea city fair,
phelus and Parrhasia, and the youth
:gea; royal Agapenor these,
us' offspring, had in sixty ships
'oy conducted; numerous was the crew,
ıkilled in arms, which every vessel brought,
Agamemnon had with barks himself
lied them, for, of inland realms possessed,
little heeded maritime employs.
e dwellers in Buprasium, on the shores
:asant Elis, and in all the land
ınus and the Hyrminian plain between,

The rock Olenian, and the Alysian fount;
These all obey'd four Chiefs, and galleys ten
Each Chief commanded, with Epeans filled.
Amphimachus and Thalpius govern'd these,
This, son of Cteatus, the other, sprung
From Eurytus, and both of Actor's house.
Diores, son of Amarynceus, those
Led on, and, for his godlike form renown'd,
Polyxenus was Chieftain o'er the rest,
Son of Agasthenes, Augeias' son.
Dulichium, and her sister sacred isles
The Echinades, whose opposite aspect
Looks toward Elis o'er the curling waves,
Sent forth their powers with Meges at their head,
Brave son of Phyleus, warrior dear to Jove.
Phyleus in wrath, his father's house renounced,
And to Dulichium wandering, there abode.
Twice twenty ships had follow'd Meges forth.
Ulysses led the Cephallenians bold.
From Ithaca, and from the lofty woods
Of Neritus they came, and from the rocks
Of rude Ægilipa. Crocylia these,
And those Zacynthus own'd; nor yet a few
From Samos, from Epirus join'd their aid,
And from the opposite Ionian shore.
Them, wise as Jove himself, Ulysses led
In twelve fair ships, with crimson prows adorn'd.
From forty ships, Thoas, Andræmon's son,
Had landed his Ætolians; for extinct
Was Meleager, and extinct the house
Of Oeneus all, nor Oeneus self survived;
To Thoas therefore had Ætolia fallen;
Him Olenos, Pylene, Chalcis served,
With Pleuro, and the rock-bound Calydon.
Idomeneus, spear-practised warrior, led
The numerous Cretans. In twice forty ships
He brought his powers to Troy. The warlike bands
Of Cnossus, of Gortyna wall'd around,
Of Lyctus, of Lycastus chalky-white,
Of Phæstus, of Miletus, with the youth
Of Rhytius him obeyed; nor these were all,

)thers from her hundred cities Crete
forth, all whom Idomeneus the brave
nanded, with Meriones in arms
l as the God of battles blood-imbrued.
ne ships Tlepolemus, Herculean-born,
ourage famed and for superior size,
with his haughty Rhodians. They, in tribes
ed, dwelt distinct. Jelyssus these,
: Lindus, and the rest the shining soil
iite Camirus occupied. Him bore
ercules, (what time he led the nymphs
Ephyre, and from Sellea's banks,
full many a city laid in dust,)
cheia. In his father's house
ificent, Tlepolemus spear-famed
carce up-grown to manhood's lusty prime,
he his father's hoary uncle slew
inius, branch of Mars. Then built he ships,
pushing forth to sea, fled from the threats
: whole house of Hercules. Huge toil
nany woes he suffer'd, till at length
iodes arriving, in three separate bands
read himself abroad. Much was he loved
-commanding Jove, who bless'd him there,
hower'd abundant riches on them all.
eus of Syma, with three vessels came;
s, Aglæa's offspring, whom she bore
iaropus the King; Nireus in form,
faultless son of Peleus sole except,)
est of all the Grecians call'd to Troy.
e was heartless and his men were few.
yrus, Casus, Crapathus, and Cos
: reign'd Eurypylus, with all the isles
næ named, under two valiant Chiefs
troops disposed; Phidippus one, and one,
·other Antiphus, begotten both
iessalus, whom Hercules begat.
rty ships they sought the shores of Troy.
: warriors of Pelasgian Argos next,
is, and Alope, and who held
ina, Phthia, and for women fair

Distinguish'd, Hellas; known by various names
Hellenes, Myrmidons, Achæans, them
In fifty ships embark'd, Achilles ruled.
But these were deaf to the hoarse-throated war,
For there was none to draw their battle forth,
And give them just array. Close in his ships
Achilles, after loss of the bright-hair'd
Briseïs, lay, resentful; her obtained
Not without labour hard, and after sack
Of Thebes and of Lyrnessus, where he slew
Two mighty Chiefs, sons of Evenus both,
Epistrophus and Mynes, her he mourn'd,
And for her sake self-prison'd in his fleet
And idle lay, though soon to rise again.
From Phylace, and from the flowery fields
Of Pyrrhasus, a land to Ceres given
By consecration, and from Iton green,
Mother of flocks; from Antron by the sea,
And from the grassy meads of Pteleus, came
A people, whom while yet he lived, the brave
Protesilaüs led, but him the earth
Now cover'd dark and drear. A wife he left,
To rend in Phylace her bleeding cheeks,
And an unfinish'd mansion. First he died
Of all the Greeks; for as he leap'd to land
Foremost by far, a Dardan struck him dead.
Nor had his troops, though filled with deep regret,
No leader; them Podarces led, a Chief
Like Mars in battle, brother of the slain,
But younger born, and from Iphiclus sprung
Who sprang from Phylacus the rich in flocks.
But him Protesilaüs, as in years,
So also in desert of arms excell'd
Heroic, whom his host, although they saw
Podarces at their head, still justly mourn'd;
For he was fierce in battle, and at Troy
With forty sable-sided ships arrived.
Eleven galleys, Pheræ on the lake,
And Boebe, and Iölchus, and the vale
Of Glaphyræ supplied with crews robust
Under Eumelus; him Alcestis, praised

For beauty above all her sisters fair,
In Thessaly to King Admetus bore.
  Methone, and Olizon's craggy coast,
With Melibœa and Thaumasia sent
Seven ships; their rowers were good archers all,
And every vessel dipped into the wave
Her fifty oars. Them Philoctetes, skill'd
To draw with sinewy arm the stubborn bow,
Commanded; but he suffering anguish keen
Inflicted by a serpent's venom'd tooth,
Lay sick in Lemnos; him the Grecians there
Had left sore-wounded, but were destined soon
To call to dear remembrance whom they left.
Meantime, though sorrowing for his sake, his troops
Yet wanted not a Chief; them Medon ruled,
Whom Rhena to the far-famed conqueror bore
Oïleus, fruit of their unsanctioned loves.
  From Tricca, from Ithome rough and rude
With rocks and glens, and from Oechalia, town
Of Eurytus Oechalian-born, came forth
Their warlike youth by Podalirius led
And by Machaon, healers both expert
Of all disease, and thirty ships were theirs.
  The men of Ormenus, and from beside
The fountain Hyperiea, from the tops
Of chalky Titan, and Asteria's band;
Them ruled Eurypylus, Evæmon's son
Illustrious, whom twice twenty ships obeyed.
  Orthe, Gyrtone, Oloösson white,
Argissa and Helone; they their youth
Gave to control of Polypœtes, son
Undaunted of Pirithoüs, son of Jove,
Him, to Pirithoüs, (on the self-same day,
When he the Centaurs punish'd and pursued
Sheer to Æthicæ driven from Pelion's heights
The shaggy race) Hippodamia bore.
Nor he alone them led. With him was join'd
Leonteus dauntless warrior, from the bold
Coronus sprung, who Cæneus call'd his sire.
Twice twenty ships awaited their command.
  Guneus from Cyphus twenty and two ships

Led forth; the Enienes him obey'd,
And the robust Percœbi, warriors bold,
And dwellers on Dodona's wintry brow.
To these were join'd who till the pleasant fields
Where Titaresius winds; the gentle flood
Pours into Peneus all his limpid stores,
But with the silver-eddied Peneus flows
Unmixt as oil; for Stygian is his stream,
And Styx is the inviolable oath.
Last with his forty ships, Tenthredon's son,
The active Prothoüs came. From the green banks
Of Peneus his Magnesians far and near
He gather'd, and from Pelion forest-crown'd.
These were the princes and the Chiefs of Greece.
Say, Muse, who most in personal desert
Excell'd, and whose were the most warlike steeds
And of the noblest strain. Their hué, their age,
Their height the same, swift as the winds of heaven
And passing far all others, were the mares
Which drew Eumelus; on Pierian hills
The heavenly Archer of the silver bow,
Apollo, bred them. But of men, the chief
Was Telamonian Ajax, while wrath-bound
Achilles lay; for he was worthier far,
And more illustrious were the steeds which bore
The noble son of Peleus; but revenge
On Agamemnon leader of the host
Was all his thought, while in his gallant ships
Sharp-keel'd to cut the foaming flood, he lay.
Meantime, along the margin of the deep
His soldiers hurled the disk, or bent the bow,
Or to its mark dispatch'd the quivering lance.
Beside the chariots stood the unharness'd steeds
Cropping the lotus, or at leisure browzed
On celery wild, from watery freshes gleaned.
Beneath the shadow of the sheltering tent
The chariot stood, while they, the charioteers
Roam'd here and there the camp, their warlike lord
Regretting sad, and idle for his sake.
As if a fire had burnt along the ground,
Such seemed their march; earth groan'd their steps beneath;

As when in Arimi, where fame reports
Typhoëus stretch'd, the fires of angry Jove
Down darted, lash the ground, so groan'd the earth
Beneath them, for they traversed swift the plain.
And now from Jove, with heavy tidings charged,
Wind-footed Iris to the Trojans came.
It was the time of council, when the throng
At Priam's gate assembled, young and old;
Them, standing nigh, the messenger of heaven
Accosted with the voice of Priam's son,
Polites. He, confiding in his speed
For sure deliverance, posted was abroad
On Æsyeta's tomb, intent to watch
When the Achaian host should leave the fleet.
The Goddess in his form thus them address'd.
Oh, ancient Monarch! Ever, evermore
Speaking, debating, as if all were peace:
I have seen many a bright-embattled field,
But never one so throng'd as this to-day.
For like the leaves, or like the sands they come
Swept by the winds, to gird the city round.
But Hector! chiefly thee I shall exhort.
In Priam's spacious city are allies
Collected numerous, and of nations wide-
Disseminated various are the tongues.
Let every Chief his proper troop command,
And marshal his own citizens to war.
She ceased; her Hector heard intelligent,
And quick dissolved the council. All took arms.
Wide flew the gates; forth rush'd the multitude,
Horsemen and foot, and boisterous stir arose.
In front of Ilium, distant on the plain,
Clear all around from all obstruction, stands
An eminence high-raised, by mortal men
Call'd Batiea, but the Gods the tomb
Have named it of Myrinna swift in fight.
Troy and her aids there set the battle forth.
Huge Priameian Hector, fierce in arms,
Led on the Trojans; with whom march'd the most
And the most valiant, dexterous at the spear.
Æneas, (on the hills of Ida him

The lovely Venus to Anchises bore,
A Goddess by a mortal man embraced)
Led the Dardanians; but not he alone;
Archilochus with him and Acamas
Stood forth, the offspring of Antenor, each,
And well instructed in all forms of war.
  Fast by the foot of Ida, where they drank
The limpid waters of Æsepus, dwelt
The Trojans of Zeleia. Rich were they
And led by Pandarus, Lycaon's son,
Whom Phœbus self graced with the bow he bore.
  Apæsus, Adrastea, Terie steep,
And Pitueia—them, Amphius clad
In mail thick-woven, and Adrastus, ruled.
They were the sons of the Percosian seer
Merops, expert in the sooth-sayers' art
Above all other; he his sons forbad
The bloody fight, but disobedient they
Still sought it, for their destiny prevailed.
  The warriors of Percote, and who dwelt
In Practius, in Arisba, city fair,
In Sestus, in Abydus, march'd behind
Princely Hyrtacides; his tawny steeds,
Strong-built and tall, from Selleentes' bank
And from Arisba, had him borne to Troy.
  Hippothous and Pilæus, branch of Mars,
Both sons of Lethus the Pelasgian, they,
Forth from Larissa for her fertile soil
Far-famed, the spear-expert Pelasgians brought.
  The Thracians (all whom Hellespont includes
Within the banks of his swift-racing tide)
Heroic Acamas and Pirous led.
Euphemus, offspring of Trœzenus, son
Of Jove-protected Ceas, was the Chief
Whom the spear-armed Ciconian band obey'd,
  Pæonia's archers followed to the field
Pyræchmes; they from Amydon remote
Were drawn, where Axius winds; broad Axius, stream
Diffused delightful over all the vale.
  Pylæmenes, a Chief of giant might
From the Eneti for forest-mules renowned,

h'd with his Paphlagonians; dwellers they
samus and in Cytorus were,
by the stream Parthenius; Cromna these
forth, and those Ægialus on the lip
nargin of the land, and some, the heights
ythini, rugged and abrupt.
istrophus and Odius from the land
ybe, a region far remote,
e veins of silver wind, led to the field
Halizonians. With the Mysians came
nis their Chief, and Ennomus; him skill'd
gury, but skill'd in vain, his art
not, but by Æacides the swift,
others in the Xanthus slain, he died.
anius, lovely youth, and Phorcis, led
'hrygians from Ascania far remote,
it for battle. The Mœonian race,
hose who at the foot of Tmolus dwelt,)
les and Antiphus, fraternal pair,
of Pylæmenes commanded, both
e Gygæan lake in Lydia born.
phimachus and Nastes led to fight
'arians, people of a barbarous speech,
the Milesians, and the mountain-race
od-crown'd Phthira, and who dwelt beside
der, or on Mycale sublime.
led Amphimachus and Nastes, sons
wn'd of Nomion. Like a simple girl
forth Amphimachus with gold bedight,
im his trappings from a woeful death
not, when whirled beneath the bloody tide
leus' stormy son his spoils he left.
pedon with the noble Glaucus led
warriors forth from farthest Lycia, where
us deep-dimpled rolls his oozy tide.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

The armies meet. Paris throws out a challenge to the Grecian Princes. Menelaus accepts it. The terms of the combat are adjusted solemnly by Agamemnon on the part of Greece, and by Priam on the part of Troy. The combat ensues, in which Paris is vanquished, whom yet Venus rescues. Agamemnon demands from the Trojans a performance of the covenant.

Now marshall'd all beneath their several chiefs,
With deafening shouts, and with the clang of arms,
The host of Troy advanced. Such clang is heard
Along the skies, when from incessant showers
Escaping, and from winter's cold, the cranes
Take wing, and over Ocean speed away;
Woe to the land of dwarfs! prepared, they fly
For slaughter of the small Pygmæan race.
Not so the Greeks; they breathing valour came,
But silent all, and all with faithful hearts
On succour mutual to the last, resolved.
As when the south wind wraps the mountain top
In mist the shepherd's dread, but to the thief
Than night itself more welcome, and the eye
Is bounded in its ken to a stone's cast,
Such from beneath their footsteps dun and dense
Uprose the dust, for swift they cross the plain.
When, host to host opposed, full nigh they stood,
Then Alexander[1] in the Trojan van
Advanced was seen, all beauteous as a God;
His leopard's skin, his falchion and his bow
Hung from his shoulder; bright with heads of brass
He shook two spears, and challenged to the fight
The bravest Argives there, defying all.
Him, striding haughtily his host before
When Menelaus saw, such joy he felt
As hunger-pinch'd the lion feels, by chance

[1] Paris, frequently named Alexander in the original.

Conducted to some carcase huge, wild goat,
Or antler'd stag; huntsmen and baying hounds
Disturb not *him*, he gorges in their sight.
So Menelaus at the view rejoiced
Of lovely Alexander, for he hoped
His punishment at hand. At once, all armed,
Down from his chariot to the ground he leap'd.
When Godlike Paris him in front beheld
Conspicuous, his heart smote him, and his fate
Avoiding, far within the lines he shrank.
As one, who in some woodland height descrying
A serpent huge, with sudden start recoils,
His limbs shake under him; with cautious step
He slow retires; fear blanches cold his cheeks;
So beauteous Alexander at the sight
Of Atreus' son dishearten'd sore, the ranks
Of haughty Trojans enter'd deep again:
Him Hector eyed, and thus rebuked severe.
Curst Paris! Fair deceiver! Woman-mad!
I would to all in heaven that thou hadst died
Unborn, at least unmated! happier far
Than here to have incurr'd this public shame!
Well may the Grecians taunt, and laughing loud,
Applaud the champion, slow indeed to fight
And pusillanimous, but wonderous fair.
Wast thou as timid, tell me, when with those
Thy loved companions in that famed exploit,
Thou didst consort with strangers, and convey
From distant lands a warrior's beauteous bride
To be thy father's and his people's curse,
Joy to our foes, but to thyself reproach?
Behold her husband! Darest thou not to face
The warlike prince? Now learn how brave a Chief
Thou hast defrauded of his blooming spouse.
Thy lyre, thy locks, thy person, specious gifts
Of partial Venus, will avail thee nought,
Once mixt by Menelaus with the dust.
But we are base ourselves, or long ago,
For all thy numerous mischiefs, thou hadst slept
Secure beneath a coverlet[2] of stone.

[2] Λάϊνον ἐσσο χιτῶνα.

Then Godlike Alexander thus replied.
Oh Hector, true in temper as the axe·
Which in the shipwright's hand the naval plank
Divides resistless, doubling all his force,
Such is thy dauntless spirit, whose reproach
Perforce I own, nor causeless nor unjust.
Yet let the gracious gifts uncensured pass
Of golden Venus; man may not reject
The glorious bounty by the Gods bestow'd,
Nor follows their beneficence our choice.
But if thy pleasure be that I engage
With Menelaus in decision fierce
Of desperate combat, bid the host of Troy
And bid the Grecians sit; then face to face
Commit us, in the vacant field between,
To fight for Helen and for all her wealth.
Who strongest proves, and conquers, he, of her
And her's possess'd, shall bear them safe away;
While ye (peace sworn and firm accord) shall dwell
At Troy, and these to Argos shall return
And to Achaia praised for women fair.
He ceased, whom Hector heard with joy; he moved
Into the middle space, and with his spear
Advanced athwart push'd back the Trojan van,
And all stood fast. Meantime at him the Greeks
Discharged full volley, showering thick around
From bow and sling; when with a mighty voice
Thus Agamemnon, leader of the host.
Argives! Be still—shoot not, ye sons of Greece!
Hector bespeaks attention. Hear the Chief!
He said, at once the Grecians ceased to shoot,
And all sat silent. Hector then began.
Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye Greeks mail-arm'd,
While I shall publish in your ears the words
Of Alexander, author of our strife.
Trojans, he bids, and Grecians on the field
Their arms dispose; while he, the hosts between,
With warlike Menelaus shall in fight
Contend for Helen, and for all her wealth.
Who strongest proves, and conquers, he, of her
And her's possest, shall bear them safe away,

Fair Helen to his side. My daughter dear!
Come, sit beside me. Thou shalt hence discern
Thy former Lord, thy kindred and thy friends.
I charge no blame on thee. The Gods have caused,
Not thou, this lamentable war to Troy.
Name to me yon Achaian Chief for bulk
Conspicuous, and for port. Taller indeed
I may perceive than he; but with these eyes
Saw never yet such dignity, and grace.
Declare his name. Some royal Chief he seems.
To whom thus Helen, loveliest of her sex.
My other Sire! by me for ever held
In reverence, and with filial fear beloved!
Oh that some cruel death had been my choice,
Rather than to abandon, as I did,
All joys domestic, matrimonial bliss,
Brethren, dear daughter, and companions dear,
A wanderer with thy son. Yet I alas!
Died not, and therefore now, live but to weep.
But I resolve thee. Thou behold'st the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, mighty king,
In arms heroic, gracious in the throne,
And, (though it shame me now to call him such,)
By nuptial ties a brother once to me.
Then him the ancient King admiring, said.
Oh blest Atrides, happy was thy birth,
And thy lot glorious, whom this gallant host
So numerous, of the sons of Greece obey!
To vine-famed Phrygia, in my days of youth,
I journey'd; many Phrygians there I saw,
Brave horsemen, and expert; they were the powers
Of Otreus and of Mygdon, Godlike Chief,
And on the banks of Sangar's stream encamp'd.
I march'd among them, chosen in that war
Ally of Phrygia, and it was her day
Of conflict with the man-defying race,
The Amazons; yet multitudes like these
Thy bright-eyed Greeks, I saw not even there.
The venerable King observing next
Ulysses, thus enquired. My child, declare
Him also. Shorter by the head he seems

Than Agamemnon, Atreus' mighty son,
But shoulder'd broader, and of ampler chest;
He hath disposed his armour on the plain,
But like a ram, himself the warrior ranks
Ranges majestic; like a ram full-fleeced
By numerous sheep encompass'd snowy-white.
To whom Jove's daughter Helen thus replied.
In him the son of old Laertes know,
Ulysses; born in Ithaca the rude,
But of a piercing wit, and deeply wise.
Then answer thus, Antenor sage return'd.
Princess thou hast described him: hither once
The noble Ithacan, on thy behalf
Embassador with Menelaus, came:
Beneath my roof, with hospitable fare
Friendly I entertained them. Seeing then
Occasion opportune, I closely mark'd
The genius and the talents of the Chiefs,
And this I noted well; that when they stood
Amid the assembled counsellors of Troy,
Then Menelaus his advantage show'd,
Who by the shoulders overtopp'd his friend.
But when both sat, Ulysses in his air
Had more of state and dignity than he.
In the delivery of a speech address'd
To the full senate, Menelaus used
Few words, but to the matter, fitly ranged,
And with much sweetness utter'd; for in loose
And idle play of ostentatious terms
He dealt not, though he were the younger man.
But when the wise Ulysses from his seat
Had once arisen, he would his downcast eyes
So rivet on the earth, and with a hand
That seemed untutor'd in its use, so hold
His sceptre, swaying it to neither side,
That hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought him, sure,
Some chafed and angry idiot, passion-fixt.
Yet, when at length, the clear and mellow base
Of his deep voice brake forth, and he let fall
His chosen words like flakes of feather'd snow,
None then might match Ulysses; leisure, then,

Found none to wonder at his noble form.
The third of whom the venerable king
Enquired, was Ajax.—Yon Achaian tall,
Whose head and shoulders tower above the rest
And of such bulk prodigious—who is he?
Him answer'd Helen, loveliest of her sex.
A bulwark of the Greeks. In him thou seest
Gigantic Ajax. Opposite appear
The Cretans, and among the Chiefs of Crete
Stands, like a God, Idomeneus. Him oft
From Crete arrived, was Menelaus wont
To entertain; and others now I see,
Achaians, whom I could recall to mind,
And give to each his name; but two brave youths
I yet discern not; for equestrian skill
One famed, and one a boxer never foiled;
My brothers; born of Leda; sons of Jove;
Castor and Pollux. Either they abide
In lovely Sparta still, or if they came,
Decline the fight, by my disgrace abash'd,
And the reproaches which have fallen on me.
She said; but they already slept inhumed
In Lacedemon, in their native soil.
And now the heralds, through the streets of Troy
Charged with the lambs, and with a goat-skin filled
With heart-exhilarating wine prepared
For that divine solemnity, return'd.
Idæus in his hand a beaker bore
Resplendent, with its fellow cups of gold,
And thus he summon'd ancient Priam forth.
Son of Laomedon, arise. The Chiefs
Call thee, the Chiefs of Ilium and of Greece.
Descend into the plain. We strike a truce,
And need thine oath to bind it. Paris fights
With warlike Menelaus for his spouse;
Their spears decide the strife. The conqueror wins
Helen and all her treasures. We, thenceforth,
(Peace sworn and amity,) shall dwell secure
In Troy, while they to Argos shall return
And to Achaia praised for women fair.
He spake, and Priam, shuddering, bade his train

Prepare his steeds; they sedulous obey'd.
First, Priam mounting, backward stretch'd the reins;
Antenor, next, beside him sat, and through
The Scæan gate they drove into the plain.
Arriving at the hosts of Greece and Troy
They left the chariot, and proceeded both
Into the interval between the hosts.
Then uprose Agamemnon, and uprose
All-wise Ulysses. Next, the heralds came
Conspicuous forward, expediting each
The ceremonial; they the beaker fill'd
With wine, and to the hands of all the kings
Minister'd water. Agamemnon then
Drawing his dagger which he ever bore
Appendant to his heavy falchion's sheath,
Cut off the forelocks of the lambs, of which
The heralds gave to every Grecian Chief
A portion, and to all the Chiefs of Troy.
Then Agamemnon raised his hands, and pray'd.
Jove, Father, who from Ida stretchest forth
Thine arm omnipotent, o'erruling all,
And thou, all-seeing and all-hearing sun,
Ye rivers, and thou conscious earth, and ye
Who under earth on human kind avenge
Severe, the guilt of violated oaths,
Hear ye, and ratify what now we swear!
Should Paris slay the hero amber-hair'd,
My brother Menelaus, Helen's wealth
And Helen's self are his, and all our host
Shall home return to Greece; but should it chance
That Paris fall by Menelaus' hand,
Then Troy shall render back what she detains,
With such amercement as is meet, a sum
To be remember'd in all future times.
Which penalty should Priam and his sons
Not pay, though Paris fall, then here in arms
I will contend for payment of the mulct
My due, till, satisfied, I close the war.
He said, and with his ruthless steel the lambs
Stretch'd panting all, but soon they ceased to pant,
For mortal was the stroke. Then drawing forth

Wine from the beaker, they with brimming cups
Hail'd the immortal Gods, and pray'd again,
And many a Grecian thus and Trojan spake.
All-glorious Jove, and ye the powers of heaven,
Whoso shall violate this contract first,
So be the brains of them and of their sons
Pour'd out, as we this wine pour on the earth,
And may their wives bring forth to other men!
So they: but them Jove heard not. Then arose
Priam, the son of Dardanus, and said,
Hear me, ye Trojans and ye Greeks well-arm'd.
Hence back to wind-swept Ilium I return,
Unable to sustain the sight, my son
With warlike Menelaus match'd in arms.
Jove knows, and the immortal Gods, to whom
Of both, this day is preordain'd the last.
So spake the godlike monarch, and disposed
Within the royal chariot all the lambs;
Then, mounting, check'd the reins; Antenor next
Ascended, and to Ilium both return'd.
First, Hector and Ulysses, noble Chief,
Measured the ground; then taking lots for proof
Who of the combatants should foremost hurl
His spear, they shook them in a brazen casque;
Meantime the people raised their hands on high,
And many a Grecian thus and Trojan pray'd.
Jove, Father, who on Ida seated, seest
And rulest all below, glorious in power!
Of these two champions, to the drear abodes
Of Ades him appoint who furnish'd first
The cause of strife between them, and let peace
Oath-bound, and amity unite the rest!
So spake the hosts; then Hector shook the lots,
Majestic Chief, turning his face aside.
Forth sprang the lot of Paris. They in ranks
Sat all, where stood the fiery steeds of each,
And where his radiant arms lay on the field.
Illustrious Alexander his bright arms
Put on, fair Helen's paramour. He clasp'd
His polish'd greaves with silver studs secured;
His brother's corslet to his breast he bound,

Lycaon's, apt to his own shape and size,
And slung athwart his shoulders, bright emboss'd,
His brazen sword; his massy buckler broad
He took, and to his graceful head his casque
Adjusted elegant, which, as he moved,
Its bushy crest waved dreadful; last he seized,
Well fitted to his gripe, his ponderous spear.
Meantime the hero Menelaus made
Like preparation, and his arms put on.
When thus, from all the multitude apart,
Both combatants had arm'd, with eyes that flash'd
Defiance, to the middle space they strode,
Trojans and Greeks between. Astonishment
Seized all beholders. On the measured ground
Full near they stood, each brandishing on high
His massy spear, and each was fiery wroth.
First, Alexander his long-shadow'd spear
Sent forth, and on its smooth shield's surface struck
The son of Atreus, but the brazen guard
Pierced not, for at the disk, with blunted point
Reflex, his ineffectual weapon stay'd.
Then Menelaus to the fight advanced
Impetuous, after prayer offer'd to Jove.
King over all! now grant me to avenge
My wrongs on Alexander; now subdue
The aggressor under me; that men unborn
May shudder at the thought of faith abused,
And hospitality with rape repaid.
He said, and brandishing his massy spear,
Dismiss'd it. Through the burnish'd buckler broad
Of Priam's son the stormy weapon flew,
Transpierced his costly hauberk, and the vest
Ripp'd on his flank; but with a sideward bend
He baffled it, and baulk'd the dreadful death.
Then Menelaus drawing his bright blade,
Swung it aloft, and on the hairy crest
Smote him; but shiver'd into fragments small
The falchion at the stroke fell from his hand.
Vexation fill'd him; to the spacious heavens
He look'd, and with a voice of woe exclaim'd—
Jupiter! of all powers by man adored

To me most adverse! Confident I hoped
Revenge for Paris' treason, but my sword
Is shiver'd, and I sped my spear in vain.
So saying, he sprang on him, and his long crest
Seized fast; then, turning, drew him by that hold
Toward the Grecian host. The broider'd band
That underbraced his helmet at the chin,
Strain'd to his smooth neck with a ceaseless force,
Chok'd him; and now had Menelaus won
Deathless renown, dragging him off the field,
But Venus, foam-sprung Goddess, feeling quick
His peril imminent, snapp'd short the brace
Though stubborn, by a slaughter'd[4] ox supplied,
And the void helmet follow'd as he pull'd.
That prize the Hero, whirling it aloft,
Threw to his Greeks, who caught it and secured,
Then with vindictive strides he rush'd again
On Paris, spear in hand; but him involved
In mist opaque Venus with ease divine
Snatch'd thence, and in his chamber placed him, fill'd
With scents odorous, spirit-soothing sweets.
Nor stay'd the Goddess, but at once in quest
Of Helen went; her on a lofty tower
She found, where many a damsel stood of Troy,
And twitch'd her fragrant robe. In form she seem'd
An ancient matron, who, while Helen dwelt
In Lacedæmon, her unsullied wool
Dress'd for her, faithfullest of all her train.
Like her disguised the Goddess thus began.
Haste—Paris calls thee—on his sculptured couch,
(Sparkling alike his looks and his attire,)
He waits thy wish'd return. Thou would'st not dream
That he had fought; he rather seems prepared
For dance, or after dance, for soft repose.
So saying, she tumult raised in Helen's mind.
Yet soon as by her symmetry of neck,
By her love-kindling breasts and luminous eyes
She knew the Goddess, her she thus bespake.
Ah whence, deceitful deity! thy wish

[4] Because the hide of a beast that dies in health is tougher and fitter for use than of another that dies diseased.

Now to ensnare me? Would'st thou lure me, say,
To some fair city of Mæonian name
Or Phrygian, more remote from Sparta still?
Hast thou some human favourite also there?
Is it because Atrides hath prevailed
To vanquish Paris, and would bear me home
Unworthy as I am, that thou attempt'st
Again to cheat me? Go thyself—sit thou
Beside him,—for his sake renounce the skies;
Watch him, weep for him; till at length his wife
He deign to make thee, or perchance his slave.
I go not (now to go were shame indeed,)
To dress his couch; nor will I be the jest
Of all my sex in Ilium. Oh! my griefs
Are infinite, and more than I can bear.
To whom, the foam-sprung Goddess, thus incensed.
Ah wretch! provoke not me; lest in my wrath
Abandoning thee, I not hate thee less
Than now I fondly love thee, and beget
Such detestation of thee in all hearts,
Grecian and Trojan, that thou die abhorr'd.
The Goddess ceased. Jove's daughter, Helen, fear'd,
And, in her lucid veil close wrapt around,
Silent retired, of all those Trojan dames
Unseen, and Venus led, herself, the way.
Soon then as Alexander's fair abode
They reach'd, her maidens quick their tasks resumed,
And she to her own chamber lofty-roof'd
Ascended, loveliest of her sex. A seat
For Helen, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd,
To Paris opposite, the Queen of smiles
Herself disposed; but with averted eyes
She sat before him, and him keen reproach'd.
Thou hast escaped.—Ah would that thou had'st died
By that heroic arm, mine husband's erst!
Thou once didst vaunt thee in address and strength
Superior. Go then—challenge yet again
The warlike Menelaus forth to fight.
But hold. The hero of the amber locks
Provoke no more so rashly, lest the point
Of his victorious spear soon stretch thee dead.

She ended, to whom Paris thus replied.
Ah Helen, wound me not with taunt severe!
Me, Menelaus, by Minerva's aid,
Hath vanquish'd now, who may hereafter, him.
We also have our Gods. But let us love.
For never since the day when thee I bore
From pleasant Lacedæmon o'er the waves
To Cranäe's fair isle, and first enjoy'd
Thy beauty, loved I as I love thee now,
Or felt such sweetness of intense desire.
He spake, and sought his bed, whom follow'd soon
Jove's daughter, reconciled to his embrace.
But Menelaus like a lion ranged
The multitude, enquiring far and near
For Paris lost. Yet neither Trojan him
Nor friend of Troy could shew, whom, else, through love
None had conceal'd, for him as death itself
All hated, but his going none had seen.
Amidst them all then spake the King of men.
Trojans, and Dardans, and allies of Troy!
The warlike Menelaus hath prevailed,
As is most plain. Now therefore bring ye forth
Helen with all her treasures, also bring
Such large amercement as is meet, a sum
To be remember'd in all future times.
So spake Atrides, and Achaia's host
With loud applause confirm'd the monarch's claim.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

In a Council of the Gods, a dispute arises between Jupiter and Juno, which is at last compromised, Jove consenting to dispatch Minerva with a charge to incite some Trojan to a violation of the truce. Minerva descends for that purpose, and in the form of Laodocus, a son of Priam, exhorts Pandarus to shoot at Menelaus, and succeeds. Menelaus is wounded, and Agamemnon having consigned him to the care of Machaon, goes forth to perform the duties of commander in chief, in the encouragement of his host to battle. The battle begins.

Now, on the golden floor of Jove's abode
The Gods all sat consulting; Hebe them,
Graceful, with nectar served; they pledging each
His next, alternate quaff'd from cups of gold,
And at their ease reclined, look'd down on Troy;
When, sudden, Jove essay'd by piercing speech
Invidious, to enkindle Juno's ire.
Two Goddesses on Menelaus' part
Confederate stand, Juno in Argos known,
Pallas in Alalcomene[1]; yet they
Sequester'd sit, look on, and are amused.
Not so smile-loving Venus; she beside
Her champion station'd, saves him from his fate,
And at this moment, by her aid, he lives.
But now, since victory hath proved the lot
Of warlike Menelaus, weigh ye well
The matter; shall we yet the ruinous strife
Prolong between the nations, or consent
To give them peace? should peace your preference win,
And prove alike acceptable to all,
Stand Ilium, and let Menelaus bear
Helen of Argos back to Greece again.
He ended; Juno and Minerva heard,
Low-murmuring deep disgust; for side by side
They forging sat calamity to Troy.

[1] A town of that name in Bœotia, where Pallas was particularly worshipped.

Minerva through displeasure against Jove
Nought utter'd, for with rage her bosom boil'd;
But Juno check'd not hers, who thus replied.
What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove most severe!
How? wouldst thou render fruitless all my pains?
The sweat that I have pour'd? my steeds themselves
Have fainted while I gather'd Greece in arms
For punishment of Priam and his sons.
Do it. But small thy praise shall be in heaven.
Then her the Thunderer answer'd sore displeased.
Ah shameless! how have Priam and his sons
So much transgress'd against thee, that thou burn'st
With ceaseless rage to ruin populous Troy?
Go, make thine entrance at her lofty gates,
Priam and all his house, and all his host
Alive devour; then, haply, thou wilt rest;
Do even as thou wilt, that this dispute
Live not between us a consuming fire
For ever. But attend; mark well the word.
When I shall also doom in future time
Some city to destruction, dear to thee,
Oppose me not, but give my fury way
As I give way to thine, not pleased myself,
Yet not unsatisfied, so thou be pleased.
For of all cities of the sons of men,
And which the sun and stars from heaven behold,
Me sacred Troy most pleases, Priam me
Most, and the people of the warrior King.
Nor without cause. They feed mine altar well;
Libation there, and steam of savoury scent
Fail not, the tribute which by lot is ours.
Him answer'd, then, the Goddess ample-eyed[2],
Majestic Juno: Three fair cities me,
Of all the earth, most interest and engage,
Mycenæ for magnificence renown'd,
Argos, and Sparta. Them, when next thy wrath
Shall be inflamed against them, lay thou waste;
I will not interpose on their behalf;
Thou shalt not hear me murmur; what avail

[2] Βοῶπις, constant description of Juno, but not susceptible of literal translation.

Complaint or force against thy matchless arm?
Yet were it most unmeet that even I
Should toil in vain; I also boast a birth
Celestial; Saturn deeply wise, thy Sire,
Is also mine; our origin is one.
Thee I acknowledge Sovereign, yet account
Myself entitled by a twofold claim
To veneration both from Gods and men,
The daughter of Jove's sire, and spouse of Jove.
Concession mutual therefore both thyself
Befits and me, whom when the Gods perceive
Disposed to peace, they also shall accord.
Come then.—To yon dread field dispatch in haste
Minerva, with command that she incite
The Trojans first to violate their oath
By some fresh insult on the exulting Greeks.
So Juno; nor the sire of all refused,
But in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake.
Begone; swift fly to yonder field; incite
The Trojans first to violate their oath
By some fresh insult on the exulting Greeks.
The Goddess heard, and what she wish'd, enjoin'd,
Down-darted swift from the Olympian heights,
In form a meteor, such as from his hand
Not seldom Jove dismisses, beaming bright
And, breaking into stars, an omen sent
To mariners, or to some numerous host.
Such Pallas seem'd, and swift descending, dropp'd
Full in the midst between them. They with awe
That sign portentous and with wonder view'd,
Achaians both and Trojans, and his next
The soldier thus bespake. Now either war
And dire hostility again shall flame,
Or Jove now gives us peace. Both are from Jove.
So spake the soldiery; but she the form
Taking of brave Laodocus, the son
Of old Antenor, throughout all the ranks
Sought godlike Pandarus. Ere long she found
The valiant son illustrious of Lycaon,
Standing encompass'd by his dauntless troops,
Broad-shielded warriors, from Æsepus' stream

His followers; to his side the Goddess came,
And in wing'd accents ardent him bespake.
Brave offspring of Lycaon, is there hope
That thou wilt hear my counsel? darest thou slip
A shaft at Menelaus? much renown
Thou shalt and thanks from all the Trojans win,
But most of all, from Paris, prince of Troy.
From him illustrious gifts thou shalt receive
Doubtless, when Menelaus he shall see
The martial son of Atreus by a shaft
Subdued of thine, placed on his funeral pile.
Come. Shoot at Menelaus, glorious Chief!
But vow to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd
An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock,
To fair Zeleia's walls once safe restored.
So Pallas spake, to whom infatuate he
Listening, uncased at once his polish'd bow.
That bow, the laden brows of a wild goat
Salacious had supplied; him on a day
Forth-issuing from his cave, in ambush placed
He wounded with an arrow to his breast
Dispatch'd, and on the rock supine he fell.
Each horn had from his head tall growth attain'd,
Full sixteen palms; them shaven smooth the smith
Had aptly join'd, and tipt their points with gold.
That bow he strung, then, stooping, planted firm
The nether horn, his comrades bold the while
Screening him close with shields, lest ere the prince
Were stricken, Menelaus, brave in arms,
The Greeks with fierce assault should interpose.
He raised his quiver's lid; he chose a dart
Unflown, full-fledged, and barb'd with pangs of death,
He lodged in haste the arrow on the string,
And vow'd to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd
An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock,
To fair Zeleia's walls once safe restored.
Compressing next nerve and notch'd arrow-head
He drew back both together, to his pap
Drew home the nerve, the barb home to his bow,
And when the horn was curved to a wide arch,
He twang'd it. Whizz'd the bowstring, and the reed

Leap'd off, impatient for the distant throng.
Thee, Menelaus, then the blessed Gods
Forgat not; Pallas huntress of the spoil,
Thy guardian then, baffled the cruel dart.
Far as a mother wafts the fly aside
That haunts her slumbering babe, so far she drove
Its course aslant, directing it herself
Against the golden clasps that join'd his belt;
For there the doubled hauberk interposed.
The bitter arrow plunged into his belt;
It pierced his broider'd belt, stood fixt within
His twisted hauberk, nor the interior quilt,
Though penetrable least to arrow-points
And his best guard, withheld it, but it pass'd
That also, and the Hero's skin inscribed.
Quick flowed a sable current from the wound.
As when a Carian or Mæonian maid
Impurples ivory ordain'd to grace
The cheek of martial steed; safe stored it lies,
By many a Chief desired, but proves at last
The stately trapping of some prince, the pride
Of his high pamper'd steed, nor less his own;
Such, Menelaus, seem'd thy shapely thighs,
Thy legs, thy feet, stained with thy trickling blood.
Shudder'd King Agamemnon when he saw
The blood fast trickling from the wound, nor less
Shudder'd himself the bleeding warrior bold.
But neck and barb observing from the flesh
Extant, he gather'd heart, and lived again.
Then royal Agamemnon, sighing, grasp'd
The hand of Menelaus, and while all
Their followers sigh'd around them, thus began.
I swore thy death, my brother, when I swore
This truce, and set thee forth in sight of Greeks
And Trojans, our sole champion; for the foe
Hath trodden underfoot his sacred oath,
And stained it with thy blood. But not in vain,
The truce was ratified, the blood of lambs
Poured forth, libation made, and right hands join'd
In holy confidence. The wrath of Jove
May sleep, but will not always; they shall pay

Dear penalty; their own obnoxious heads
Shall be the mulct, their children and their wives.
For this I know, know surely; that a day
Shall come, when Ilium, when the warlike King
Of Ilium and his host shall perish all.
Saturnian Jove high-throned, dwelling in heaven,
Resentful of this outrage, then shall shake
His storm-clad Ægis over them. He will;
I speak no fable. Time shall prove me true.
But, oh my Menelaus, dire distress
Awaits me, if thy close of life be come,
And thou must die. Then ignominy foul
Shall hunt me back to Argos long-desired;
For then all here will recollect their home,
And, hope abandoning, will Helen yield
To be the boast of Priam, and of Troy.
So shall our toils be vain, and while thy bones
Shall waste these clods beneath, Troy's haughty sons
The tomb of Menelaus glory-crown'd
Insulting barbarous, shall scoff at me.
So may Atrides, shall they say, perform
His anger still as he performed it here,
Whither he led an unsuccessful host,
Whence he hath sail'd again without the spoils,
And where he left his brother's bones to rot.
So shall the Trojan speak; then open earth
Her mouth, and hide me in her deepest gulfs!
But him, the hero of the golden locks
Thus cheer'd. My brother, fear not, nor infect
With fear the Grecians; the sharp-pointed reed
Hath touch'd no vital part. The broider'd zone,
The hauberk, and the tough interior quilt,
Work of the armourer, its force repress'd.
Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.
So be it, brother! but the hand of one
Skilful to heal shall visit and shall dress
The wound with drugs of pain-assuaging power.
He ended, and his noble herald, next,
Bespake, Talthybius. Haste, call hither quick
The son of Æsculapius, leech renown'd,
The prince Machaon. Bid him fly to attend

To whom Idomeneus of Crete replied.
Atrides! all the friendship and the love
Which I have promised will I well perform.
Go; animate the rest, Chief after Chief
Of the Achaians, that the fight begin.
For Troy hath scatter'd to the winds all faith,
All conscience, and for such her treachery foul
Shall have large recompence of death and woe.
He said, whom Agamemnon at his heart
Exulting, pass'd, and in his progress came
Where stood each Ajax; them he found prepared
With all their cloud of infantry behind.
As when the goat-herd on some rocky point
Advanced, a cloud sees wafted o'er the deep
By western gales, and rolling slow along,
To him, who stands remote, pitch-black it seems,
And comes with tempest charged; he at the sight
Shuddering, his flock compels into a cave;
So moved the gloomy phalanx, rough with spears,
And dense with shields of youthful warriors bold,
Close-following either Ajax to the fight.
Them also, pleased, the King of men beheld,
And in wing'd accents hail'd them as he pass'd.
Brave leaders of the mail-clad host of Greece!
I move not you to duty; ye yourselves
Move others, and no lesson need from me.
Jove, Pallas, and Apollo! were but all
Courageous as yourselves, soon Priam's towers
Should totter, and his Ilium storm'd and sack'd
By our victorious bands, stoop to the dust.
He ceased, and still proceeding, next arrived
Where stood the Pylian orator, his band
Marshalling under all their leaders bold
Alastor, Chromius, Pelagon the vast,
Hæmon the prince, and Bias, martial Chief.
Chariot and horse he station'd in the front;
His numerous infantry, a strong reserve
Right valiant, in the rear; the worst, and those
In whom he trusted least, he drove between,
That such through mere necessity might act.
First to his charioteers he gave in charge

Their duty; bade them rein their horses hard,
Shunning confusion. Let no warrior, vain
And overweening of his strength or skill,
Start from his rank to dare the fight alone,
Or fall behind it, weakening whom he leaves.
[3]And if, dismounted from his own, he climb
Another's chariot, let him not affect
Perverse the reins, but let him stand, his spear
Advancing firm, far better so employ'd.
Such was the discipline, in ancient times,
Of our forefathers; by these rules they fought
Successful, and lay'd many a city low.
So counsell'd them the venerable Chief
Long time expert in arms; him also saw
King Agamemnon with delight, and said,
Old Chief! ah how I wish that thy firm heart
Were but supported by as firm a knee!
But time unhinges all. Oh that some youth
Had thine old age, and thou wast young again!
To whom the valiant Nestor thus replied.
Atrides, I could also ardent wish
That I were now robust as when I struck
Brave Ereuthalion[4] breathless to the ground!
But never all their gifts the Gods confer
On man at once; if then I had the force
Of youth, I suffer now the effects of age.
Yet ancient as I am, I will be seen
Still mingling with the charioteers, still prompt
To give them counsel; for to counsel youth
Is the old warrior's province. Let the green
In years, my juniors, unimpaired by time,
Push with the lance, for they have strength to boast.
So he, whom Agamemnon joyful heard,

[3] Diverse interpretations are given of this passage. I have adopted that which to me appeared most plausible. It seems to be a caution against the mischiefs that might ensue, should the horses be put under the management of a driver with whom they were unacquainted.—The scholium by Villoison much countenances this solution. [4] Here Nestor only mentions the name of Ereuthalion, knowing the present to be an improper time for story-telling; in the seventh book he relates his fight and victory at length. This passage may serve to confute those who charge Nestor with indiscriminate loquacity.

And passing thence, the son of Peteos found
Menestheus, foremost in equestrian fame,
Among the brave Athenians; near to him
Ulysses held his station, and at hand
The Cephallenians stood, hardy and bold;
For rumour none of the approaching fight
Them yet had reach'd, so recent had the stir
Arisen in either host; they, therefore, watch'd
Till the example of some other band
Marching, should prompt them to begin the fight.
But Agamemnon, thus, the King of men
Them seeing, sudden and severe reproved.
  Menestheus, son of Peteos prince renown'd,
And thou, deviser of all evil wiles!
Adept in artifice! why stand ye here
Appall'd? why wait ye on this distant spot
'Till others move? I might expect from you
More readiness to meet the burning war,
Whom foremost I invite of all to share
The banquet, when the Princes feast with me.
There ye are prompt; ye find it pleasant there
To eat your savoury food, and quaff your wine
Delicious, 'till satiety ensue;
But here ye could be well content to stand
Spectators only, while ten Grecian troops
Should wage before you the wide-wasting war.
  To whom Ulysses, with resentful tone
Dark-frowning, thus replied. What words are these
Which have escaped thy lips; and for what cause,
Atrides, hast thou call'd me slow to fight?
When we of Greece shall in sharp contest clash
With yon steed-tamer Trojans, mark me then;
Then thou shalt see (if the concerns of war
So nearly touch thee, and thou so incline)
The father of Telemachus, engaged
Among the foremost Trojans. But thy speech
Was light as is the wind, and rashly made.
  When him thus moved he saw, the monarch smiled
Complacent, and in gentler terms replied.
  Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Short reprimand and exhortation short

:e for thee, nor did I purpose more.
have known thee long, that thou art one
indest nature, and so much my friend
we have both one heart. Go therefore thou,
on, and if a word have fallen amiss,
ill hereafter mend it, and may heaven
:rate in thine heart its whole effect!
ceased, and ranging still along the line,
on of Tydeus, Diomede, perceived,
c Chief, by chariots all around
on'd, and by steeds, at side of whom
l Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus.
also, Agamemnon, King of men,
cents of asperity reproved.
, son of Tydeus, Chief of dauntless heart
of equestrian fame! why standest thou
ll'd, and peering through the walks of war?
d not Tydeus. In the foremost fight
avourite station was, as they affirm
witness'd his exploits; I never saw
et him, but by popular report
as the bravest warrior of his day.
ame he once, but not in hostile sort,
ir Mycenæ, by the Godlike prince
ded, Polynices, at what time
host was called together, and the siege
purposed of the sacred city Thebes.
:st they sued for an auxiliar band,
h we had gladly granted, but that Jove
apropitious tokens interfered.
rth they went, and on the reedy banks
ing of Asopus, there thy sire
:signation of the Greeks was sent
assador, and enter'd Thebes. He found
:eocles' palace numerous guests,
ons of Cadmus feasting, among whom,
ugh a solitary stranger, stood
father without fear, and challenged forth
best to cope with him in manly games.
a Tydeus vanquish'd easily, such aid
s vouchsafed him. Then the spur-arm'd race

Of Cadmus was incensed, and fifty youths
In ambush close expected his return.
Them, Lycophontes obstinate in fight,
Son of Autophonus, and Mæon, son
Of Hæmon, Chief of Godlike stature, led.
Those also Tydeus slew; Mæon except,
(Whom, warned from heaven, he spared, and sent him home
With tidings of the rest,) he slew them all.
Such was Ætolian Tydeus; who begat
A son in speech his better, not in arms.
He ended, and his sovereign's awful voice
Tydides reverencing, nought replied;
But thus the son of glorious Capaneus.
Atrides, conscious of the truth, speak truth.
We with our sires compared, superior praise
Claim justly. We, confiding in the aid
Of Jove, and in propitious signs from heaven,
Led to the city consecrate to Mars
Our little host, inferior far to theirs,
And took seven-gated Thebes, under whose walls
Our fathers by their own imprudence fell.
Their glory, then, match never more with ours.
He spake, whom with a frowning brow the brave
Tydides answer'd. Sthenelus, my friend!
I give thee counsel. Mark it. Hold thy peace.
If Agamemnon, who hath charge of all,
Excite his well-appointed host to war,
He hath no blame from me. For should the Greeks
(Her people vanquish'd) win imperial Troy,
The glory shall be his; or, if his host
O'erpower'd in battle perish, his the shame.
Come, therefore; be it ours to rouse at once
To action all the fury of our might.
He said, and from his chariot to the plain
Leap'd ardent; rang the armour on the breast
Of the advancing Chief; the boldest heart
Had felt emotion, startled at the sound.
As when the waves by Zephyrus up-heaved
Crowd fast toward some sounding shore, at first,
On the broad bosom of the deep their heads
They curl on high, then breaking on the land

er, and o'er the rocks that breast the flood
turgid, scatter far the showery spray;
red the Greeks successive, rank by rank,
ıalanx after phalanx, every Chief
ıd command proclaiming, while the rest,
:e in all those thousands none had been,
mute; and, in resplendent armour clad,
nartial order terrible advanced.
the Trojans came. As sheep, the flock
ıe rich man, by thousands in his court
. close at milking time, incessant bleat,
nswering all their bleating lambs without,
lin from Ilium's wide-spread host arose.
ıs their shout, nor was their accent one,
ngled languages were heard of men
various climes. These Mars to battle roused,
Pallas azure-eyed; nor Terror thence
ight was absent, nor insatiate Strife,
and mate of homicidal Mars,
mall at first, but swift to grow, from earth
wering crest lifts gradual to the skies.
ıe alike to both, the brands dispersed
ning hate between them, and the woes
ced of battle wheresoe'er she pass'd.
now the battle join'd. Shield clash'd with shield,
ıear with spear, conflicting corslets rang,
bucklers met, and tumult wild arose.
many a yell was heard, and many a shout
ntermix'd, the slayer o'er the maim'd
ıg, and the field was drench'd with blood.
:n two winter torrents rolling down
ountains, shoot their floods through gulleys huge
ıe gulf below, station'd remote
.epherd in the uplands hears the roar;
vas the thunder of the mingling hosts.
rst, Antilochus a Trojan Chief
Echepolus, from Thalysias sprung,
ıding valiant in the van of Troy.
miting on his crested casque, he drove
azen lance into his front, and pierced
ones within; night overspread his eyes,

And in fierce battle, like a tower, he fell.
Him fallen by both feet Calchodon's son
Seized, royal Elephenor, leader brave
Of the Abantes, and in haste to strip
His armour, drew him from the fight aside.
But short was that attempt. Him so employ'd
Dauntless Agenor mark'd, and as he stoop'd,
In his unshielded flank a pointed spear
Implanted deep; he languid sunk and died.
So Elephenor fell, for whom arose
Sharp conflict; Greeks and Trojans mutual flew
Like wolves to battle, and man grappled man.
Then Telamonian Ajax, in his prime
Of youthful vigour Simöisius slew,
Son of Anthemion. Him on Simoïs' banks
His mother bore, when with her parents once
She came from Ida down to view the flocks,
And thence they named him; but his parents' love
He lived not to requite, in early youth
Slain by the spear of Ajax famed in arms.
For him advancing Ajax at the pap
Wounded; right through his shoulder driven the point
Stood forth behind; he fell, and press'd the dust.
So in some spacious marsh the poplar falls
Smooth-skinn'd, with boughs unladen save aloft;
Some chariot-builder with his axe the trunk
Severs, that he may warp it to a wheel
Of shapely form; meantime exposed it lies
To parching airs beside the running stream;
Such Simöisius seemed, Anthemion's son,
Whom noble Ajax slew. But soon at him
Antiphus, son of Priam, bright in arms,
Hurl'd through the multitude his pointed spear.
He erred from Ajax, but he pierced the groin
Of Leucus, valiant warrior of the band
Led by Ulysses. He the body dragg'd
Apart, but fell beside it, and let fall,
Breathless himself, the burthen from his hand.
Then burn'd Ulysses' wrath for Leucus slain,
And through the foremost combatants, array'd
In dazzling arms, he rush'd. Full near he stood,

looking keen around him, hurl'd a lance.
fell the Trojans from before the face
:rsed of great Ulysses. Not in vain
/eapon flew, but on the field outstretch'd
ırious son of Priam, from the shores
l of Abydus famed for fleetest mares,
›coon; him, for Leucus' sake enraged,
es through both temples with his spear
›pierced. The night of death hung on his eyes,
›ounding on his batter'd arms he fell.
Hector and the van of Troy retired;
shout the Grecians; these draw off the dead,
: onward march amain, and from the heights
rgamus Apollo looking down
ger, to the Trojans called aloud.
:n, turn, ye Trojans! face your Grecian foes.
like yourselves, are vulnerable flesh,
damant or steel. Your direst dread
les, son of Thetis radiant-hair'd,
› not, but sullen in his fleet abides.
:h from the citadel was heard the voice
:ad Apollo. But Minerva ranged
:ime, Tritonian progeny of Jove,
Grecians, rousing whom she saw remiss.
Amarynceus' son, Diores, felt
›rce of fate, bruised by a rugged rock
› right heel, which Pirus, Thracian Chief,
›n of Imbrasus of Ænos, threw.
and both tendons in its fall the mass
ıous crush'd. He, stretch'd in dust supine,
palms outspread toward his warrior friends
asping life away. But he who gave
ıtal blow, Pirus, advancing, urged
ıis navel a keen lance, and shed
›wels forth; then, darkness veil'd his eyes.
· Pirus long survived; him through the breast,
the pap, Ætolian Thoas pierced,
ı his lungs set fast the quivering spear.
Thoas swift approach'd, pluck'd from the wound
ormy spear, and with his falchion bright
ıg his middle belly, stretch'd him dead.

Yet stripp'd he not the slain, whom with long spears
His Thracians hairy-scalp'd[5] so round about
Encompassed, that though bold and large of limb
Were Thoas, from before them him they thrust
Staggering and reeling in his forced retreat.
They therefore in the dust, the Epean chief
Diores, and the Thracian, Pirus lay
Stretch'd side by side, with numerous slain around.
Then had Minerva led through all that field
Some warrior yet unhurt, him sheltering safe
From all annoyance dread of dart or spear,
No cause of blame in either had he found
That day, so many Greeks and Trojans press'd,
Extended side by side, the dusty plain.

[5] Ἀκρόκομοι. They wore only a lock of hair on the crown of the head.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

Diomede is extraordinarily distinguished. He kills Pandarus, who had violated the truce, and wounds first Venus, and then Mars.

THEN Athenæan Pallas on the son
Of Tydeus, Diomede, new force conferr'd
And daring courage, that the Argives all
He might surpass, and deathless fame achieve.
Fires on his helmet, and his shield around
She kindled, bright and steady as the star
Autumnal, which in Ocean newly bathed
Assumes fresh beauty; with such glorious beams
His head encircling and his shoulders broad,
She urged him forth into the thickest fight.
There lived a man in Troy, Dares his name,
The priest of Vulcan; rich he was and good,
The father of two sons, Idæus this,
That, Phegeus call'd; accomplish'd warriors both.
These, issuing from their phalanx, push'd direct
Their steeds at Diomede, who fought on foot.
When now small interval was left between,
First Phegeus his long-shadow'd spear dismiss'd;
But over Diomedes' left shoulder pass'd
The point, innocuous. Then his splendid lance
Tydides hurl'd; nor ineffectual flew
The weapon from his hand, but Phegeus pierced
His paps between, and forced him to the ground.
At once, his sumptuous chariot left, down leap'd
Idæus wanting courage to defend
His brother slain; nor had he scaped himself
His louring fate, but Vulcan, to preserve
His ancient priest from unmixt sorrow, snatch'd
The fugitive in darkness wrapt, away.
Then brave Tydides, driving off the steeds,

Consign'd them to his fellow-warriors' care,
That they might lead them down into the fleet.
The valiant Trojans, when they saw the sons
Of Dares, one beside his chariot slain,
And one by flight preserved, through all their host
Felt consternation. Then Minerva seized
The hand of fiery Mars, and thus she spake.
Gore-tainted, homicide, town-battering Mars!
Leave we the Trojans and the Greeks to wage
Fierce fight alone, Jove prospering whom he will,
So shall we not provoke our father's ire.
She said, and from the fight conducted forth
The impetuous Deity, whom on the side
She seated of Scamander deep-embank'd [1].
And now the host of Troy to flight inclined
Before the Grecians, and the Chiefs of Greece
Each slew a warrior. Agamemnon first
Gigantic Odius from his chariot hurl'd,
Chief of the Halizonians. He to flight
Turn'd foremost, when the monarch in his spine
Between the shoulder-bones his spear infixt,
And urged it through his breast. Sounding he fell,
And loud his batter'd armour rang around.
By brave Idomeneus a Lydian died,
Phæstus, from fruitful Tarne sent to Troy,
Son of Mæonian Borus; him his steeds
Mounting, Idomeneus the spear-renown'd
Through his right shoulder pierced; unwelcome night
Involved him; from his chariot down he fell,
And the attendant Cretans stripp'd his arms.
But Menelaus, son of Atreus slew
With his bright spear Scamandrius, Stropius' son,
A skilful hunter; for Diana him,
Herself, the slaughter of all savage kinds
Had taught, on mountain or in forest bred.
But she, shaft-aiming Goddess, in that hour
Avail'd him not, nor his own matchless skill;
For Menelaus, Atreus son spear-famed,
Him flying wounded in the spine between
His shoulders, and the spear urged through his breast.

[1] Ἱππόεντι.

Prone on his loud-resounding arms he fell.
Next, by Meriones Phereclus died,
Son of Harmonides. All arts that ask
A well-instructed hand his sire had learn'd,
For Pallas dearly loved him. He the fleet,
Prime source of harm to Troy and to himself,
For Paris built, unskill'd to spell aright
The oracles predictive of the woe.
Phereclus fled; Meriones his flight
Outstripping, deep in his posterior flesh
A spear infix'd; sliding beneath the bone
It grazed his bladder as it pass'd, and stood
Protruded far before. Low on his knees
Phereclus sank, and with a shriek expired.
Pedæus, whom, although his spurious son,
Antenor's wife, to gratify her Lord,
Had cherish'd as her own—him Meges slew.
Warlike Phylides[2] following close his flight,
His keen lance drove into his poll, cut sheer
His tongue within, and through his mouth enforced
The glittering point. He, prostrate in the dust,
The cold steel press'd between his teeth and died.
Eurypylus, Evemon's son, the brave
Hypsenor slew; Dolopion was his sire,
Priest of Scamander, reverenced as a God.
In vain before Eurypylus he fled;
He, running, with his falchion lopp'd his arm
Fast by the shoulder; on the field his hand
Fell blood-distained, and destiny severe
With shades of death for ever veil'd his eyes.
Thus strenuous they the toilsome battle waged.
But where Tydides fought, whether in aid
Of Ilium's host, or on the part of Greece,
Might none discern. For as a winter-flood
Impetuous, mounds and bridges sweeps away;
The buttress'd bridge checks not its sudden force,
The firm inclosure of vine-planted fields
Luxuriant, falls before it, finish'd works
Of youthful hinds, once pleasant to the eye,
Now levell'd, after ceaseless rain from Jove;

[2] Meges, son of Phyleus.

So drove Tydides into sudden flight
The Trojans; phalanx after phalanx fled
Before the terror of his single arm.
When him Lycaon's son illustrious saw
Scouring the field, and from before his face
The ranks dispersing wide, at once he bent
Against Tydides his elastic bow.
The arrow met him in his swift career
Sure-aim'd; it struck direct the hollow mail
Of his right shoulder, with resistless force
Transfix'd it, and his hauberk stain'd with blood.
Loud shouted then Lycaon's son renown'd.
Rush on, ye Trojans, spur your coursers hard.
Our fiercest foe is wounded, and I deem
His death not distant far, if me the King[3]
Jove's son, indeed, from Lycia sent to Troy.
So boasted Pandarus. Yet him the dart
Quell'd not. Retreating, at his coursers' heads
He stood, and to the son of Capaneus
His charioteer and faithful friend he said.
Arise, sweet son of Capaneus, dismount,
And from my shoulder draw this bitter shaft.
He spake; at once the son of Capaneus
Descending, by its barb the bitter shaft
Drew forth; blood spouted through his twisted mail
Incontinent, and thus the Hero pray'd.
Unconquer'd daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!
If ever me, propitious, or my sire
Thou hast in furious fight help'd heretofore,
Now aid me also. Bring within the reach
Of my swift spear, Oh grant me to strike through
The warrior who hath check'd my course, and boasts
The sun's bright beams for ever quench'd to me!
He prayed, and Pallas heard; she braced his limbs,
She wing'd him with alacrity divine,
And standing at his side, him thus bespake.
Now Diomede, be bold! Fight now with Troy.
To thee, thy father's spirit I impart
Fearless; shield-shaking Tydeus felt the same.
I also from thine eye the darkness purge

[3] Apollo.

Which dimm'd thy sight before, that thou may'st know
Both Gods and men; should, therefore, other God
Approach to try thee, fight not with the powers
Immortal; but if foam-born Venus come,
Her spare not. Wound her with thy glittering spear.
So spake the blue-eyed Deity, and went.
Then with the champions in the van again
Tydides mingled; hot before, he fights
With threefold fury now, nor less enraged
Than some gaunt lion whom o'erleaping light
The fold, a shepherd hath but gall'd, not kill'd,
Him irritating more; thenceforth the swain
Lurks unresisting; flies the abandon'd flock;
Heaps slain on heaps he leaves, and with a bound
Surmounting all impediment, escapes;
Such seem'd the valiant Diomede incensed
To fury, mingling with the host of Troy.
Astynoüs and Hypenor first he slew;
One with his brazen lance above the pap
He pierced, and one with his huge falchion smote
Fast by the key-bone[4], from the neck and spine
His parted shoulder driving at a blow.
Them leaving, Polyides next he sought
And Abas, sons of a dream-dealing seer,
Eurydamas; their hoary father's dreams
Or not interpreted, or kept concealed,
Them saved not, for by Diomede they died.
Xanthus and Thöon he encounter'd next,
Both sons of Phænops, sons of his old age,
Who other heir had none of all his wealth,
Nor hoped another, worn with many years.
Tydides slew them both; nor aught remain'd
To the old man but sorrow for his sons
For ever lost, and strangers were his heirs.
Two sons of Priam in one chariot borne
Echemon next, and Chromius felt his hand
Resistless. As a lion on the herd
Leaping, while they the shrubs and bushes browze,
Breaks short the neck of heifer or of steer,
So them, though clinging fast and loth to fall,

[4] Or collar-bone.

Tydides hurl'd together to the ground,
Then stripp'd their splendid armour, and the steeds
Consigned and chariot to his soldiers' care.
Æneas him discern'd scattering the ranks,
And through the battle and the clash of spears
Went seeking Godlike Pandarus; ere long
Finding Lycaon's martial son renown'd,
He stood before him, and him thus address'd.
Thy bow, thy feather'd shafts, and glorious name
Where are they, Pandarus? whom none of Troy
Could equal, whom of Lycia, none excel.
Come. Lift thine hands to Jove, and at yon Chief
Dispatch an arrow who afflicts the host
Of Ilium thus, conquering where'er he flies,
And who hath slaughter'd numerous brave in arms.
But him some Deity I rather deem
Avenging on us his neglected rites,
And who can stand before an angry God?
Him answer'd then Lycaon's son renown'd.
Brave leader of the Trojans brazen-mail'd,
Æneas! By his buckler which I know,
And by his helmet's height, considering too
His steeds, I deem him Diomede the bold;
Yet such pronounce him not, who seems a God.
But if bold Diomede indeed he be
Of whom I speak, not without aid from heaven
His fury thus prevails, but at his side
Some God, in clouds enveloped, turns away
From him the arrow to a devious course.
Already, at his shoulder's hollow mail
My shaft hath pierced him through, and him I deem'd
Dismiss'd full sure to Pluto ere his time;
But he survives; whom therefore I at last
Perforce conclude some angry Deity.
Steeds have I none or chariot to ascend,
Who have eleven chariots in the stands
Left of Lycaon, with fair hangings all
O'ermantled, strong, new finish'd, with their steeds
In pairs beside them, eating winnow'd grain.
Me much Lycaon my old valiant sire
At my departure from his palace gates

Persuaded, that my chariot and my steeds
Ascending, I should so conduct my bands
To battle; counsel wise, and ill-refused!
But anxious, lest, (the host in Troy so long
Immew'd) my steeds, fed plenteously at home,
Should here want food, I left them, and on foot
To Ilium came, confiding in my bow
Ordain'd at last to yield me little good.
Twice have I shot, and twice I struck the mark,
First Menelaus, and Tydides next:
From each I drew the blood, true, genuine blood,
Yet have but more incensed them. In an hour
Unfortunate, I therefore took my bow
Down from the wall that day, when for the sake
Of noble Hector, to these pleasant plains
I came, a leader on the part of Troy.
But should I once return, and with these eyes
Again behold my native land, my sire,
My wife, my stately mansion, may the hand,
That moment, of some adversary there
Shorten me by the head, if I not snap
This bow with which I charged myself in vain,
And burn the unprofitable tool to dust.
To whom Æneas, Trojan Chief, replied.
Nay, speak not so. For ere that hour arrive
We will, with chariot and with horse, in arms
Encounter him, and put his strength to proof.
Delay not, mount my chariot. Thou shalt see
With what rapidity the steeds of Troy
Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.
If after all, Jove purpose still to exalt
The son of Tydeus, these shall bear us safe
Back to the city. Come then. Let us on.
The lash take thou, and the resplendent reins,
While I alight for battle, or thyself
Receive them, and the steeds shall be my care.
Him answer'd then Lycaon's son renown'd.
Æneas! manage thou the reins, and guide
Thy proper steeds. If fly at last we must
The son of Tydeus, they will readier draw
Directed by their wonted charioteer.

Else, terrified, and missing thy control,
They may refuse to bear us from the fight,
And Tydeus' son assailing us, with ease
Shall slay us both, and drive thy steeds away.
Rule therefore thou the chariot, and myself
With my sharp spear will his assault receive.
So saying, they mounted both, and furious drove
Against Tydides. Them the noble son
Of Capaneus observed, and turning quick
His speech to Diomede, him thus address'd.
Tydides, Diomede, my heart's delight!
Two warriors of immeasurable force
In battle, ardent to contend with thee,
Come rattling on. Lycaon's offspring one,
Bow-practised Pandarus; with whom appears
Æneas; he who calls the mighty Chief
Anchises father, and whom Venus bore.
Mount—drive we swift away,—lest borne so far
Beyond the foremost battle, thou be slain.
To whom, dark-frowning, Diomede replied.
Speak not of flight to me, who am disposed
To no such course. I am ashamed to fly
Or tremble, and my strength is still entire;
I cannot mount. No. Rather thus, on foot,
I will advance against them. Fear and dread
Are not for me; Pallas forbids the thought.
One falls, be sure; swift as they are, the steeds
That whirl them on, shall never rescue both.
But hear my bidding, and hold fast the word.
Should all-wise Pallas grant me my desire
To slay them both, drive not my coursers hence,
But hook the reins, and seizing quick the pair
That draw Æneas, urge them from the powers
Of Troy away into the host of Greece.
For they are sprung from those which Jove to Tros
In compensation gave for Ganymede;
The Sun himself sees not their like below.
Anchises, King of men, clandestine them
Obtain'd, his mares submitting to the steeds
Of King Laomedon. Six brought him foals;
Four to himself reserving, in his stalls

He fed them sleek, and two he gave his son:
These, might we win them, were a noble prize.
Thus mutual they conferr'd; those Chiefs the while,
With swiftest pace approach'd, and first his speech
To Diomede Lycaon's son address'd.
Heroic offspring of a noble sire,
Brave son of Tydeus! false to my intent
My shaft hath harm'd thee little. I will now
Make trial with my spear, if that may speed.
He said, and shaking his long-shadow'd spear,
Dismiss'd it. Forceful on the shield it struck
Of Diomede, transpierced it, and approach'd
With threatening point the hauberk on his breast.
Loud shouted Pandarus—Ah nobly thrown!
Home to thy bowels. Die, for die thou must,
And all the glory of thy death is mine.
Then answer thus brave Diomede return'd
Undaunted. I am whole. Thy cast was short.
But ye desist not, as I plain perceive,
Till one at least extended on the plain
Shall sate the God of battles with his blood.
He said and threw. Pallas the spear herself
Directed; at his eye fast by the nose
Deep-entering, through his ivory teeth it pass'd,
At its extremity divided sheer
His tongue, and started through his chin below.
He headlong fell, and with his dazzling arms
Smote full the plain. Back flew the fiery steeds
With swift recoil, and where he fell he died.
Then sprang Æneas forth with spear and shield,
That none might drag the body; lion-like
He stalk'd around it, oval shield and spear
Advancing firm, and with incessant cries
Terrific, death denouncing on his foes.
But Diomede with hollow grasp a stone
Enormous seized, a weight to overtask
Two strongest men of such as now are strong,
Yet He, alone, wielded the rock with ease.
Full on the hip he smote him, where the thigh
Rolls in its cavity, the socket named.
He crush'd the socket, lacerated wide

Both tendons, and with that rough-angled mass
Flay'd all his flesh. The Hero on his knees
Sank, on his ample palm his weight upbore
Labouring, and darkness overspread his eyes.
There had Æneas perish'd, King of men,
Had not Jove's daughter Venus quick perceived
His peril imminent, whom she had borne
Herself to Anchises pasturing his herds.
Her snowy arms her darling son around
She threw maternal, and behind a fold
Of her bright mantle screening close his breast
From mortal harm by some brave Grecian's spear,
Stole him with eager swiftness from the fight.
Nor then forgat brave Sthenelus his charge
Received from Diomede, but his own steeds
Detaining distant from the boisterous war,
Stretch'd tight the reins, and hook'd them fast behind.
The coursers of Æneas next he seized
Ardent, and them into the host of Greece
Driving remote, consign'd them to his care,
Whom far above all others his compeers
He loved, Deipylus, his bosom friend
Congenial. Him he charged to drive them thence
Into the fleet, then, mounting swift his own,
Lash'd after Diomede; he, fierce in arms,
Pursued the Cyprian Goddess, conscious whom,
Not Pallas, not Enyo, waster dread
Of cities close-beleaguer'd, none of all
Who o'er the battle's bloody course preside,
But one of softer kind and prone to fear.
When, therefore, her at length, after long chase
Through all the warring multitude he reach'd,
With his protruded spear her gentle hand
He wounded, piercing through her thin attire
Ambrosial, by themselves the Graces wrought,
Her inside wrist, fast by the rosy palm.
Blood follow'd, but immortal; ichor pure,
Such as the blest inhabitants of heaven
May bleed, nectareous; for the Gods eat not
Man's food, nor slake as he with sable wine
Their thirst, thence bloodless and from death exempt.

She, shrieking, from her arms cast down her son,
And Phœbus, in impenetrable clouds
Him hiding, lest the spear of some brave Greek
Should pierce his bosom, caught him swift away.
Then shouted brave Tydides after her—
  Depart, Jove's daughter! fly the bloody field.
Is't not enough that thou beguilest the hearts
Of feeble women? If thou dare intrude
Again into the war, war's very name
Shall make thee shudder, wheresoever heard.
  He said, and Venus with excess of pain
Bewilder'd went; but Iris tempest-wing'd
Forth led her through the multitude, oppress'd
With anguish, her white wrist to livid changed.
They came where Mars far on the left retired
Of battle sat, his horses and his spear
In darkness veil'd. Before her brother's knees
She fell, and with entreaties urgent sought
The succour of his coursers golden-rein'd.
  Save me, my brother! Pity me! Thy steeds
Give me, that they may bear me to the heights
Olympian, seat of the immortal Gods!
Oh! I am wounded deep; a mortal man
Hath done it, Diomede; nor would he fear
This day in fight the Sire himself of all.
  Then Mars his coursers gold-caparison'd
Resign'd to Venus; she, with countenance sad,
The chariot climb'd, and Iris at her side
The bright reins seizing lash'd the ready steeds.
Soon as the Olympian heights, seat of the Gods
They reach'd, wing-footed Iris loosing quick
The coursers, gave them large whereon to browse
Ambrosial food; but Venus on the knees
Sank of Dione, who with folded arms
Maternal, to her bosom straining close
Her daughter, stroked her cheek, and thus enquired.
  My darling child! who? which of all the Gods
Hath rashly done such violence to thee
As if convicted of some open wrong?
  Her then the Goddess of love-kindling smiles
Venus thus answer'd; Diomede the proud,

Audacious Diomede; he gave the wound,
For that I stole Æneas from the fight
My son, of all mankind my most beloved;
Nor is it now the war of Greece with Troy,
But of the Grecians with the Gods themselves.
  Then thus Dione, Goddess all divine.
My child! how hard soe'er thy sufferings seem
Endure them patiently. Full many a wrong
From human hands profane the Gods endure,
And many a painful stroke, mankind from ours.
Mars once endured much wrong, when on a time
Him Otus bound and Ephialtes fast,
Sons of Alöeus, and full thirteen moons
In brazen thraldom held him. There, at length,
The fierce blood-nourished Mars had pined away,
But that Eëribœa, loveliest nymph,
His step-mother, in happy hour disclosed
To Mercury the story of his wrongs;
He stole the prisoner forth, but with his woes
Already worn, languid and fetter-gall'd.
Nor Juno less endured, when erst the bold
Son of Amphytrion with tridental shaft
Her bosom pierced; she then the misery felt
Of irremediable pain severe.
Nor suffer'd Pluto less, of all the Gods
Gigantic most, by the same son of Jove
Alcides, at the portals of the dead
Transfix'd and fill'd with anguish; he the house
Of Jove and the Olympian summit sought
Dejected, torture-stung, for sore the shaft
Oppress'd him, into his huge shoulder driven.
But Pæon him not liable to death
With unction smooth of salutiferous balms
Heal'd soon. Presumptuous, sacrilegious man!
Careless what dire enormities he wrought,
Who bent his bow against the powers of heaven!
But blue-eyed Pallas instigated him
By whom thou bleed'st. Infatuate! he forgets
That whoso turns against the Gods his arms
Lives never long; he never, safe escaped
From furious fight, the lisp'd caresses hears

Of his own infants prattling at his knees.
Let therefore Diomede beware, lest strong
And valiant as he is, he chance to meet
Some mightier foe than thou, and lest his wife,
Daughter of King Adrastus, the discreet
Ægialea, from portentous dreams
Upstarting, call her family to wail
Her first-espoused, Achaia's proudest boast,
Diomede, whom she must behold no more.
  She said, and from her wrist with both hands wiped
The trickling ichor; the effectual touch
Divine chased all her pains, and she was heal'd.
Them Juno mark'd and Pallas, and with speech
Sarcastic pointed at Saturnian Jove
To vex him, blue-eyed Pallas thus began.
  Eternal father! may I speak my thought,
And not incense thee, Jove? I can but judge
That Venus, while she coax'd some Grecian fair
To accompany the Trojans whom she loves
With such extravagance, hath heedless stroked
Her golden clasps, and scratch'd her lily hand.
  So she; then smiled the sire of Gods and men,
And calling golden Venus, her bespake.
  War and the tented field, my beauteous child,
Are not for thee. Thou rather shouldst be found
In scenes of matrimonial bliss. The toils
Of war to Pallas and to Mars belong.
  Thus they in heaven. But Diomede the while
Sprang on Æneas, conscious of the God
Whose hand o'ershadow'd him, yet even him
Regarding lightly; for he burn'd to slay
Æneas, and to seize his glorious arms.
Thrice then he sprang impetuous to the deed,
And thrice Apollo with his radiant shield
Repulsed him. But when ardent as a God
The fourth time he advanced, with thundering voice
Him thus the Archer of the skies rebuked.
  Think, and retire, Tydides! nor affect
Equality with Gods; for not the same
Our nature is and theirs who tread the ground.
  He spake, and Diomede a step retired,

Not more; the anger of the Archer-God
Declining slow, and with a sullen awe.
Then Phœbus, far from all the warrior throng
To his own shrine the sacred dome beneath
Of Pergamus, Æneus bore; there him
Latona and shaft-arm'd Diana heal'd
And glorified within their spacious fane.
Meantime the Archer of the silver bow
A visionary form prepared; it seem'd
Himself Æneas, and was arm'd as he.
At once, in contest for that airy form,
Grecians and Trojans on each other's breasts
The bull-hide buckler batter'd and light targe.
  Then thus Apollo to the warrior God.
Gore-tainted, homicide, town-batterer Mars!
Wilt thou not meet and from the fight withdraw
This man Tydides, now so fiery grown
That he would even cope with Jove himself?
First Venus' hand he wounded, and assail'd
Impetuous as a God, next, even me.
  He ceased, and on the topmost turret sat
Of Pergamus. Then all-destroyer Mars
Ranging the Trojan host, rank after rank
Exhorted loud, and in the form assumed
Of Acamas the Thracian leader bold,
The Godlike sons of Priam thus harangued.
  Ye sons of Priam, monarch Jove-beloved!
How long permit ye your Achaian foes
To slay the people?—till the battle rage
(Push'd home to Ilium) at her solid gates?
Behold—a Chief disabled lies, than whom
We reverence not even Hector more,
Æneas; fly, save from the roaring storm
The noble Anchisiades your friend.
  He said; then every heart for battle glow'd;
And thus Sarpedon with rebuke severe
Upbraiding generous Hector, stern began.
  Where is thy courage, Hector? for thou once
Hadst courage. Is it fled? In other days
Thy boast hath been that without native troops
Or foreign aids, thy kindred and thyself

rere guard sufficient for the town.
e of all thy kindred now appears ;
scover none ; they stand aloof
;, as dogs that hear the lion's roar.
the stress, who are but Troy's allies ;
am such, and from afar I came ;
ia lies far distant on the banks
leep-eddied Xanthus. There a wife
d infant son, both dear to me,
enteous wealth, the wish of all who want.
I still my Lycians, and am prompt
to fight, although possessing here
that the Greeks can carry or drive hence.
e stand'st thou, neither employ'd thyself,
ring others to an active part
heir dearest pledges. Oh beware!
with meshes of an ample net,
uge draught the Grecians sweep you all,
olate at once your populous Troy!
by night, thoughts such as these should still
duct influence, and from Chief to Chief
allies should send thee, praying each
e firm stand, all bickerings put away.
ake Sarpedon, and his reprimand
Iector; instant to the ground he leap'd
'd, and shaking his bright spears his host
in all quarters animating loud
ons, and rekindling horrid war.
olling back, the powers of Troy opposed
ore the Grecians, whom the Grecians dense
d, unretreating, void of fear.
es the chaff wide scatter'd by the wind
the consecrated floor, what time
res with brisk airs her golden grain
tes, whitening with its husk the ground ;
r the Achaians white, a dusty cloud
ling on their arms, which steeds with steeds
o battle mingling, with their hoofs
np'd into the brazen vault of heaven ;
w the charioteers turn'd all to fight.
ward host with full collected force

They moved direct. Then Mars through all the field
Took wide his range, and overhung the war
With night, in aid of Troy, at the command
Of Phœbus of the golden sword; for he
Perceiving Pallas from the field withdrawn,
Patroness of the Greeks, had Mars enjoin'd
To rouse the spirit of the Trojan host.
Meantime Apollo from his unctuous shrine
Sent forth restored and with new force inspired
Æneas. He amidst his warriors stood,
Who him with joy beheld still living, heal'd,
And all his strength possessing unimpair'd.
Yet no man ask'd him aught. No leisure now
For question was; far other thoughts had they;
Such toils the archer of the silver bow,
Wide-slaughtering Mars, and Discord as at first
Raging implacable, for them prepared.
Ulysses, either Ajax, Diomede,—
These roused the Greeks to battle, who themselves
The force fear'd nothing, or the shouts of Troy,
But stedfast stood, like clouds by Jove amass'd
On lofty mountains, while the fury sleeps
Of Boreas, and of all the stormy winds
Shrill-voiced, that chase the vapours when they blow.
So stood the Greeks, expecting firm the approach
Of Ilium's powers, and neither fled nor fear'd.
Then Agamemnon the embattled host
On all sides ranging, cheer'd them. Now, he cried,
Be steadfast, fellow warriors, now be men!
Hold fast a sense of honour. More escape
Of men who fear disgrace, than fall in fight,
While dastards forfeit life and glory both.
He said, and hurl'd his spear. He pierced a friend
Of brave Æneas, warring in the van,
Deicöon son of Pergasus, in Troy
Not less esteem'd than Priam's sons themselves,
Such was his fame in foremost fight acquired.
Him Agamemnon on his buckler smote,
Nor stayed the weapon there, but through his belt
His bowels enter'd, and with hideous clang

outcry[6] of his batter'd arms he fell.
neas next two mightiest warriors slew,
of Diocles, of a wealthy sire,
se house magnificent in Phæræ stood,
ochus and Crethon. Their descent
broad-stream'd Alpheus, Pylian flood they drew.
eus begat Orsilochus, a prince
umerous powers. Orsilochus begat
like Diocles. From Diocles sprang
s Crethon and Orsilochus, alike
nt, and skilful in all forms of war.
r boyish prime scarce past, they with the Greeks
arking, in their sable ships had sail'd
eed-famed Ilium; just revenge they sought
Atreus' sons, but perished first themselves.
two young lions, in the deep recess
me dark forest on the mountain's brow
nourish'd by their dam, forth-issuing, seize
fatted flocks and kine, both folds and stalls
ing rapacious, till at length, themselves
-wounded perish by the hand of man,
ey, both vanquish'd by Æneas, fell,
like two lofty pines uprooted, lay.
fallen in battle Menelaus saw
pity moved; radiant in arms he shook
razen spear, and strode into the van.
urged him furious on, conceiving hope
s death also by Æneas' hand.
t him the son of generous Nestor mark'd
ochus, and to the foremost fight
also, fearing lest some dire mischance
Prince befalling, at one fatal stroke
ld frustrate all the labours of the Greeks.
hand to hand, and spear to spear opposed,
l threatening dreadful onset, when beside
Spartan Chief Antilochus appear'd.
s at the sight of two combined,
l not, although intrepid. They the dead
ce drawing far into the Grecian host

[6] de Samson to Harapha in the Agonistes. There the word is used same sense.

To their associates gave the hapless pair,
Then, both returning, fought in front again.
Next, fierce as Mars, Pylæmenes they slew,
Prince of the shielded band magnanimous
Of Paphlagonia. Him Atrides kill'd
Spear-practised Menelaus, with a lance
His throat transpiercing while erect he rode.
Then, while his charioteer, Mydon the brave,
Son of Atymnias, turn'd his steeds to flight,
Full on his elbow-point Antilochus,
The son of Nestor, dash'd him with a stone.
The slack reins, white as ivory[6], forsook
His torpid hand and trail'd the dust. At once
Forth sprang Antilochus, and with his sword
Hew'd deep his temples. On his head he pitch'd
Panting, and on his shoulders in the sand
(For in deep sand he fell) stood long erect,
Till his own coursers spread him in the dust;
The son of Nestor seized, and with his scourge
Drove them afar into the host of Greece.
Them Hector through the ranks espying, flew
With clamour loud to meet them; after whom
Advanced in phalanx firm the powers of Troy.
Mars led them, with Enyo terror-clad;
She by the maddening tumult of the fight
Attended, he, with his enormous spear
In both hands brandish'd, stalking now in front
Of Hector, and now following his steps.
Him Diomede the bold discerning, felt
Himself no small dismay; and as a man
Wandering he knows not whither, far from home,
If chance a rapid torrent to the sea
Borne headlong thwart his course, the foaming flood,
Obstreperous views awhile, then quick retires,
So he, and his attendants thus bespake.
How oft, my countrymen! have we admired
The noble Hector, skilful at the spear
And unappall'd in fight? but still hath he
Some God his guard, and even now I view

[6] This is a construction of λευκ' ελεφαντι, given by some of the best commentators, and that seems the most probable.

In human form Mars moving at his side.
Ye, then, with faces to the Trojans turn'd,
Ceaseless retire, and war not with the Gods.
He ended; and the Trojans now approach'd.
Then two bold warriors in one chariot borne,
By valiant Hector died, Menesthes, one,
And one, Anchialus. Them fallen in fight
Ajax the vast, touch'd with compassion saw;
Within small space he stood, his glittering spear
Dismiss'd, and pierced Amphius. Son was he
Of Selagus, and Pæsus was his home,
Where opulent he dwelt, but by his fate
Was led to fight for Priam and his sons.
Him Telamonian Ajax through his belt
Wounded, and in his nether bowels deep
Fix'd his long-shadow'd spear. Sounding he fell.
Illustrious Ajax running to the slain
Prepared to strip his arms, but him a shower
Of glittering weapons keen from Trojan hands
Assail'd, and numerous his broad shield received.
He, on the body planting firm his heel,
Forth drew the polish'd spear, but his bright arms
Took not, by darts thick-flying sore annoy'd.
Nor fear'd he little lest his haughty foes,
Spear-arm'd and bold, should compass him around;
Him, therefore, valiant though he were and huge,
They push'd before them. Staggering he retired.
Thus toil'd both hosts in that laborious field.
And now his ruthless destiny impell'd
Tlepolemus, Alcides' son, a Chief
Dauntless and huge, against a Godlike foe
Sarpedon. They approaching, face to face
Stood, son and grandson of high-thundering Jove,
And, haughty, thus Tlepolemus began.
Sarpedon, leader of the Lycian host,
Thou trembler! thee what cause could hither urge
A man unskill'd in arms? They falsely speak
Who call thee son of Ægis-bearing Jove,
So far below their might thou fall'st who sprang
From Jove in days of old. What says report
Of Hercules, (for him I boast my sire,)

All-daring hero with a lion's heart?
With six ships only, and with followers few,
He for the horses of Laomedon
Lay'd Troy in dust, and widow'd all her streets.
But thou art base, and thy diminish'd powers
Perish around thee; think not that thou camest
For Ilium's good, but rather, whatsoe'er
Thy force in fight, to find, subdued by me,
A sure dismission to the gates of hell.
  To whom the leader of the Lycian band.
Tlepolemus! he ransack'd sacred Troy,
As thou hast said, but for her monarch's fault
Laomedon, who him with language harsh
Requited ill for benefits received,
Nor would the steeds surrender, seeking which
He voyaged from afar. But thou shalt take
Thy bloody doom from this victorious arm,
And, vanquish'd by my spear, shalt yield thy fame
To me, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.
  So spake Sarpedon, and his ashen beam
Tlepolemus upraised. Both hurl'd at once
Their quivering spears. Sarpedon's through the neck
Pass'd of Tlepolemus, and show'd beyond
Its ruthless point; thick darkness veil'd his eyes.
Tlepolemus with his long lance the thigh
Pierced of Sarpedon; sheer into his bone
He pierced him, but Sarpedon's father, Jove,
Him rescued even on the verge of fate.
  His noble friends conducted from the field
The godlike Lycian, trailing as he went
The pendant spear, none thinking to extract
For his relief the weapon from his thigh,
Through eagerness of haste to bear him thence.
On the other side, the Grecians brazen-mail'd
Bore off Tlepolemus. Ulysses fill'd
With earnest thoughts tumultuous them observed,
Danger-defying Chief! Doubtful he stood
Or to pursue at once the Thunderer's son
Sarpedon, or to take more Lycian lives.
But not for brave Ulysses had his fate
That praise reserved, that he should slay the son

Renown'd of Jove; therefore his wavering mind
Minerva bent again the Lycian band.
Then Cœranus, Alastor, Chromius fell,
Alcander, Halius, Prytanis, and brave
Noëmon; nor had these sufficed the Chief
Of Ithaca, but Lycians more had fallen,
Had not crest-tossing Hector huge perceived
The havoc; radiant to the van he flew,
Filling with dread the Grecians; his approach
Sarpedon, son of Jove, joyful beheld,
And piteous thus address'd him as he came.
Ah, leave not me, Priamides! a prey
To Grecian hands, but in your city, at least,
Grant me to die: since hither, doom'd, I came
Never to gratify with my return
To Lycia, my loved spouse, or infant child.
He spake; but Hector unreplying pass'd
Impetuous, ardent to repulse the Greeks
That moment, and to drench his sword in blood.
Then, under shelter of a spreading beech
Sacred to Jove, his noble followers placed
The godlike Chief Sarpedon, where his friend
Illustrious Pelagon, the ashen spear
Extracted. Sightless, of all thought bereft,
He sank, but soon revived, by breathing airs
Refresh'd, that fann'd him gently from the North.
Meantime the Argives, although press'd alike
By Mars himself and Hector brazen-arm'd,
Neither to flight inclined, nor yet advanced
To battle, but inform'd that Mars the fight
Waged on the side of Ilium, slow retired.
Whom first, whom last slew then the mighty son
Of Priam, Hector, and the brazen Mars!
First godlike Teuthras, an equestrian Chief,
Orestes, Trechus of Ætolian race,
Œnomaüs, Helenus from Œnops' sprung,
And brisk[7] in fight Oresbius; rich was he,
And covetous of more in Hyla dwelt
Fast by the lake Cephissus, where abode

[7] This, according to Porphyrius as quoted by Clarke, is the true meaning of αιολομιτρης.

Bœotian Princes numerous, rich themselves
And rulers of a people wealth-renown'd.
But Juno, such dread slaughter of the Greeks
Noting, thus, ardent, to Minerva spake.
Daughter of Jove invincible! Our word
That Troy shall perish, hath been given in vain
To Menelaus, if we suffer Mars
To ravage longer uncontroul'd. The time
Urges, and need appears that we ourselves
Now call to mind the fury of our might.
She spake; nor blue-eyed Pallas not complied.
Then Juno, Goddess dread, from Saturn sprung,
Her coursers gold-caparison'd prepared
Impatient. Hebe to the chariot roll'd
The brazen wheels, and joined them to the smooth
Steel axle; twice four spokes divided each
Shot from the centre to the verge. The verge
Was gold by fellies of eternal brass
Guarded, a dazzling show! The shining naves
Were silver; silver cords and cords of gold
The seat upbore; two crescents[a] blazed in front.
The pole was argent all, to which she bound
The golden yoke, and in their place disposed
The breast-bands incorruptible of gold;
But Juno to the yoke, herself, the steeds
Led forth, on fire to reach the dreadful field.
Meantime, Minerva, progeny of Jove,
On the adamantine floor of his abode
Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
Labour of her own hands. She first put on
The corslet of the cloud-assembler God,
Then arm'd her for the field of woe complete.
She charged her shoulder with the dreadful shield
The shaggy Ægis, bordered thick around
With terror; there was Discord, Prowess there,
There hot Pursuit, and there the feature grim
Of Gorgon, dire Deformity, a sign
Oft borne portentous on the arm of Jove.
Her golden helm, whose concave had sufficed

[a] These which I have called crescents, were a kind of hook of a circular form, to which the reins were occasionally fastened.

The legions of an hundred cities, rough
With warlike ornament superb, she fix'd
On her immortal head. Thus arm'd, she rose
Into the flaming chariot, and her spear
Seized ponderous, huge, with which the Goddess sprung
From an Almighty father, levels ranks
Of heroes, against whom her anger burns.
Juno with lifted lash urged quick the steeds;
At her approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-
Unfolding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates
Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
Of the Olympian summit appertains,
And of the boundless ether, back to roll,
And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.
Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds;
Apart from all, and seated on the point
Superior of the cloven mount, they found
The Thunderer. Juno the white-arm'd her steeds
There stay'd, and thus the Goddess, ere she pass'd,
Question'd the son of Saturn, Jove supreme.
Jove, Father, seest thou, and art not incensed,
These ravages of Mars? Oh what a field,
Drench'd with what Grecian blood! All rashly spilt,
And in despite of me. Venus, the while,
Sits, and the Archer of the silver bow
Delighted, and have urged, themselves, to this
The frantic Mars within no bounds confined
Of law or order. But, eternal sire!
Shall I offend thee chasing far away
Mars deeply smitten from the field of war?
To whom the cloud-assembler God replied.
Go! but exhort thou rather to the task
Spoil-huntress Athenæan Pallas, him
Accustom'd to chastise with pain severe.
He spake, nor white-arm'd Juno not obey'd.
She lash'd her steeds; they readily their flight
Began, the earth and starry vault between.
Far as from his high tower the watchmen kens
O'er gloomy ocean, so far at one bound
Advance the shrill-voiced coursers of the Gods.
But when at Troy and at the confluent streams

Of Simoïs and Scamander they arrived,
There Juno, white-arm'd Goddess, from the yoke
Her steeds releasing, them in gather'd shades
Conceal'd opaque, while Simoïs caused to spring
Ambrosia from his bank, whereon they browsed.
Swift as her pinions waft the dove away
They sought the Grecians, ardent to begin:
Arriving where the mightiest and the most
Compass'd equestrian Diomede around,
In aspect lion-like, or like wild boars
Of matchless force, there white-arm'd Juno stood,
And in the form of Stentor for his voice
Of brass renown'd, audible as the roar
Of fifty throats, the Grecians thus harangued.
Oh shame, shame, shame! Argives in form alone,
Beautiful but dishonourable race!
While yet divine Achilles ranged the field,
No Trojan stepp'd from yon Dardanian gates
Abroad; all trembled at his stormy spear;
But now they venture forth, now at your ships
Defy you, from their city far remote.
She ceased, and all caught courage from the sound.
But Athenæan Pallas eager sought
The son of Tydeus; at his chariot side
She found the Chief cooling his fiery wound
Received from Pandarus; for him the sweat
Beneath the broad band of his oval shield
Exhausted, and his arm fail'd him fatigued;
He therefore raised the band and wiped the blood
Coagulate; when o'er his chariot yoke
Her arm the Goddess threw, and thus began.
Tydeus, in truth, begat a son himself
Not much resembling. Tydeus was of size
Diminutive, but had a warrior's heart.
When him I once commanded to abstain
From furious fight (what time he enter'd Thebes
Ambassador, and the Cadmeans found
Feasting, himself the sole Achaian there)
And bade him quietly partake the feast,
He, fired with wonted ardour, challenged forth
To proof of manhood the Cadmean youth,

Whom easily, through my effectual aid,
In contest of each kind he overcame.
But thou, whom I encircle with my power,
Guard vigilant, and even bid thee forth
To combat with the Trojans, thou, thy limbs
Feelst wearied with the toils of war, or worse,
Indulgest womanish and heartless fear.
Henceforth thou art not worthy to be deem'd
Son of Oenides, Tydeus famed in arms.
To whom thus valiant Diomede replied.
I know thee well, oh Goddess sprung from Jove!
And therefore willing shall, and plain, reply.
Me neither weariness nor heartless fear
Restrains, but thine injunctions which impress
My memory, still, that I should fear to oppose
The blessed Gods in fight, Venus except,
Whom in the battle found thou badest me pierce
With unrelenting spear; therefore myself
Retiring hither, I have hither call'd
The other Argives also, for I know
That Mars, himself in arms, controuls the war.
Him answer'd then the Goddess azure-eyed.
Tydides! Diomede, my heart's delight!
Fear not this Mars,[9] nor fear thou other power
Immortal, but be confident in me.
Arise. Drive forth. Seek Mars; him only seek;
Him hand to hand engage; this fiery Mars
Respect not aught, base implement of wrong
And mischief, shifting still from side to side.
He promised Juno lately and myself
That he would fight for Greece, yet now forgets
His promise, and gives all his aid to Troy.
So saying, she backward by his hand withdrew
The son of Capaneus, who to the ground
Leap'd instant; she, impatient to his place
Ascending, sat beside brave Diomede.
Loud groan'd the beechen axle, under weight
Unwonted, for it bore into the fight
An awful Goddess, and the chief of men.
Quick-seizing lash and reins Minerva drove

[9] Αρεα τονδε.

Direct at Mars. That moment he had slain
Periphas, bravest of Ætolia's sons,
And huge of bulk; Ochesius was his sire.
Him Mars the slaughterer had of life bereft
Newly, and Pallas to elude his sight
The helmet fixed of Ades on her head.
Soon as gore-tainted Mars the approach perceived
Of Diomede, he left the giant length
Of Periphas extended where he died,
And flew to cope with Tydeus' valiant son.
Full nigh they came, when Mars on fire to slay
The hero, foremost with his brazen lance
Assail'd him, hurling o'er his horses' heads.
But Athenæan Pallas in her hand
The flying weapon caught and turn'd it wide,
Baffling his aim. Then Diomede on him
Rush'd furious in his turn, and Pallas plunged
The bright spear deep into his cinctured waist.
Dire was the wound, and plucking back the spear
She tore him. Bellow'd brazen-throated Mars
Loud as nine thousand warriors, or as ten
Join'd in close combat. Grecians, Trojans shook
Appall'd alike at the tremendous voice
Of Mars insatiable with deeds of blood.
Such as the dimness is when summer winds
Breathe hot, and sultry mist obscures the sky,
Such brazen Mars to Diomede appear'd
By clouds accompanied in his ascent
Into the boundless ether. Reaching soon
The Olympian heights, seat of the Gods, he sat
Beside Saturnian Jove; woe fill'd his heart;
He show'd fast-streaming from the wound his blood
Immortal, and impatient thus complain'd.
  Jove, Father! Seest thou these outrageous acts
Unmoved with anger? Such are day by day
The dreadful mischiefs by the Gods contrived
Against each other, for the sake of man.
Thou art thyself the cause. Thou hast produced
A foolish daughter petulant, addict
To evil only and injurious deeds;
There is not in Olympus, save herself,

ɛls not thy controul; but she her will
s ever, and reproof from thee
one, because, pernicious as she is,
hy daughter. She hath now the mind
ghty Diomede with madness fill'd
the immortal Gods; first Venus bled;
ıd he pierced impetuous, then assail'd,
imself immortal, even me,
my feet stole thence, or overwhelm'd
ı yon heaps of carcases impure,
ad I not sustain'd? And if at last
had halted crippled by the sword.
hom with dark displeasure Jove replied.
d side-shifting traitor! vex not me
tting querulous; of all who dwell
Olympian heights, thee most I hate
ious, whose delight is war alone.
ast thy mother's moods, the very spleen
o, uncontroulable as she,
even I, reprove her as I may,
rule by mere commands; I therefore judge
ferings a contrivance all her own.
t. Thou art my son whom I begat,
no bare thee. I cannot endure
ou shouldst suffer long. Hadst thou been born
ɛr parents thus detestable,
)eity soe'er had brought thee forth,
houldst have found long since an humbler sphere.
eased, and to the care his son consign'd
)n; he with drugs of lenient powers,
eal'd whom immortality secured
issolution. As the juice from figs
s'd what fluid was in milk before
ates, stirr'd rapidly around,
ı was Mars by Pæon's skill restored.
ebe bathed, and with divine attire
ıl adorn'd; when at the side of Jove
ıis glorious seat sublime he took.
ntime to the abode of Jove supreme
ed Juno throughout Argos known
ighty Pallas; Mars the plague of man,
ır *successful force* from slaughter driven.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

The battle is continued. The Trojans being closely pursued, Hector by the advice of Helenus enters Troy, and recommends it to Hecuba to go in solemn procession to the temple of Minerva; she with the matrons goes accordingly. Hector takes the opportunity to find out Paris, and exhorts him to return to the field of battle. An interview succeeds between Hector and Andromache, and Paris, having armed himself in the meantime, comes up with Hector at the close of it, when they sally from the gate together.

THUS was the field forsaken by the Gods.
And now success proved various; here the Greeks
With their extended spears, the Trojans there
Prevail'd alternate, on the champaign spread
The Xanthus and the Simoïs between.
First Telamonian Ajax, bulwark firm
Of the Achaians, broke the Trojan ranks,
And kindled for the Greeks a gleam of hope,
Slaying the bravest of the Thracian band,
Huge Acamas, Eusoros' son; him first
Full on the shaggy crest he smote, and urged
The spear into his forehead; through his scull
The bright point pass'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
But Diomede, heroic Chief, the son
Of Teuthras slew, Axylus. Rich was he,
And in Arisba, (where he dwelt beside
The public road, and at his open door
Made welcome all,) respected and beloved.
But of his numerous guests none interposed
To avert his woeful doom; nor him alone
He slew, but with him also to the shades
Calesius sent, his friend and charioteer.
Opheltius fell and Dresus, by the hand
Slain of Euryalus, who, next, his arms
On Pedasus and on Æsepus turned
Brethren and twins. Them Abarbarea bore,

, to Bucolion, son renown'd
ɾ Laomedon, his eldest born,
his mother, at his birth, conceal'd.
ı pasturing his flocks, embraced
ely nymph ; she twins produced, both whom,
ɜ they were and beautiful, thy son[1]
us ! slew, and from their shoulders tore
mour. Dauntless Polypœtes slew
ɜ. Ulysses with his spear
ed Pydites, a Percosian Chief,
ıcer Aretaön ; Nestor's pride
ıus, with his bright lance, of life
ıblerus, and the royal arm
memnon, Elatus ; he dwelt
the hills of lofty Pedasus,
ıio's banks, smooth-sliding river pure.
s fled, whom Leïtus as swift
ıote. Melanthius at the feet expired
renowned Eurypylus, and, flush'd
artial ardour, Menelaus seized
k alive Adrastus. As it chanced
et his affrighted steeds detain'd
et entangling ; they with restive force
ctremity snapp'd short the pole,
the city, whither others fled,
o. From his chariot headlong hurl'd,
s press'd the plain fast by his wheel..
enelaus, and his quivering spear
ıver him ; he, life imploring, clasp'd
ınate his knees, and thus exclaim'd.
on of Atreus, let me live ! accept
ıus ransom ! In my father's house
h abundant, gold, and brass, and steel
t temper, which he will impart
have gratified thine utmost wish,
d that I am captive in your fleet.
ıid, and Menelaus by his words
ıh'd, him soon had to the fleet dismiss'd
ı his train in charge, but swift and stern
ɜhing, Agamemnon interposed.—

[1] Euryalus.

Now, brother, whence this milkiness of mind,
These scruples about blood? Thy Trojan friends
Have doubtless much obliged thee. Die the race!
May none escape us! Neither he who flies,
Nor even the infant in his mother's womb
Unconscious. Perish universal Troy
Unpitied, till her place be found no more!
So saying, his brother's mind the Hero turn'd,
Advising him aright; he with his hand
Thrust back Adrastus, and himself, the King,
His bowels pierced. Supine Adrastus fell,
And Agamemnon, with his foot the corse
Impressing firm, pluck'd forth his ashen spear.
Then Nestor, raising high his voice, exclaim'd.
Friends, Heroes, Grecians, ministers of Mars!
Let none, desirous of the spoil, his time
Devote to plunder now; now slay your foes,
And strip them when the field shall be your own.
He said, and all took courage at his word.
Then had the Trojans enter'd Troy again
By the heroic Grecians foul repulsed,
So was their spirit daunted, but the son
Of Priam, Helenus, an augur far
Excelling all, at Hector's side his speech
To him and to Æneas thus address'd.
Hector, and thou, Æneas, since on you
The Lycians chiefly and ourselves depend,
For that in difficult emprize ye show
Most courage; give best counsel; stand yourselves,
And, visiting all quarters, cause to stand
Before the city-gates our scatter'd troops,
Ere yet the fugitives within the arms
Be slaughter'd of their wives, the scorn of Greece.
When thus ye shall have rallied every band
And roused their courage, weary though we be,
Yet since necessity commands, even here
Will we give battle to the host of Greece.
But, Hector! to the city thou depart;
There charge our mother, that she go direct,
With the assembled matrons, to the fane
Of Pallas in the citadel of Troy.

Opening her chambers' sacred doors, of all
Her treasured mantles there, let her select
The widest, most magnificently wrought,
And which she values most; *that* let her spread
On Athenæan Pallas' lap divine.
Twelve heifers of the year yet never touch'd
With puncture of the goad, let her alike
Devote to her, if she will pity Troy,
Our wives and little ones, and will avert
The son of Tydeus from these sacred towers,
That dreadful Chief, terror of all our host,
Bravest, in my account, of all the Greeks.
For never yet Achilles hath himself
So taught our people fear, although esteem'd
Son of a Goddess. But this warrior's rage
Is boundless, and his strength past all compare.
So Helenus; nor Hector not complied.
Down from his chariot instant to the ground
All arm'd he leap'd, and, shaking his sharp spears,
Through every phalanx pass'd, rousing again
Their courage, and rekindling horrid war.
They, turning, faced the Greeks; the Greeks repulsed,
Ceased from all carnage, nor supposed they less
Than that some Deity, the starry skies
Forsaken, help'd their foes, so firm they stood.
But Hector to the Trojans call'd aloud.
Ye dauntless Trojans and confederate powers
Call'd from afar! now be ye men, my friends,
Now summon all the fury of your might!
I go to charge our senators and wives
That they address the Gods with prayers and vows
For our success, and hecatombs devote.
So saying the Hero went, and as he strode
The sable hide that lined his bossy shield
Smote on his neck and on his ancle-bone.
And now into the middle space between
Both hosts, the son of Tydeus and the son
Moved of Hippolochus, intent alike
On furious combat; face to face they stood,
And thus heroic Diomede began.
Most noble Champion! who of human kind

Art thou, whom in the man-ennobling fight
I now encounter first? Past all thy peers
I must esteem thee valiant, who hast dared
To meet my coming, and my spear defy.
Ah! they are sons of miserable sires
Who dare my might; but if a God from heaven
Thou come, behold! I fight not with the Gods.
That war Lycurgus son of Dryas waged,
And saw not many years. The nurses he
Of brain-disturbing Bacchus down the steep
Pursued of sacred Nyssa; they their wands
Vine-wreathed cast all away, with an ox-goad
Chastised by fell Lycurgus. Bacchus plunged
Meantime dismay'd into the Deep, where him
Trembling, and at the Hero's haughty threats
Confounded, Thetis in her bosom hid.
Thus by Lycurgus were the blessed powers
Of heaven offended, and Saturnian Jove
Of sight bereaved him, who not long that loss
Survived, for he was curst by all above.
I, therefore, wage no contest with the Gods.
But if thou be of men, and feed on bread
Of earthly growth, draw nigh, that with a stroke
Well-aim'd, I may at once cut short thy days.
  To whom the illustrious Lycian Chief replied.
Why asks brave Diomede of my descent?
For, as the leaves, such is the race of man.
The wind shakes down the leaves, the budding grove
Soon teems with others, and in spring they grow.
So pass mankind. One generation meets
Its destined period, and a new succeeds.
But since thou seem'st desirous to be taught
My pedigree, whereof no few have heard,
Know that in Argos, in the very lap
Of Argos, for her steed-grazed meadows famed,
Stands Ephyra: there Sisyphus abode,
Shrewdest of human kind; Sisyphus, named
Æolides. Himself a son begat,
Glaucus, and he Bellerophon, to whom
The Gods both manly force and beauty gave.
Him Prœtus, (for in Argos at that time

Prœtus was sovereign, to whose sceptre Jove
Had subjected the land,) plotting his death,
Contrived to banish from his native home.
For fair Anteia, wife of Prœtus, mad
Through love of young Bellerophon, him oft
In secret to illicit joys enticed;
But she prevail'd not o'er the virtuous mind
Discreet of whom she wooed! therefore a lie
Framing, she royal Prœtus thus bespake.
Die thou, or slay Bellerophon, who sought
Of late to force me to his lewd embrace.
So saying, the anger of the King she roused.
Slay him himself he would not, for his heart
Forbad the deed; him therefore he dismiss'd
To Lycia, charged with tales of dire import
Written in tablets, which he bade him show,
That he might perish, to Anteia's sire.
To Lycia then, conducted by the Gods,
He went, and on the shores of Xanthus found
Free entertainment noble at the hands
Of Lycia's potent King. Nine days complete
He feasted him, and slew each day an ox.
But when the tenth day's ruddy morn appear'd,
He asked him then his errand, and to see
Those written tablets from his son-in-law.
The letters seen, he bade him, first, destroy
Chimæra, deem'd invincible, divine
In nature, alien from the race of man,
Lion in front, but dragon all behind,
And in the midst a she-goat breathing forth
Profuse the violence of flaming fire.
Her, confident in signs from heaven, he slew.
Next, with the men of Solymæ he fought,
Brave warriors far-renown'd, with whom he waged,
In his account, the fiercest of his wars.
And lastly, when in battle he had slain
The man-resisting Amazons, the king
Another stratagem at his return
Devised against him, placing close-conceal'd
An ambush for him from the bravest chosen
In Lycia; but they saw their homes no more;

Bellerophon the valiant slew them all.
The monarch hence collecting, at the last,
His heavenly origin, him there detain'd,
And gave him his own daughter, with the half
Of all his royal dignity and power.
The Lycians also, for his proper use,
Large lot assign'd him of their richest soil,
Commodious for the vine, or for the plough.
And now his consort fair three children bore
To bold Bellerophon; Isandrus one,
And one, Hippolochus; his youngest born
Laodamia was for beauty such
That she became a concubine of Jove.
She bore Sarpedon of heroic note.
But when Bellerophon, at last, himself
Had anger'd all the Gods, feeding on grief
He roam'd alone the Aleian field, exiled
By choice, from every cheerful haunt of man.
Mars, thirsty still for blood, his son destroy'd
Isandrus, warring with the host renown'd
Of Solymæ; and in her wrath divine
Diana from her chariot golden-rein'd
Laodamia slew. Myself I boast
Sprung from Hippolochus; he sent me forth
To fight for Troy, charging me much and oft
That I should outstrip always all mankind
In worth and valour, nor the house disgrace
Of my forefathers, heroes without peer
In Ephyra, and in Lycia's wide domain.
Such is my lineage; such the blood I boast.
He ceased. Then valiant Diomede rejoiced.
He pitch'd his spear, and to the Lycian Prince
In terms of peace and amity replied.
Thou art my own hereditary friend,
Whose noble Grandsire was a guest of mine.
For Oeneus, on a time, full twenty days,
Regaled Bellerophon, and pledges fair
Of hospitality they interchanged.
Oeneus a belt radiant with purple gave
To brave Bellerophon, who in return
Gave him a golden goblet. Coming forth

I left the kind memorial safe at home.
A child was I when Tydeus went to Thebes,
Where the Achaians perish'd, and of him
Hold no remembrance; but henceforth, my friend,
Thine host am I in Argos, and thou mine
In Lycia, should I chance to sojourn there.
We will not clash. Trojans or aids of Troy
No few the Gods shall furnish to my spear,
Whom I may slaughter; and no want of Greeks
On whom to prove thy prowess, thou shalt find.
But it were well that an exchange ensued
Between us; take mine armour, give me thine,
That all who notice us may understand
Our patrimonial[2] amity and love.
So they, and each alighting, hand in hand
Stood lock'd, faith promising and firm accord.
Then Jove of sober judgement so bereft
Infatuate Glaucus that with Tydeus' son
He barter'd gold for brass, an hundred beeves
In value, for the value small of nine.
But Hector at the Scæan gate and beech
Meantime arrived, to whose approach the wives
And daughters flock'd of Troy, enquiring each
The fate of husband, brother, son, or friend.
He bade them all with solemn prayer the Gods
Seek fervent, for that woe was on the wing.
But when he enter'd Priam's palace, built
With splendid porticoes, and which within
Had fifty chambers lined with polish'd stone,
Contiguous all, where Priam's sons reposed
And his sons' wives, and where, on the other side,
In twelve magnificent chambers also lined
With polish'd marble and contiguous all,
The sons-in-law of Priam lay beside
His spotless daughters, there the mother queen
Seeking the chamber of Laodice,
Loveliest of all her children, as she went
Met Hector. On his hand she hung and said:
Why leavest thou, O my son! the dangerous field?
I fear that the Achaians (hateful name!)

[2] Ξεινοι πατρωϊοι.

Compass the walls so closely, that thou seek'st
Urged by distress the citadel, to lift
Thine hands in prayer to Jove? But pause awhile
Till I shall bring thee wine, that having pour'd
Libation rich to Jove and to the powers
Immortal, thou may'st drink and be refresh'd.
For wine is mighty to renew the strength
Of weary man, and weary thou must be
Thyself, thus long defending us and ours.
To whom her son majestic thus replied.
My mother, whom I reverence! cheering wine
Bring none to me, lest I forget my might.
I fear, beside, with unwash'd hands to pour
Libation forth of sable wine to Jove,
And dare on none account, thus blood-defiled,
Approach the tempest-stirring God in prayer.
Thou, therefore, gathering all our matrons, seek
The fane of Pallas, huntress of the spoil,
Bearing sweet incense; but from the attire
Treasured within thy chamber, first select
The amplest robe, most exquisitely wrought,
And which thou prizest most,—then spread the gift
On Athenæan Pallas' lap divine.
Twelve heifers also of the year, untouch'd
With puncture of the goad, promise to slay
In sacrifice, if she will pity Troy,
Our wives and little ones, and will avert
The son of Tydeus from these sacred towers.
That dreadful Chief, terror of all our host.
Go then, my mother, seek the hallowed fane
Of the spoil-huntress Deity. I, the while,
Seek Paris, and if Paris yet can hear,
Shall call him forth. But oh that earth would yawn
And swallow him, whom Jove hath made a curse
To Troy, to Priam, and to all his house;
Methinks, to see him plunged into the shades
For ever, were a cure for all my woes.
He ceased; the Queen, her palace entering, charged
Her maidens; they, incontinent, throughout
All Troy convened the matrons, as she bade.
Meantime into her wardrobe incense-fumed,

lf descended; there her treasures lay,
s of Sidonian women, whom her son
iodlike Paris, when he cross'd the seas
Jove-begotten Helen, brought to Troy.
ıost magnificent, and varied most
colours radiant, from the rest she chose
allas; vivid as a star it shone,
owest lay of all. Then forth she went,
'rojan matrons all following her steps.
; when the long procession reach'd the fane
ıllas in the heights of Troy, to them
ıir Theano ope'd the portals wide,
ıter of Cisseus, brave Antenor's spouse.
ıy appointment public, at that time,
ess of Pallas. All with lifted hands
ısence of Minerva wept aloud.
ɔous Theano on the Goddess' lap
spread the robe, and to the daughter fair
ve omnipotent her suit address'd.
ldess[3] of Goddesses, our city's shield,
d Minerva, hear! oh! break the lance
omede, and give himself to fall
in the dust before the Scæan gate.
ll we offer to thee at thy shrine,
lay twelve heifers of the year, untouch'd
ke or goad, if thou wilt pity show
oy, and save our children and our wives.
h prayer the priestess offer'd, and such prayer
ɜsent; whom Minerva heard averse.
ector to the palace sped meantime
exander, which himself had built,
by every architect of name
ious then in Troy. Chamber it had,
hall, proud dome, and on the heights of Troy
ıeighbouring Hector's house and Priam's stood.
enter'd Hector, Jove-beloved, a spear
ıgth eleven cubits in his hand,
ttering head bound with a ring of gold.
ınd within his chamber whom he sought,
ing with exactest care his arms

[3] δῖα θεάων.

Resplendent, shield and hauberk fingering o'er
With curious touch, and tampering with his bow.
Helen of Argos with her female train
Sat occupied, the while, to each in turn
Some splendid task assigning. Hector fix'd
His eyes on Paris, and him stern rebuked.
  Thy sullen humours, Paris, are ill-timed.
The people perish at our lofty walls;
The flames of war have compass'd Troy around
And thou hast kindled them; who yet thyself,
That slackness show'st which in another seen
Thou would'st resent to death. Haste, seek the field
This moment, lest, the next, all Ilium blaze.
  To whom thus Paris graceful as a God.
Since, Hector, thou hast charged me with a fault,
And not unjustly, I will answer make,
And give thou special heed. That here I sit,
The cause is sorrow, which I wish'd to soothe
In secret, not displeasure or revenge.
I tell thee also, that even now my wife
Was urgent with me in most soothing terms
That I would forth to battle; and myself,
Aware that victory oft changes sides,
That course prefer. Wait, therefore, thou awhile,
'Till I shall dress me for the fight, or go
Thou first, and I will overtake thee soon.
  He ceased, to whom brave Hector answer none
Return'd, when Helen him with lenient speech
Accosted mild. My brother! who in me
Hast found a sister worthy of thy hate,
Authoress of all calamity to Troy,
Oh that the winds, the day when I was born,
Had swept me out of sight, whirl'd me aloft
To some inhospitable mountain-top,
Or plunged me in the deep; there I had sunk
O'erwhelm'd, and all these ills had never been.
But since the Gods would bring these ills to pass,
I should, at least, some worthier mate have chosen,
One not insensible to public shame.
But this, oh this, nor hath nor will acquire
Hereafter, aught which like discretion shews

Or reason, and shall find his just reward.
But enter; take this seat; for who as thou
Labours, or who hath cause like thee to rue
The crime, my brother, for which Heaven hath doom'd
Both Paris and my most detested self
To be the burthens of an endless song?
To whom the warlike Hector huge[4] replied.
Me bid not, Helen, to a seat howe'er
Thou wish my stay, for thou must not prevail.
The Trojans miss me, and myself no less
Am anxious to return. But urge in haste
This loiterer forth; yea, let him urge himself
To overtake me ere I quit the town.
For I must home in haste, that I may see
My loved Andromache, my infant boy,
And my domestics, ignorant if e'er
I shall behold them more, or if my fate
Ordain me now to fall by Grecian hands.
So spake the dauntless hero, and withdrew.
But reaching soon his own well-built abode,
He found not fair Andromache; she stood
Lamenting Hector, with the nurse who bore
Her infant, on a turret's top sublime.
He then, not finding his chaste spouse within,
Thus from the portal, of her train enquired.
Tell me, ye maidens, whither went from home
Andromache the fair? Went she to see
Her female kindred of my father's house,
Or to Minerva's temple, where convened
The bright-hair'd matrons of the city seek
To soothe the awful Goddess? Tell me true.
To whom his household's governess discreet.
Since, Hector, truth is thy demand, receive
True answer. Neither went she forth to see
Her female kindred of thy father's house,
Nor to Minerva's temple, where convened
The bright-haired matrons of the city seek
To soothe the awful Goddess; but she went

[4] The bulk of his heroes is a circumstance of which Homer frequently reminds us by the use of the word μέγας—and which ought, therefore, by no means to be suppressed.

Hence to the tower of Troy: for she had heard
That the Achaians had prevail'd, and driven
The Trojans to the walls; she, therefore, wild
With grief, flew thither, and the nurse her steps
Attended, with thy infant in her arms.
So spake the prudent governess; whose words
When Hector heard, issuing from his door
He backward trod with hasty steps the streets
Of lofty Troy, and having traversed all
The spacious city, when he now approach'd
The Scæan gate, whence he must seek the field,
There, hasting home again his noble wife
Met him, Andromache the rich-endow'd
Fair daughter of Eëtion famed in arms.
Eëtion, who in Hypoplacian Thebes
Umbrageous dwelt, Cilicia's mighty lord,—
His daughter valiant Hector had espoused.
There she encounter'd him, and with herself
The nurse came also, bearing in her arms
Hectorides, his infant darling boy,
Beautiful as a star. Him Hector called
Scamandrios, but Astyanax[5] all else
In Ilium named him, for that Hector's arm
Alone was the defence and strength of Troy.
The father, silent, eyed his babe, and smiled.
Andromache, meantime, before him stood,
With streaming cheeks, hung on his hand, and said.
Thy own great courage will cut short thy days,
My noble Hector! neither pitiest thou
Thy helpless infant, or my hapless self,
Whose widowhood is near; for thou wilt fall
Ere long, assail'd by the whole host of Greece.
Then let me to the tomb, my best retreat
When thou art slain. For comfort none or joy
Can I expect, thy day of life extinct,
But thenceforth, sorrow. Father I have none;
No mother. When Cilicia's city, Thebes
The populous, was by Achilles sack'd,
He slew my father; yet his gorgeous arms
Stripp'd not through reverence of him, but consumed,

[5] The name signifies, the *Chief of the city*.

as it was, his body on the pile,
ap'd his tomb, which the Oreades[6],
daughters, had with elms inclosed around.
en brothers, glory of our house,
ne day descended to the shades;
ve Achilles, while they fed their herds
owy flocks together, slew them all.
ther, Queen of the well-wooded realm
oplacian Thebes, her hither brought
his other spoils, he loosed again
estimable ransom-price,
Diana[7] pierced, she died at home.
tor—oh my husband! I in thee
rents, brothers, all that I have lost.
have compassion on us. Go not hence,
rd this turret, lest of me thou make
v, and an orphan of thy boy.
walls are easiest of ascent
er fig-tree; station there thy powers;
ther by a prophet warn'd, or taught
h and observation, in that part
ax with Idomeneus of Crete,
s of Atreus, and the valiant son
us, have now thrice assail'd the town.
om the leader of the host of Troy.
cares, Andromache, which thee engage,
h me also; but I dread to incur
n of male and female tongues in Troy,
rd-like, I should decline the fight.
I such a wish. No. I have learn'd
urageous ever, in the van
the flower of Ilium to assert
ious father's honour, and my own.
the day shall come when sacred Troy,
riam, and the people of the old
actised King shall perish, well I know.
no Trojan sorrows yet to come
I mourn, not e'en for Hecuba,
for Priam, nor for all the brave

[6] Mountain nymphs.
[7] Sudden deaths were ascribed either to Diana or Apollo.

Of my own brothers who shall kiss the dust,
As for thyself, when some Achaian Chief
Shall have convey'd thee weeping hence, thy sun
Of peace and liberty for ever set.
Then shalt thou toil in Argos at the loom
For a task-mistress, and constrain'd shalt draw
From Hypereïa's fount, or from the fount
Messeïs, water at her proud command.
Some Grecian then, seeing thy tears, shall say—
"This was the wife of Hector, who excell'd
All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieged."
Such he shall speak thee, and thy heart, the while,
Shall bleed afresh through want of such a friend
To stand between captivity and thee.
But may I rest beneath my hill of earth
Or ere that day arrive! I would not live
To hear thy cries, and see thee torn away.
  So saying, illustrious Hector stretch'd his arms
Forth to his son, but with a scream, the child
Fell back into the bosom of his nurse,
His father's aspect dreading, whose bright arms
He had attentive mark'd and shaggy crest
Playing tremendous o'er his helmet's height.
His father and his gentle mother laugh'd[8],
And noble Hector lifting from his head
His dazzling helmet, placed it on the ground,
Then kiss'd his boy and dandled him, and thus
In earnest prayer the heavenly powers implored.
  Hear all ye Gods! as ye have given to me,
So also on my son excelling might
Bestow, with chief authority in Troy.
And be his record this, in time to come,
When he returns from battle. Lo! how far
The son excels the sire! May every foe
Fall under him, and he come laden home
With spoils blood-stain'd to his dear mother's joy.
  He said, and gave his infant to the arms
Of his Andromache, who him received
Into her fragrant bosom, bitter tears

[8] The Scholiast in Villoisson calls it φυσικον τινα και μετριον γελωτα, a natural and moderate laughter.

With sweet smiles mingling; he with pity moved
That sight observed, soft touch'd her cheek, and said,
Mourn not, my loved Andromache, for me
Too much; no man shall send me to the shades
Of Tartarus, ere mine allotted hour,
Nor lives he who can overpass the date
By heaven assign'd him, be he base or brave.
Go then, and occupy content at home
The woman's province; ply the distaff, spin
And weave, and task thy maidens. War belongs
To man; to all men; and of all who first
Drew vital breath in Ilium, most to me.
He ceased, and from the ground his helmet raised
Hair-crested; his Andromache, at once
Obedient, to her home repair'd, but oft
Turn'd as she went, and, turning, wept afresh.
No sooner at the palace she arrived
Of havoc-spreading Hector, than among
Her numerous maidens found within, she raised
A general lamentation; with one voice,
In his own house, his whole domestic train
Mourn'd Hector, yet alive; for none the hope
Conceived of his escape from Grecian hands,
Or to behold their living master more.
Nor Paris in his stately mansion long
Delay'd, but, arm'd resplendent, traversed swift
The city, all alacrity and joy.
As some stall'd horse high-fed, his stable-cord
Snapt short, beats under foot the sounding plain,
Accustomed in smooth-sliding streams to lave
Exulting; high he bears his head, his mane
Undulates o'er his shoulders, pleased he eyes
His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees
Shoots to the meadow where his fellows graze;
So Paris, son of Priam, from the heights
Of Pergamus into the streets of Troy,
All dazzling as the sun, descended, flush'd
With martial pride, and bounding in his course.
At once he came where noble Hector stood
Now turning, after conference with his spouse,
When godlike Alexander thus began.

My hero brother, thou hast surely found
My long delay most irksome. More dispatch
Had pleased thee more, for such was thy command.
To whom the warlike Hector thus replied.
No man, judicious, and in feat of arms
Intelligent, would pour contempt on thee,
(For thou art valiant,) wert thou not remiss
And wilful negligent; and when I hear
The very men who labour in thy cause
Reviling thee, I make thy shame my own.
But let us on. All such complaints shall cease
Hereafter, and thy faults be touch'd no more,
Let Jove but once afford us riddance clear
Of these Achaians, and to quaff the cup
Of liberty, before the living Gods.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

Hector engage in single combat. The Grecians fortify their camp.

ing, illustrious Hector through the gates
le rush'd, with Paris at his side,
th were bent on deeds of high renown.
n the Gods vouchsafe propitious gales
ging mariners, who with smooth oars
ing the waves have all their strength consumed,
n the longing Trojans glad received.
nce each slew a Grecian. Paris slew
hius who in Arna dwelt, the son
thoüs, club-bearing chief,
Philomedusa radiant-eyed.
ctor wounded with his glittering spear
s; he pierced his neck beneath
zen morion's verge, and dead he fell.
laucus, leader of the Lycian host,
Hippolochus, in furious fight
is son of Dexias assail'd,
ng his rapid mares, and with his lance
ulder pierced; unhorsed he fell and died.
slaughter of the Grecians in fierce fight
a noting, from the Olympian hills
wn to sacred Ilium; whose approach
g from Pergamus Apollo flew
t her, ardent on the part of Troy.
the beech they join'd, when first the King,
of Jove, Apollo, thus began.
hter of Jove supreme! why hast thou left
is, and with such impetuous speed?
thou to give the Danaï success
e? For I know that pity none

Thou feel'st for Trojans, perish as they may.
But if advice of mine can influence thee
To that which shall be best, let us compose
This day the furious fight, which shall again
Hereafter rage, till Ilium be destroy'd.
Since such is Juno's pleasure and thy own.
Him answer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.
Celestial archer! be it so. I came
Myself so purposing into the field
From the Olympian heights. But by what means
Wilt thou induce the warriors to a pause?
To whom the King, the son of Jove, replied.
The courage of equestrian Hector bold
Let us excite, that he may challenge forth
To single conflict terrible some Chief
Achaian. The Achaians brazen-mail'd
Indignant, will supply a champion soon
To combat with the noble Chief of Troy.
So spake Apollo, and his counsel pleased
Minerva; which when Helenus the seer,
Priam's own son, in his prophetic soul
Perceived, approaching Hector, thus he spake.
Jove's peer in wisdom, Hector, Priam's son!
I am thy brother. Wilt thou list to me?
Bid cease the battle. Bid both armies sit.
Call first, thyself, the mightiest of the Greeks
To single conflict. I have heard the voice
Of the Eternal Gods, and well assured
Foretell thee that thy death not now impends.
He spake, whom Hector heard with joy elate.
Before his van striding into the space
Both hosts between, he with his spear transverse
Press'd back the Trojans, and they sat. Down sat
The well-greaved Grecians also at command
Of Agamemnon; and in shape assumed
Of vultures, Pallas and Apollo perch'd
High on the lofty beech sacred to Jove
The father Ægis-arm'd; delighted thence
They view'd the peopled plain horrent around
With shields and helms and glittering spears erect.
As when fresh-blowing Zephyrus the flood

Sweeps first, the ocean blackens at the blast,
Such seem'd the plain whereon the Achaians sat
And Trojans, whom between thus Hector spake.
Ye Trojans, and Achaians brazen-greaved,
Attend while I shall speak! Jove high-enthroned
Hath not fulfill'd the truce, but evil plans
Against both hosts, till either ye shall take
Troy's lofty towers, or shall yourselves in flight
Fall vanquish'd at your billow-cleaving barks.
With you is all the flower of Greece. Let him
Whose heart shall move him to encounter sole
Illustrious Hector, from among you all
Stand forth, and Jove be witness to us both.
If he, with his long-pointed lance, of life
Shall me bereave, my armour is his prize,
Which he shall hence into your fleet convey;
Not so my body; that he shall resign
For burial to the men and wives of Troy.
But if Apollo make the glory mine,
And he fall vanquish'd, him will I despoil,
And hence conveying into sacred Troy
His arms, will in the temple hang them high
Of the bow-bender God, but I will send
His body to the fleet, that him the Greeks
May grace with rites funereal. On the banks
Of wide-spread Hellespont ye shall upraise
His tomb, and as they cleave with oary barks
The sable Deep, posterity shall say—
"It is a warrior's tomb; in ancient days,
The Hero died; him warlike Hector slew."
So men shall speak hereafter, and my fame
Who slew him, and my praise, shall never die.
He ceased, and all sat mute. His challenge bold
None dared accept, which yet they blush'd to shun,
Till Menelaus, at the last, arose
Groaning profound, and thus reproach'd the Greeks.
Ah boasters! henceforth women—men no more—
Eternal shame, shame infinite is ours,
If none of all the Grecians dares contend
With Hector. Dastards—deaf to glory's call—
Rot where ye sit! I will myself take arms

Against him, for the gods alone dispose,
At their own pleasure, the events of war.
He ended, and put on his radiant arms.
Then, Menelaus, manifest appear'd
Thy death, approaching by the dreadful hands
Of Hector, mightier far in arms than thou,
But that the Chiefs of the Achaians all
Upstarting stay'd thee, and himself the King,
The son of Atreus, on thy better hand
Seizing affectionate, thee thus address'd.
Thou ravest, my royal brother! and art seized
With needless frenzy. But, however chafed,
Restrain thy wrath, nor covet to contend
With Priameian Hector, whom in fight
All dread, a warrior thy superior far.
Not even Achilles, in the glorious field,
(Though stronger far than thou,) this hero meets
Undaunted. Go then, and thy seat resume
In thy own band; the Achaians shall for him,
Doubtless, some fitter champion furnish forth.
Brave though he be, and with the toils of war
Insatiable, he shall be willing yet,
Seated on his bent knees, to breathe a while,
Should he escape the arduous brunt severe.
So saying, the hero by his counsel wise
His brother's purpose alter'd; he complied,
And his glad servants eased him of his arms.
Then Nestor thus the Argive host bespake.
Great woe, ye Gods! hath on Achaia fallen.
Now may the warlike Peleus, hoary Chief,
Who both with eloquence and wisdom rules
The Myrmidons, our foul disgrace deplore.
With him discoursing, erst of ancient times,
When all your pedigrees I traced, I made
His heart bound in him at the proud report.
But now, when he shall learn how here we sat
Cowering at foot of Hector, he shall oft
His hands uplift to the immortal Gods,
Praying a swift release into the shades.
Jove! Pallas! Phœbus! Oh that I were young
As when the Pylians in fierce fight engaged

cadians spear-expert, beside the stream
d Celadon! beneath the walls
ght of Pheia, where the Jardan rolls.
Ereuthalion, Chief of Godlike form,
orth before his van, and with loud voice
the Pylians. Arm'd he was in steel
il Areïthous whilom worn;
Areïthous, Corynetes[1] named
y tongue; for that in bow and spear
trusted he, but with an iron mace
se-embattled phalanx shatter'd wide.
address, not by superior force,
us vanquish'd, in a narrow pass,
him his iron whirl-bat[2] nought avail'd.
us stealing on him, with his lance
erced and fix'd him to the soil supine.
his arms, bright gift of brazen Mars,
pp'd, which after, in the embattled field
us wore himself, but, growing old,
ler'd them to Ereuthalion's use
nour-bearer, high in his esteem,
euthalion wore them on the day
e defied our best. All hung their heads
mbled; none dared meet him; till at last
born courage warm'd, and nought dismayed,
youngest of them all, I undertook
ntest, and, by Pallas' aid, prevail'd.
the man in height and bulk all men
sing, and much soil he cover'd slain.
the vigour of those better days!
hould not Hector want a champion long,
call to combat, ye, although the prime
ide of all our land, seem slow to hear.
pake reproachful, when at once arose
eroes. Agamemnon, King of men,
st arose; then Tydeus' mighty son,
ther Ajax in fierce prowess clad;
etan next, Idomeneus, with whom
Meriones his friend approved,
e as the man-destroyer Mars.

[1] The club-bearer. [2] It is a word used by Dryden.

Evæmon's noble offspring next appear'd
Eurypylus; Andræmon's son the next
Thoas; and last, Ulysses, glorious Chief.
All these stood ready to engage in arms
With warlike Hector, when the ancient King,
Gerenian Nestor, thus his speech resumed.
Now cast the lot for all. Who wins the chance
Shall yield Achaia service, and himself
Serve also, if successful he escape
This brunt of hostile hardiment severe.
So Nestor. They, inscribing each his lot,
Into the helmet cast it of the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon. Then the host
Pray'd all, their hands uplifting, and with eyes
To the wide heavens directed, many said—
Eternal sire! choose Ajax, or the son
Of Tydeus, or the King himself[3] who sways
The sceptre in Mycensæ wealth-renown'd!
Such prayer the people made; then Nestor shook
The helmet, and forth leaped, whose most they wished,
The lot of Ajax. Throughout all the host
To every chief and potentate of Greece,
From right to left the herald bore the lot
By all disown'd; but when at length he reach'd
The inscriber of the lot, who cast it in,
Illustrious Ajax, in his open palm
The herald placed it, standing at his side.
He, conscious, with heroic joy the lot
Cast at his foot, and thus exclaim'd aloud.
My friends! the lot is mine, and my own heart
Rejoices also; for I nothing doubt
That noble Hector shall be foil'd by me.
But while I put mine armour on, pray all
In silence to the King Saturnian Jove,
Lest, while ye pray, the Trojans overhear.
Or pray aloud, for whom have we to dread?
No man shall my firm standing by his strength
Unsettle, or for ignorance of mine
Me vanquish, who, I hope, brought forth and train'd
In Salamis, have, now, not much to learn.

[3] Agamemnon.

He ended. They with heaven-directed eyes
The King in prayer address'd, Saturnian Jove.
Jove! glorious father! who from Ida's height
Controulest all below, let Ajax prove
Victorious, make the honour all his own!
Or, if not less than Ajax, Hector share
Thy love and thy regard, divide the prize
Of glory, and let each achieve renown!
Then Ajax put his radiant armour on,
And, arm'd complete, rush'd forward. As huge Mars
To battle moves the sons of men between
Whom Jove with heart-devouring thirst inspires
Of war, so moved huge Ajax to the fight,
Tower of the Greeks, dilating with a smile
His martial features terrible; on feet,
Firm-planted, to the combat he advanced
Stride after stride, and shook his quivering spear.
Him viewing, Argos' universal host
Exulted, while a panic loosed the knees
Of every Trojan; even Hector's heart
Beat double, but escape for him remain'd
None now, or to retreat into his ranks
Again, from whom himself had challenged forth.
Ajax advancing like a tower his shield
Sevenfold, approach'd. It was the labour'd work
Of Tychius, armourer of matchless skill,
Who dwelt in Hyla; coated with the hides
Of seven high-pamper'd bulls that shield he framed
For Ajax, and the disk plated with brass.
Advancing it before his breast, the son
Of Telamon approach'd the Trojan Chief,
And face to face, him threatening, thus began.
Now, Hector, prove, by me alone opposed,
What Chiefs the Danaï can furnish forth
In absence of the lion-hearted prince
Achilles, breaker of the ranks of war.
He, in his billow-cleaving barks incensed
Against our leader Agamemnon, lies;
But warriors of my measure, who may serve
To cope with thee, we want not; numerous such
Are found amongst us. But begin to fight.

To whom majestic Hector fierce in arms.
Ajax! heroic leader of the Greeks!
Offspring of Telamon! essay not me
With words to terrify, as I were boy
Or girl unskill'd in war; I am a man
Well exercised in battle, who have shed
The blood of many a warrior, and have learn'd,
From hand to hand shifting my shield, to fight
Unwearied; I can make a sport of war,
In standing fight adjusting all my steps
To martial measures sweet, or vaulting light
Into my chariot, thence can urge the foe.
Yet in contention with a Chief like thee
I will employ no stratagem, or seek
To smite thee privily, but with a stroke
(If I may reach thee) visible to all.
So saying, he shook, then hurl'd his massy spear
At Ajax, and his broad shield sevenfold
On its eighth surface of resplendent brass
Smote full; six hides the unblunted weapon pierced,
But in the seventh stood rooted. Ajax, next,
Heroic chief, hurl'd his long-shadow'd spear
And struck the oval shield of Priam's son.
Through his bright disk the weapon tempest-driven
Glided, and in his hauberk-rings infixt
At his soft flank, ripp'd wide his vest within.
Inclined oblique he 'scaped the dreadful doom.
Then each from other's shield his massy spear
Recovering quick, like lions hunger-pinch'd
Or wild boars irresistible in force,
They fell to close encounter. Priam's son
The shield of Ajax at its centre smote,
But fail'd to pierce it, for he bent his point.
Sprang Ajax then, and meeting full the targe
Of Hector, shock'd him; through it and beyond
He urged the weapon with its sliding edge
Athwart his neck, and blood was seen to start.
But still, for no such cause, from battle ceased
Crest-tossing Hector, but retiring, seized
An huge stone angled sharp and black with age
That on the champaign lay. The bull-hide guard

Sevenfold of Ajax with that stone he smote
Full on its centre; sang the circling brass.
Then Ajax far an heavier stone upheaved;
He whirled it, and with might immeasurable
Dismiss'd the mass, which with a mill-stone weight
Sank through the shield of Hector, and his knees
Disabled; with his shield supine he fell,
But by Apollo raised, stood soon again.
And now, with swords they had each other hewn,
Had not the messengers of Gods and men
The heralds wise, Idæus on the part
Of Ilium, and Talthybius for the Greeks,
Advancing interposed. His sceptre each
Between them held, and thus Idæus spake.
My children, cease! prolong not still the fight.
Ye both are dear to cloud-assembler Jove,
Both valiant, and all know it. But the night
Hath fallen, and night's command must be obeyed.
To him the son of Telamon replied.
Idæus! bid thy master speak as thou.
He is the challenger. If such his choice,
Mine differs not; I wait but to comply.
Him answer'd then heroic Hector huge.
Since, Ajax, the immortal powers on thee
Have bulk pre-eminent and strength bestow'd,
With such address in battle, that the host
Of Greece hath not thine equal at the spear,
Now let the combat cease. We shall not want
More fair occasion; on some future day
We will not part till all-disposing heaven
Shall give thee victory, or shall make her mine.
But night hath fallen, and night must be obey'd,
That thou may'st gratify with thy return
The Achaians, and especially thy friends
And thy own countrymen. I go, no less
To exhilarate in Priam's royal town
Men and robed matrons, who shall seek the Gods
For me, with pious ceremonial due.
But come. We will exchange, or ere we part,
Some princely gift, that Greece and Troy may say
Hereafter, with soul-wasting rage they fought,

But parted with the gentleness of friends.
So saying, he with its sheath and belt a sword
Presented bright-emboss'd, and a bright belt
Purpureal [4] took from Ajax in return.
Thus separated, one the Grecians sought,
And one the Trojans; they when him they saw
From the unconquer'd hands return'd alive
Of Ajax, with delight their Chief received,
And to the city led him, double joy
Conceiving all at his unhoped escape.
On the other side, the Grecians brazen-mail'd
To noble Agamemnon introduced
Exulting Ajax, and the King of men
In honour of the conqueror slew an ox
Of the fifth year to Jove omnipotent.
Him flaying first, they carved him next and spread
The whole abroad, then, scoring deep the flesh,
They pierced it with the spits, and from the spits,
(Once roasted well) withdrew it all again.
Their labour thus accomplish'd, and the board
Furnish'd with plenteous cheer they feasted all
Till all were satisfied; nor Ajax miss'd
The conqueror's meed, to whom the hero-king
Wide-ruling Agamemnon, gave the chine
Perpetual,[5] his distinguish'd portion due.
The calls of hunger and of thirst at length
Both well sufficed, thus, foremost of them all
The ancient Nestor, whose advice had oft
Proved salutary, prudent thus began.
Chiefs of Achaia, and thou, chief of all,
Great Agamemnon! Many of our host
Lie slain, whose blood sprinkles, in battle shed,
The banks of smooth Scamander, and their souls
Have journey'd down into the realms of death.

[4] This word I have taken leave to coin. The Latins have both substantive and adjective. *Purpura—Purpureus.* We make purple serve both uses; but it seems a poverty to which we have no need to submit, at least in poetry. [5] The word is here used in the Latin sense of it. Virgil, describing the entertainment given by Evander to the Trojans, says that he regaled them

Perpetui *tergo bovis et lustralibus extis.* Æn. viii.

It means, the whole.

To-morrow, therefore, let the battle pause
As need requires, and at the peep of day
With mules and oxen, wheel ye from all parts
The dead, that we may burn them near the fleet.
So, home to Greece returning, will we give
The fathers' ashes to the children's care.
Accumulating next, the pile around,
One common tomb for all, with brisk dispatch
We will upbuild for more secure defence
Of us and of our fleet, strong towers and tall
Adjoining to the tomb, and every tower
Shall have its ponderous gate, commodious pass
Affording to the mounted charioteer.
And last, without those towers and at their foot,
Dig we a trench, which compassing around
Our camp, both steeds and warriors shall exclude,
And all fierce inroad of the haughty foe.
So counsell'd he, whom every Chief approved.
In Troy meantime, at Priam's gate beside
The lofty citadel, debate began
The assembled senators between, confused,
Clamorous, and with furious heat pursued.
When them Antenor, prudent, thus bespake.
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies of Troy,
My counsel hear! Delay not. Instant yield
To the Atridæ, hence to be convey'd,
Helen of Greece with all that is her own.
For charged with violated oaths we fight,
And hope I none conceive that aught by us
Design'd shall prosper, unless so be done.
He spake and sat; when from his seat arose
Paris, fair Helen's noble paramour,
Who thus with speech impassion'd quick replied.
Antenor! me thy counsel hath not pleased;
Thou could'st have framed far better; but if this
Be thy deliberate judgement, then the Gods
Make thy deliberate judgement nothing worth.
But I will speak myself. Ye Chiefs of Troy,
I tell you plain. I will not yield my spouse.
But all her treasures to our house convey'd
From Argos, those will I resign, and add

Still other compensation from my own.
  Thus Paris said and sat; when like the Gods
Themselves in wisdom, from his seat uprose
Dardanian Priam, who them thus address'd.
  Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!
I shall declare my sentence; hear ye me.
Now let the legions, as at other times,
Take due refreshment; let the watch be set,
And keep ye vigilant guard. At early dawn
We will dispatch Idæus to the fleet,
Who shall inform the Atridæ of this last
Resolve of Paris, author of the war.
Discreet Idæus also shall propose
A respite (if the Atridæ so incline)
From war's dread clamour, while we burn the dead.
Then will we clash again, till heaven at length
Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide.
  He ceased, whose voice the assembly pleased, obey'd.
Then, troop by troop, the army took repast,
And at the dawn Idæus sought the fleet;
He found the Danaï, servants of Mars,
Beside the stern of Agamemnon's ship
Consulting; and amid the assembled Chiefs
Arrived, with utterance clear them thus address'd.
  Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Chiefs, the flower
Of all Achaia! Priam and the Chiefs
Of Ilium, bade me to your ear impart
(If chance such embassy might please your ear)
The mind of Paris, author of the war.
The treasures which on board his ships he brought
From Argos home, (oh, had he perish'd first!)
He yields them with addition from his own.
Not so the consort of the glorious prince
Brave Menelaus; her, (although in Troy
All counsel otherwise,) he still detains.
Thus too I have in charge. Are ye inclined
That the dread-sounding clamours of the field
Be caused to cease, till we shall burn the dead?
Then will we clash again, 'till heaven at length
Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide.
  So spake Idæus, and all silent sat;

t the last brave Diomede replied.
). We will none of Paris' treasures now,
ven Helen's self. A child may see
uction winging swift her course to Troy.
said. The admiring Greeks with loud applause
raised the speech of warlike Diomede,
answer thus the King of men return'd.
eus! thou hast witness'd the resolve
ıe Achaian Chiefs, whose choice is mine.
'or the slain, I shall not envy them
ıeral pile; the spirit fled, delay
not. Last rites cannot too soon be paid.
them. And let high-thundering Jove attest
elf mine oath, that war shall cease the while.
saying, he to all the Gods upraised
ceptre, and Idæus homeward sped
cred Ilium. The Dardanians there
Trojans, all assembled, his return
cted anxious. He amid them told
ıct his errand, when, at once dissolved,
whole assembly rose, these to collect
ıcatter'd bodies, those to gather wood;
e on the other side, the Greeks arose
ıdden, and all issuing from the fleet
ht fuel, some, and, some, the scatter'd dead.
w from the gently-swelling flood profound
ıun arising, with his earliest rays
s ascent to heaven smote on the fields,
ı Greeks and Trojans met. Scarce could the slain
ear distinguish'd, but they cleansed from each
lotted gore with water, and warm tears
lling copious, heaved them to the wains.
wailing none was heard, for such command
Priam issued; therefore heaping high
bodies, silent and with sorrowing hearts
burn'd them, and to sacred Troy return'd.
Grecians also, on the funeral pile
ɔodies heaping sad, burn'd them with fire
ther, and return'd into the fleet.
, ere the peep of dawn, and while the veil
ght, though thinner, still o'erhung the earth,

Achaians, chosen from the rest, the pile
Encompass'd. With a tomb (one tomb for all)
They crown'd the spot adust, and to the tomb
(For safety of their fleet and of themselves)
Strong fortress added of high wall and tower,
With solid gates affording egress thence
Commodious to the mounted charioteer;
Deep foss and broad they also dug without,
And planted it with piles. So toil'd the Greeks.
The Gods, that mighty labour, from beside
The Thunderer's throne with admiration view'd,
When Neptune, shaker of the shores began.
Eternal father! is there on the face
Of all the boundless earth one mortal man
Who will, in times to come, consult with heaven?
See'st thou yon height of wall, and yon deep trench
With which the Grecians have their fleet inclosed,
And, careless of our blessing, hecatomb
Or invocation have presented none?
Far as the day-spring shoots herself abroad,
So far the glory of this work shall spread,
While Phœbus and myself, who, toiling hard,
Built walls for King Laomedon, shall see
Forgotten all the labour of our hands.
To whom, indignant, thus high-thundering Jove.
Oh thou, who shakest the solid earth at will,
What hast thou spoken? An inferior power,
A god of less sufficiency than thou,
Might be allowed some fear from such a cause.
Fear not. Where'er the morning shoots her beams,
Thy glory shall be known; and when the Greeks
Shall seek their country through the waves again,
Then break this bulwark down, submerge it whole,
And spreading deep with sand the spacious shore
As at the first, leave not a trace behind.
Such conference held the Gods; and now the sun
Went down, and, that great work perform'd, the Greeks
From tent to tent slaughter'd the fatted ox
And ate their evening cheer. Meantime arrived
Large fleet with Lemnian wine; Euneus, son
Of Jason and Hypsipile, that fleet

Lemnos freighted, and had stow'd on board
usand measures from the rest apart
he Atridæ; but the host at large
affic were supplied; some barter'd brass,
s bright steel; some purchased wine with hides,
with their cattle, with their captives those,
he whole host prepared a glad regale.
ght the Grecians feasted, and the host
um, and all night deep-planning Jove
nded dire calamities to both,
dering tremendous!—Pale was every cheek;
pour'd his goblet on the ground, nor dared
ardiest drink, 'till he had first perform'd
on meet to the Saturnian King
potent; then, all retiring, sought
couches, and partook the gift of sleep.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

Jove calls a council, in which he forbids all interference of the Gods between the Greeks and Trojans. He repairs to Ida, where having consulted the scales of destiny, he directs his lightning against the Grecians. Nestor is endangered by the death of one of his horses. Diomede delivers him. In the chariot of Diomede they both hasten to engage Hector, whose charioteer is slain by Diomede. Jupiter again interposes by his thunders, and the whole Grecian host, discomfited, is obliged to seek refuge within the rampart. Diomede, with others, at sight of a favourable omen sent from Jove in answer to Agamemnon's prayer, sallies. Teucer performs great exploits, but is disabled by Hector. Juno and Pallas set forth from Olympus in aid of the Grecians, but are stopped by Jupiter, who reascends from Ida, and in heaven foretells the distresses which await the Grecians.

Hector takes measures for the security of Troy during the night, and prepares his host for an assault to be made on the Grecian camp in the morning.

THE saffron-mantled morning now was spread
O'er all the nations, when the Thunderer Jove,
On the deep-fork'd Olympian topmost height
Convened the Gods in council, amid whom
He spake himself; they all attentive heard.
Gods! Goddesses! Inhabitants of heaven!
Attend; I make my secret purpose known.
Let neither God nor Goddess interpose
My counsel to rescind, but with one heart
Approve it that it reach, at once, its end.
Whom I shall mark soever from the rest
Withdrawn, that he may Greeks or Trojans aid,
Disgrace shall find him; shamefully chastised
He shall return to the Olympian heights,
Or I will hurl him deep into the gulfs
Of gloomy Tartarus, where Hell shuts fast
Her iron gates, and spreads her brazen floor,
As far below the shades, as earth from heaven.

There shall he learn how far I pass in might
All others; which if ye incline to doubt,
Now prove me. Let ye down the golden chain
From heaven, and at its nether links pull all
Both Goddesses and Gods. But me your King,
Supreme in wisdom, ye shall never draw
To earth from heaven, toil adverse as ye may.
Yet I, when once I shall be pleased to pull,
The earth itself, itself the sea, and you
Will lift with ease together, and will wind
The chain around the spiry summit sharp
Of the Olympian, that all things upheaved
Shall hang in the mid heaven. So far do I,
Compared with all who live, transcend them all.
He ended, and the Gods long time amazed
Sat silent, for with awful tone he spake;
But at the last Pallas blue-eyed began.
Father! Saturnian Jove! of Kings supreme!
We know thy force resistless; but our hearts
Feel not the less, when we behold the Greeks
Exhausting all the sorrows of their lot.
If thou command, we, doubtless, will abstain
From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks
Suggesting still, as may in part effect
Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all.
To whom with smiles answer'd cloud-gatherer Jove.
Fear not, my child! stern as my accent was,
I forced a frown—no more. For in mine heart
Nought feel I but benevolence to thee.
He said, and to his chariot join'd his steeds
Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and maned with wavy gold;
He put on golden raiment, his bright scourge
Of gold receiving rose into his seat,
And lash'd his steeds; they not unwilling flew
Midway the earth between and starry heaven.
To spring-fed Ida, mother of wild beasts,
He came, where stands in Gargarus his shrine
Breathing fresh incense! there the Sire of all
Arriving, loosed his coursers, and around
Involving them in gather'd clouds opaque,
Sat on the mountain's head, in his own might
Exulting, with the towers of Ilium all

Beneath his eye, and the whole fleet of Greece.
In all their tents, meantime, Achaia's sons
Took short refreshment, and for fight prepared.
On the other side, though fewer, yet constrain'd
By strong necessity, throughout all Troy,
In the defence of children and of wives
Ardent, the Trojans panted for the field.
Wide flew the city-gates; forth rush'd to war
Horsemen and foot, and tumult wild arose.
They met, they clash'd; loud was the din of spears
And bucklers on their bosoms brazen-mail'd
Encountering, shields in opposition firm
Met bossy shields, and tumult wild arose[1].
There many a shout and many a dying groan
Were heard, the slayer and the maim'd aloud
Clamouring, and the earth was drench'd with blood.
'Till sacred morn had brighten'd into noon,
The vollied weapons on both sides their task
Perform'd effectual, and the people fell.
But when the sun had climb'd the middle skies,
The Sire of all then took his golden scales;
Doom against doom he weigh'd, the eternal fates
In counterpoise, of Trojans and of Greeks.
He raised the beam; low sank the heavier lot
Of the Achaians; the Achaian doom
Subsided, and the Trojan struck the skies.
Then roar'd his thunders from the summit hurl'd
Of Ida, and his vivid lightnings flew
Into Achaia's host. They at the sight
Astonish'd stood; fear whiten'd every cheek.
Idomeneus dared not himself abide
That shock, nor Agamemnon stood, nor stood
The heroes Ajax, ministers of Mars.
Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks,
Alone fled not, nor he by choice remain'd,
But by his steed retarded, which the mate
Of beauteous Helen, Paris, with a shaft
Had stricken where the forelock grows, a part
Of all most mortal. Tortured by the wound
Erect he rose, the arrow in his brain,
And writhing furious, scared his fellow steeds.

[1] *In the repetition* of this expression, the translator follows the ori

e, while, strenuous, with his falchion's edge
ry warrior stood slashing the reins,
multitudes of fierce pursuers borne
wheels, the dauntless charioteer,
n'd him, Hector. Then, past hope, had died
ent King, but Diomede discern'd
imminent, and with a voice
nder, called Ulysses to his aid.
s' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
too fugitive, and turn'st thy back
base multitude? Ah! fear a lance
d ignominious in thy spine.
estor dies. Fell Hector is at hand.
uted Diomede, whose summons loud,
et heard not, but, passing, flew
dlong haste to the Achaian fleet.
omede, unaided as he was,
rdent to the vaw-ward, and before
ls of the Nejeian sovereign old
, in accents wing'd, him thus address'd.
nief! these youthful warriors are too brisk
press'd also by encroaching age.
ant too is feeble, and thy steeds
r. Mount my chariot. Thou shalt see
at rapidity the steeds of Troy,
or retreating, scour the field.
em from that terror of his foes,
Thine to our attendants leave,
ese against the warlike powers of Troy
direct; that Hector's self may know
ear rage not furious as his own.
d, nor the Gerenian Chief refused.
rth their servants, Sthenelus and good
on, took charge of Nestor's steeds,
the chariot of Tydides both
l; Nestor seized the reins, plied well
rge, and soon they met. Tydides hurl'd
r first, while rapid he advanced;
ng Hector, wounded in the breast
his charioteer, the son
Thebæus, managing the steeds.

He fell; his fiery coursers, at the sound
Startled, recoil'd, and where he fell he died.
Deep sorrow for his charioteer o'erwhelm'd
The mind of Hector; yet, although he mourn'd
He left him, and another sought as brave.
Nor wanted long his steeds a charioteer,
For finding soon the son of Iphitus,
Bold Archeptolemus, he bade him mount
His chariot, and the reins gave to his hand.
Then deeds of bloodiest note should have ensued,
Penn'd had the Trojans been, as lambs, in Troy,
But for quick succour of the sire of all.
Thundering, he downward hurl'd his candent bolt
To the horse-feet of Diomede; dire fumed
The flaming sulphur, and both horses drove
Under the axle, belly to the ground.
Forth flew the splendid reins from Nestor's hand,
And thus to Diomede, appall'd, he spake.
Back to the fleet, Tydides! Can'st not see
That Jove ordains not, now, the victory thine?
The son of Saturn glorifies to-day
This Trojan, and, if such his will, can make
The morrow ours; but vain it is to thwart
The mind of Jove, for he is Lord of all.
To him the valiant Diomede replied.
Thou hast well said, old warrior! but the pang
That wrings my soul, is this. The public ear
In Ilium shall from Hector's lips be told—
I drove Tydides—fearing me he fled.
So shall he vaunt, and may the earth her jaws
That moment opening swallow me alive!
Him answer'd the Gerenian warrior old.
What saith the son of Tydeus, glorious Chief?
Should Hector so traduce thee as to call
Thee base and timid, neither Trojan him
Nor Dardan would believe, nor yet the wives
Of numerous shielded warriors brave of Troy,
Widow'd by thy unconquerable arm.
So saying, he through the fugitives his steeds
Turn'd swift to flight. Then Hector and his host
With clamour infinite their darts woe-wing'd
Shower'd after them, and Hector, mighty Chief

ıtic, from afar, thus call'd aloud.
lides! thee the Danaï swift-horsed
wont to grace with a superior seat,
ness of honour, and the brimming cup,
ow will mock thee. Thou art woman now.
morous girl! Thou never shalt behold
ying, climb our battlements, or lead
omen captive. I will slay thee first.
ceased. Then Diomede in dread suspense
e purposed, turning, to withstand the foe,
hrice in thunder from the mountain-ton
gave the signal of success to Troy,
Hector thus the Trojans hail'd aloud.
jans and Lycians, and close-warring sons
ardanus, oh summon all your might,
now be men! I know that from his heart
ıian Jove glory and bright success
ıe prepares, but havoc for the Greeks.
! they shall find this wall which they have raised
eak to check my course, a feeble guard
mptible; such also is the trench;
eeds shall slight it with an easy leap.
hen ye see me in their fleet arrived,
mber fire. Then bring me flaming brands
[may burn their galleys, and themselves
hter beside them, struggling in the smoke.
spake, and thus encouraged next his steeds.
ius! Podargus! and ye generous pair
ı and glossy Lampus! now requite
and the bounty of Andromache,
med Eëtion's daughter; she your bowl
corn fresh-flavour'd and with wine full oft
mingled, your refreshment seeking first
ine, who have a youthful husband's claim.
follow! now be swift; that we may seize
hield of Nestor, bruited to the skies
lden all, trappings and disk alike.
from the shoulders of the equestrian Chief
es tear we off his splendid mail,
ork of Vulcan. May we take but these,
good hope that, ere this night be spent,
reeks shall climb their galleys and away.

So vaunted he, but Juno with disdain
His proud boast heard, and shuddering in her throne,
Rock'd the Olympian; turning then toward
The Ocean's mighty sovereign, thus she spake.
Alas! earth-shaking sovereign of the waves,
Feel'st thou no pity of the perishing Greeks?
Yet Greece, in Helice, with gifts nor few
Nor sordid, and in Ægæ, honours thee,
Whom therefore thou shouldst prosper. Would we all
Who favour Greece associate to repulse
The Trojans, and to check loud-thundering Jove,
On Ida seated he might lour alone.
To whom the sovereign, shaker of the shores,
Indignant. Juno! rash in speech! what word
Hath 'scaped thy lips? never, with my consent,
Shall we, the powers subordinate, in arms
With Jove contend. He far excels us all.
So they. Meantime, the trench and wall between[2],
The narrow interval with steeds was fill'd
Close throng'd and shielded warriors. There immew'd
By Priameian Hector, fierce as Mars,
They stood, for Hector had the help of Jove.
And now with blazing fire their gallant barks
He had consumed, but Juno moved the mind
Of Agamemnon, vigilant himself,
To exhortation of Achaia's host.
Through camp and fleet the monarch took his way,
And, his wide robe imperial in his hand,
High on Ulysses' huge black galley stood,
The central ship conspicuous; thence his voice
Might reach the most remote of all the line
At each extreme, where Ajax had his tent
Pitch'd, and Achilles, fearless of surprise.
Thence, with loud voice, the Grecians thus he hail'd.
Oh shame to Greece! Warriors in shew alone!
Where is your boasted prowess? Ye profess'd
Vain-glorious erst in Lemnos, while ye fed

[2] None daring to keep the field, and all striving to enter the gates together, they obstructed their own passage, and were, of course, compelled into the narrow interval between the foss and rampart.
But there are different opinions about the space intended. See *Villoisson.*

Plenteously on the flesh of beeves full-grown,
And crown'd your beakers high, that ye would face
Each man a hundred Trojans in the field—
Ay, twice a hundred,—yet are all too few
To face one Hector now; nor doubt I aught
But he shall soon fire the whole fleet of Greece.
Jove! Father! what great sovereign ever felt
Thy frowns as I? Whom hast thou shamed as me?
Yet I neglected not, through all the course
Of our disasterous voyage (in the hope
That we should vanquish Troy) thy sacred rites,
But where I found thine altar, piled it high
With fat and flesh of bulls, on every shore.
But oh, vouchsafe to us, that we at least
Ourselves, deliver'd, may escape the sword,
Nor let their foes thus tread the Grecians down!
He said. The eternal father pitying saw
His tears, and for the monarch's sake preserved
The people. Instant, surest of all signs,
He sent his eagle; in his pounces strong
A fawn he bore, fruit of the nimble hind,
Which fast beside the beauteous altar raised
To Panomphæan[3] Jove sudden he dropp'd.
They, conscious, soon, that sent from Jove he came,
More ardent sprang to fight. Then none of all
Those numerous Chiefs could boast that he outstripp'd
Tydides, urging forth beyond the foss
His rapid steeds, and rushing to the war.
He, foremost far, a Trojan slew, the son
Of Phradmon, Ageläus; as he turn'd
His steeds to flight, him turning with his spear
Through back and bosom Diomede transpierced,
And with loud clangor of his arms he fell.
Then, royal Agamemnon pass'd the trench
And Menelaus; either Ajax, then,
Clad with fresh prowess both; them follow'd, next,
Idomeneus, with his heroic friend
In battle dread as homicidal Mars,
Meriones; Evæmon's son renown'd
Succeeded, bold Eurypylus; and ninth
Teucer, wide-straining his impatient bow.

[3] To Jove the source of all oracular information.

He under covert fought of the broad shield
Of Telamonian Ajax; Ajax high
Upraised his shield; the hero from beneath
Took aim, and whom his arrow struck, he fell;
Then close as to his mother's side a child
For safety creeps, Teucer to Ajax' side
Retired, and Ajax shielded him again.
Whom then slew Teucer first, illustrious Chief?
Orsilochus, and Ophelestes, first,
And Ormenus he slew, then Dætor died,
Chromius and Lycophontes brave in fight
With Amopaon Polyæmon's son,
And Melanippus. These, together heap'd,
All fell by Teucer on the plain of Troy.
The Trojan ranks thinn'd by his mighty bow
The King of armies Agamemnon saw
Well-pleased, and him approaching, thus began.
Brave Telamonian Teucer, oh, my friend,
Thus shoot, that light may visit once again
The Danaï, and Telamon rejoice!
Thee Telamon within his own abode
Rear'd although spurious; mount him, in return,
Although remote, on glory's heights again.
I tell thee, and the effect shall follow sure,
Let but the Thunderer and Minerva grant
The pillage of fair Ilium to the Greeks,
And I will give to thy victorious hand,
After my own, the noblest recompense,
A tripod or a chariot with its steeds,
Or some fair captive to partake thy bed.
To whom the generous Teucer thus replied.
Atrides! glorious monarch! wherefore me
Exhortest thou to battle? who myself
Glow with sufficient ardour, and such strength
As heaven affords me spare not to employ.
Since first we drove them back, with watchful eye
Their warriors I have mark'd; eight shafts my bow
Hath sent long-barb'd, and every shaft, well-aim'd,
The body of some Trojan youth robust
Hath pierced, but still yon ravening wolf escapes.
He said, and from the nerve another shaft
Impatient sent at Hector; but it flew

us, and brave Gorgythion struck instead.
beautiful Castianira, brought
iam from Æsyma, nymph of form
ial, to the King of Ilium bore.
the garden, with the weight surcharged
own fruit, and drench'd by vernal rains
oppy falls oblique, so he his head
languid, by his helmet's weight depress'd.
Teucer yet an arrow from the nerve
ch'd at Hector, with impatience fired
rce him; but again his weapon err'd
l by Apollo, and the bosom struck
heptolemus, his rapid steeds
tle urging, Hector's charioteer.
l, his fiery coursers at the sound
'd, and lifeless where he fell he lay.
sorrow for his charioteer the mind
helm'd of Hector, yet he left the slain,
eing his own brother nigh at hand,
nes, him summon'd to the reins,
with alacrity that charge received.
Hector, leaping with a dreadful shout
his resplendent chariot, grasp'd a stone,
sh'd on Teucer, vengeance in his heart.
had newly fitted to the nerve
ow keen selected from the rest,
arlike Hector, while he stood the cord
ting, smote him with that rugged rock
here the key-bone interposed divides
ck and bosom, a most mortal part.
pp'd the bow-string, and with numbing force
dead his hand; low on his knees he dropp'd,
om his opening grasp let fall the bow.
not unmindful of a brother fallen
jax, but, advancing rapid, stalk'd
d him, and his broad shield interposed,
ave Alastor and Mecisteus, son
ius, friends of Teucer, from the earth
ed and bore him groaning to the fleet.
ow again fresh force Olympian Jove
o the Trojans; right toward the foss
lrove the Greeks, while Hector in the van

Advanced, death menacing in every look.
As some fleet hound close-threatening flank or haunch
Of boar or lion, oft as he his head
Turns flying, marks him with a steadfast eye,
So Hector chased the Grecians, slaying still
The hindmost of the scatter'd multitude.
But when, at length, both piles and hollow foss
They had surmounted, and no few had fallen
By Trojan hands, within their fleet they stood
Imprison'd, calling each to each, and prayer
With lifted hands, loud offering to the Gods.
With Gorgon looks, meantime, and eyes of Mars,
Hector impetuous his mane-tossing steeds
From side to side before the rampart drove,
When white-arm'd Juno pitying the Greeks,
In accents wing'd her speech to Pallas turn'd.
Alas, Jove's daughter! shall not we at least
In this extremity of their distress
Care for the Grecians by the fatal force
Of this one Chief destroy'd? I can endure
The rage of Priameïan Hector now
No longer; such dire mischiefs he hath wrought.
Whom answer'd thus Pallas, cærulean-eyed.
—And Hector had himself long since his life
Resign'd and rage together, by the Greeks
Slain under Ilium's walls, but Jove, my sire,
Mad counsels executing and perverse,
Me counterworks in all that I attempt,
Nor aught remembers how I saved ofttimes
His son enjoin'd full many a task severe
By King Eurystheus; to the Gods he wept,
And me Jove sent in haste to his relief.
But had I then foreseen what now I know,
When through the adamantine gates he pass'd
To bind the dog of hell, by the deep floods
Hemm'd in of Styx, he had return'd no more.
But Thetis wins him now; her will prevails,
And mine he hates; for she hath kiss'd his knees
And grasp'd his beard, and him in prayer implored
That he would honour her heroic son
Achilles, city-waster prince renown'd.
'Tis well,—the day shall come when Jove again

call me darling, and his blue-eyed maid
retofore;—but thou thy steeds prepare,
: I, my father's mansion entering, arm
attle. I would learn by trial sure,
ctor Priam's offspring famed in fight
elves appearing in the walks of war)
greet us gladly. Doubtless at the fleet
Trojan also, shall to dogs resign
esh for food, and to the fowls of heaven.
counsell'd Pallas, nor the daughter dread
ighty Saturn, Juno, disapproved,
usily and with dispatch prepared
rappings of her coursers golden-rein'd.
time, Minerva progeny of Jove,
ıe adamantine floor of his abode
ıll profuse her variegated robe,
ır of her own hands. She first put on
:orslet of the cloud assembler God,
arm'd her for the field of woe, complete.
ıting the fiery chariot, next she seized
)onderous spear, huge, irresistible,
which Jove's aweful daughter levels ranks
roes against whom her anger burns.
with lifted lash urged on the steeds.
eir approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-
lding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates
by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
e Olympian summit appertains,
)f the boundless ether, back to roll,
to replace the cloudy barrier dense.
r'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds.
h when the Eternal Father from the heights
a saw, kindling with instant ire
)lden-pinion'd Iris thus he spake.
ste, Iris, turn them thither whence they came,
:t them not encounter; honour small
ıem, to me, should from that strife accrue.
hem, and the effect shall sure ensue,
I will smite their steeds, and they shall halt
)led, break their chariot, dash themselves
long, and ten whole years shall not efface
wounds by my avenging bolts impress'd.

So shall my blue-eyed daughter learn to dread
A father's anger; but for the offence
Of Juno, I resent it less; for she
Clashes[4] with all my counsels from of old.
He ended; Iris with a tempest's speed
From the Idæan summit soar'd at once
To the Olympian; at the open gates
Exterior of the mountain many-valed
She stayed them, and her coming thus declared.
Whither, and for what cause? What rage is this?
Ye may not aid the Grecians; Jove forbids;
The son of Saturn threatens, if ye force
His wrath by perseverance into act,
That he will smite your steeds, and they shall halt
Disabled, break your chariot, dash yourselves
Headlong, and ten whole years shall not efface
The wounds by his avenging bolts impress'd.
So shall his blue-eyed daughter learn to dread
A father's anger; but for the offence
Of Juno, he resents it less; for she
Clashes with all his counsels from of old.
But thou, Minerva, if thou dare indeed
Lift thy vast spear against the breast of Jove,
Incorrigible art and dead to shame.
So saying, the rapid Iris disappear'd,
And thus her speech to Pallas Juno turn'd.
Ah Pallas, progeny of Jove! henceforth
No longer, in the cause of mortal men,
Contend we against Jove. Perish or live
Grecians or Trojans as he wills; let him
Dispose the order of his own concerns,
And judge between them, as of right he may.
So saying, she turn'd the coursers; them the Hours
Released, and to ambrosial mangers bound,
Then thrust their chariot to the luminous wall.
They, mingling with the Gods, on golden thrones
Dejected sat, and Jove from Ida borne
Reach'd the Olympian heights, seat of the Gods.
His steeds the glorious King of Ocean loosed,
And thrust the chariot, with its veil o'erspread,

[4] Ενικλαν.—The word is here metaphorical, and expresses, in primary use, the breaking of a spear against a shield.

Into its station at the altar's side.
Then sat the Thunderer on his throne of gold
Himself, and the huge mountain shook. Meantime
Juno and Pallas, seated both apart,
Spake not or question'd him. Their mute reserve
He noticed, conscious of the cause, and said.
  Juno and Pallas, wherefore sit ye sad?
Not through fatigue by glorious fight incurr'd
And slaughter of the Trojans whom ye hate.
Mark now the difference. Not the Gods combined
Should have constrained *me* back, till all my force,
Superior as it is, had fail'd, and all
My fortitude. But ye, ere ye beheld
The wonders of the field, trembling retired,
And ye did well—Hear what had else befallen.
My bolts had found you both, and ye had reach'd,
In your own chariot borne, the Olympian height,
Seat of the blest Immortals, never more.
  He ended; Juno and Minerva heard
Low murmuring deep disgust, and side by side
Devising sat calamity to Troy.
Minerva, through displeasure against Jove,
Nought utter'd, for her bosom boil'd with rage;
But Juno check'd not hers, who thus replied.
  What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove most severe!
We know thy force resistless; yet our hearts
Feel not the less when we behold the Greeks
Exhausting all the sorrows of their lot.
If thou command, we doubtless will abstain
From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks
Suggesting still, as may in part affect
Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all.
  Then answer, thus, cloud-gatherer Jove return'd.
Look forth, imperial Juno, if thou wilt,
To-morrow at the blush of earliest dawn,
And thou shalt see Saturn's almighty son
The Argive host destroying far and wide.
For Hector's fury shall admit no pause
Till he have roused Achilles, in that day
When at the ships, in perilous streights, the hosts
Shall wage fierce battle for Patroclus slain.
Such is the voice of fate. But as for thee—

Withdraw thou to the confines of the abyss
Where Saturn and Iäpetus retired,
Exclusion sad endure from balmy airs
And from the light of morn, hell-girt around,
I will not call thee thence. No. Should thy rage
Transport thee thither, there thou may'st abide,
There sullen nurse thy disregarded spleen
Obstinate as thou art, and void of shame.
He ended; to whom Juno nought replied.
And now the radiant sun in Ocean sank,
Drawing night after him o'er all the earth;
Night, undesired by Troy, but to the Greeks
Thrice welcome for its interposing gloom
Then Hector on the river's brink fast by
The Grecian fleet, where space he found unstrew'd
With carcases, convened the Chiefs of Troy.
They, there dismounting, listen'd to the words
Of Hector Jove-beloved; he grasp'd a spear
In length eleven cubits, bright its head
Of brass, and collar'd with a ring of gold.
He lean'd on it, and ardent thus began.
Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!
I hoped, this evening, (every ship consumed,
And all the Grecians slain,) to have return'd
To wind-swept Ilium. But the shades of night
Have interven'd, and to the night they owe,
In chief, their whole fleet's safety and their own.
Now, therefore, as the night enjoins, all take
Needful refreshment. Your high-mettled steeds
Release, lay food before them, and in haste
Drive hither from the city fatted sheep
And oxen; bring ye from your houses bread,
Make speedy purchase of heart-cheering wine,
And gather fuel plenteous; that all night,
E'en till Aurora, daughter of the morn,
Shall look abroad, we may with many fires
Illume the skies; lest even in the night,
Launching, they mount the billows and escape.
Beware that they depart not unannoy'd,
But, as he leaps on board, give each a wound
With shaft or spear, which he shall nurse at home.
So shall the nations fear us, and shall vex

ıthless war Troy's gallant sons no more.
:t the heralds, ministers of Jove,
otice issue, that the boys well-grown,
cients silver-hair'd on the high towers
y the Gods, keep watch; on every hearth
/, let those of the inferior sex
prightly blaze, and place ye there a guard
nt, lest in absence of the troops
ɔush enter, and surprise the town.
ıs, ye dauntless Trojans; the advice
.esome, and shall serve the present need,
much for the night; ye shall be told
siness of the morn when morn appears.
y prayer to Jove and to all heaven
ithout hope) that I may hence expel
logs, whom Ilium's unpropitious fates
afted hither in their sable barks.
will also watch this night, ourselves,
ming with the dawn, will at their ships
em brisk onset. Then shall it appear
ıede the brave shall me compel
ɔ our walls, or I, his arms blood-stain'd,
om his breathless body, bear away.
row, if he dare but to abide
ce, he shall not want occasion meet
ɔw of valour. But much more I judge
ıe next rising sun shall see him slain
o few friends around him. Would to heaven!
as sure to 'scape the blight of age,
are their honours with the Gods above,
.es the morrow fraught with woe to Greece.
lector, whom his host with loud acclaim
ised. Then each his sweating steeds released,
in'd them safely at his chariot-side.
w from Troy provision large they brought,
ınd sheep, with store of wine and bread,
el much was gather'd. [5]Next, the Gods
ıcrifice they sought, and from the plain

following lines, to the end of this paragraph, are a translation which Barnes has here inserted from the second Alcibiades of

Upwafted by the winds the smoke aspired
Savoury, but unacceptable to those
Above; such hatred in their hearts they bore
To Priam, to the people of the brave
Spear-practised Priam, and to sacred Troy.
Big with great purposes and proud they sat,
Not disarray'd, but in fair form disposed
Of even ranks, and watch'd their numerous fires.
As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hush'd,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland-heights
Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue, but ether open'd wide
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd;
So numerous seem'd those fires the bank between
Of Xanthus, blazing, and the fleet of Greece,
In prospect all of Troy; a thousand fires,
Each watch'd by fifty warriors seated near.
The steeds beside the chariots stood, their corn
Chewing, and waiting till the golden-throned
Aurora should restore the light of day.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

By advice of Nestor, Agamemnon sends Ulysses, Phœnix, and Ajax to the tent of Achilles with proposals of reconciliation. They execute their commission, but without effect. Phœnix remains with Achilles; Ulysses and Ajax return.

So watch'd the Trojan host; but thoughts of flight,
Companions of chill fear, from heaven infused,
Possess'd the Grecians; every leader's heart
Bled, pierced with anguish insupportable.
As when two adverse winds blowing from Thrace,
Boreas and Zephyrus, the fishy Deep
Vex sudden, all around, the sable flood
High curl'd, flings forth the salt weed on the shore,
Such tempest rent the mind of every Greek.
Forth stalk'd Atrides with heart-riving woe
Transfixt; he bade his heralds call by name
Each Chief to council, but without the sound
Of proclamation; and that task himself
Among the foremost sedulous perform'd.
The sad assembly sat; when weeping fast
As some deep[1] fountain pours its rapid stream
Down from the summit of a lofty rock,
King Agamemnon in the midst arose,
And, groaning, the Achaians thus address'd.
Friends, counsellors and leaders of the Greeks!
In dire perplexity Saturnian Jove
Involves me, cruel; he assured me erst,
And solemnly, that I should not return
Till I had wasted wall-encircled Troy;

[1] In the original the word is—*μελανυδρος*—dark-watered,—and it is rendered—*deep*—by the best interpreters, because deep waters have a blackish appearance. *Δνοφερον ὕδωρ* is properly water that runs with rapidity; water—*μετα δονησεως φερομενον*.—See Villoisson.

But now (ah fraudulent and foul reverse!)
Commands me back inglorious to the shores
Of distant Argos, with diminish'd troops.
So stands the purpose of almighty Jove,
Who many a citadel hath laid in dust,
And shall hereafter, matchless in his power.
Haste therefore. My advice is, that we all
Fly with our fleet into our native land,
For wide-built Ilium shall not yet be ours.
He ceased, and all sat silent; long the sons
Of Greece, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, silent sat,
When thus, at last, bold Diomede began.
Atrides! foremost of the Chiefs I rise
To controvert thy purpose ill-conceived,
And with such freedom as the laws, O King!
Of consultation and debate allow.
Hear patient. Thou hast been thyself the first
Who e'er reproach'd me in the public ear
As one effeminate and slow to fight;
How truly, let both young and old decide,
The son of wily Saturn hath to thee
Given, and refused; he placed thee high in power,
Gave thee to sway the sceptre o'er us all,
But courage gave thee not, his noblest gift.
Art thou in truth persuaded that the Greeks
Are pusillanimous, as thou hast said?
If thy own fears impel thee to depart,
Go thou, the way is open; numerous ships,
Thy followers from Mycenæ, line the shore.
But we, the rest, depart not, 'till the spoil
Of Troy reward us. Or if all incline
To seek again their native home, fly all;
Myself and Sthenelus will persevere
Till Ilium fall, for with the Gods we came.
He ended; all the admiring sons of Greece
With shouts the warlike Diomede extoll'd,
When thus equestrian Nestor next began.
Tydides, thou art eminently brave
In fight, and all the princes of thy years
Excell'st in council. None of all the Greeks
Shall find occasion just to blame thy speech

Or to gainsay; yet thou hast fallen short.
What wonder? Thou art young; and were myself
Thy father, thou should'st be my latest-born.
Yet when thy speech is to the Kings of Greece,
It is well framed and prudent. Now attend!
Myself will speak, who have more years to boast
Than thou hast seen, and will so closely scan
The matter, that Atrides, our supreme,
Himself shall have no cause to censure *me*.
He is a wretch, insensible and dead
To all the charities of social life,
Whose pleasure is in civil broils alone[2].
But night is urgent, and with night's demands
Let all comply. Prepare we now repast,
And let the guard be stationed at the trench
Without the wall; the youngest shall supply
That service; next, Atrides, thou begin
(For thou art here supreme) thy proper task.
Banquet the elders; it shall not disgrace
Thy sovereignty, but shall become thee well.
Thy tents are filled with wine which day by day
Ships bring from Thrace; accommodation large
Hast thou, and numerous is thy menial train.
Thy many guests assembled, thou shalt hear
Our counsel, and shalt choose the best; great need
Have all Achaia's sons, now, of advice
Most prudent; for the foe, fast by the fleet
Hath kindled numerous fires, which who can see
Unmoved? This night shall save us or destroy.
He spake, whom all with full consent approved.
Forth rush'd the guard well-arm'd! first went the son
Of Nestor, Thrasymedes, valiant Chief;
Then, sons of Mars, Ascalaphus advanced,
And brave Iälmenus; whom follow'd next
Deipyrus, Aphareus, Meriones,
And Lycomedes, Creon's son renown'd.
Seven were the leaders of the guard, and each

[2] The observation seems made with a view to prevent such a reply from Agamemnon to Diomede as might give birth to new dissensions, while it reminds him indirectly of the mischiefs that had already attended his quarrel with Achilles.

An hundred spearmen headed, young and bold.
Between the wall and trench their seat they chose,
There kindled fires, and each his food prepared.
  Atrides, then, to his pavilion led
The thronging Chiefs of Greece, and at his board
Regaled them; they with readiness and keen
Dispatch of hunger shared the savoury feast,
And when nor thirst remain'd nor hunger more
Unsated, Nestor then, arising first,
Whose counsels had been ever wisest deem'd,
Warm for the public interest, thus began.
  Atrides! glorious sovereign! King of men!
Thou art my first and last, proem and close,
For thou art mighty, and to thee are given
From Jove the sceptre and the laws in charge,
For the advancement of the general good.
Hence, in peculiar, both to speak and hear
Become thy duty, and the best advice,
By whomsoever offer'd, to adopt
And to perform, for thou art judge alone.
I will promulge the counsel which to me
Seems wisest; such, that other Grecian none
Shall give thee better; neither is it new,
But I have ever held it since the day
When, most illustrious! thou wast pleased to take
By force the maid Briseïs from the tent
Of the enraged Achilles; not, in truth,
By my advice, who did dissuade thee much;
But thou complying with thy princely wrath,
Hast shamed an Hero whom themselves the Gods
Delight to honour, and his prize detain'st.
Yet even now contrive we, although late,
By lenient gifts liberal, and by speech
Conciliatory, to assuage his ire.
  Then answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.
Old Chief! there is no falsehood in thy charge;
I have offended, and confess the wrong.
The warrior is alone an host, whom Jove
Loves as he loves Achilles, for whose sake
He hath Achaia's thousands thus subdued.
But if the impulse of a wayward mind

ying, I have err'd, behold me, now,
pared to soothe him with atonement large
gifts inestimable, which by name
ll propound in presence of you all.
n tripods, never sullied yet with fire;
gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;
ve coursers, strong, victorious in the race;
nan possessing prizes such as mine
ch they have won for me, shall feel the want
cquisitions splendid, or of gold.
n virtuous female captives will I give
rt in arts domestic, Lesbians all,
m, when himself took Lesbos, I received
chosen portion, passing womankind
erfect loveliness of face and form.
e will I give, and will with these resign
whom I took, Briseïs, with an oath
solemn, that unconscious as she was
ıy embraces, such I yield her his.
hese I give him now; and if at length
Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn
n's great city, let him heap his ships
gold and brass, entering and choosing first
n we shall share the spoil. Let him beside
se twenty from among the maids of Troy,
n except, loveliest of all their sex.
if once more, the rich milk-flowing land
each of Argos, he shall there become
on-in-law, and shall enjoy like state
him whom I in all abundance rear,
nly son Orestes. At my home
e three daughters; let him hence conduct
hthia, her whom he shall most approve.
sothemis shall be his bride, or else
lice; or if she please him more,
massa; and from him I ask
ower, myself will such a dower bestow
ever father on his child before.
n fair well-peopled cities I will give;
amyle and Enope, and rich
rbage, Hira; Pheræ stately-built,

And for her depth of pasturage renown'd
Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,
And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.
All these are maritime, and on the shore
They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
Most rich in flocks and herds, who tributes large,
And gifts presenting to his sceptred hand,
Shall hold him high in honour as a God.
These will I give him if from wrath he cease.
Let him be overcome. Pluto alone
Is found implacable and deaf to prayer,
Whom therefore of all Gods men hate the most.
My power is greater, and my years than his
More numerous, therefore let him yield to me.
  To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied.
Atrides! glorious sovereign! King of men!
No sordid gifts, or to be view'd with scorn,
Givest thou the Prince Achilles. But away!
Send chosen messengers, who shall the son
Of Peleus, instant, in his tent address.
Myself will choose them, be it theirs to obey.
Let Phœnix lead, Jove loves him. Be the next
Huge Ajax; and the wise Ulysses third.
Of heralds, Odius and Eurybates
Shall them attend. Bring water for our hands;
Give charge that every tongue abstain from speech
Portentous, and propitiate Jove by prayer.
  He spake, and all were pleased. The heralds pour'd
Pure water on their hands; attendant youths
The beakers crown'd, and wine from right to left
Distributed to all. Libation made,
All drank, and in such measure as they chose,
Then hasted forth from Agamemnon's tent.
Gerenian Nestor at their side them oft
Instructed, each admonishing by looks
Significant, and motion of his eyes,
But most Ulysses, to omit no means
By which Achilles likeliest might be won.
Along the margin of the sounding Deep
They pass'd, to Neptune, compasser of earth,
Preferring vows ardent with numerous prayers,

That they might sway with ease the mighty mind
Of fierce Æacides. And now they reach'd
The station where his Myrmidons abode.
Him solacing they found his heart with notes
Struck from his silver-framed harmonious lyre;
Among the spoils he found it when he sack'd
Eëtion's city; with that lyre his cares
He sooth'd and glorious heroes were his theme.
Patroclus silent sat, and he alone,
Before him, on Æacides intent,
Expecting still when he should cease to sing.
The messengers advanced (Ulysses first)
Into his presence; at the sight, his harp
Still in his hand, Achilles from his seat
Started astonish'd; nor with less amaze
Patroclus also, seeing them, arose.
Achilles seized their hands, and thus he spake.
Hail friends! ye all are welcome. Urgent cause
Hath doubtless brought you, whom I dearest hold,
(Though angry still,) of all Achaia's host.
So saying, he introduced them, and on seats
Placed them with purple arras overspread,
Then thus bespake Patroclus standing nigh.
Son of Menœtius! bring a beaker more
Capacious, and replenish it with wine
Diluted[3] less; then give to each his cup;
For dearer friends than these who now arrive
My roof beneath, or worthier, have I none.
He ended, and Patroclus quick obey'd
Whom much he loved. Achilles, then, himself
Advancing near the fire an ample[4] tray,
Spread goats' flesh on it, with the flesh of sheep
And of a fatted brawn; of each a chine.

[3] I have given this sense to the word Ζωροτερον—on the authority of the Venetian Scholium, though some contend that it should be translated —*quickly*. Achilles, who had reproached Agamemnon with intemperate drinking, was, himself, more addicted to music than to wine.

[4] It is not without authority that I have thus rendered κρεῖον μεγα. Homer's banquets are never stewed or boiled; it cannot therefore signify a kettle. It was probably a kitchen table, dresser, or tray, on which the meat was prepared for the spit. Accordingly we find that this very meat was spitted afterward.—See Schaufelbergerus.

Automedon attending held them fast,
While with sharp steel Achilles from the bone
Sliced thin the meat, then pierced it with the spits.
Meantime the godlike Menætiades
Kindled fierce fire, and when the flame declined,
Raked wide the embers, laid the meat to roast,
And taking sacred salt from the hearth-side
Where it was treasured, shower'd it o'er the feast.
When all was finish'd, and the board set forth,
Patroclus furnish'd it around with bread
In baskets, and Achilles served the guests.
Beside the tent-wall, opposite he sat
To the divine Ulysses! first he bade
Patroclus make oblation; he consign'd
The consecrated morsel to the fire,
And each, at once, his savoury mess assail'd.
When neither edge of hunger now they felt
Nor thirsted longer, Ajax with a nod
Made sign to Phœnix, which Ulysses mark'd,
And charging high his cup, drank to his host.
Health to Achilles! hospitable cheer
And well prepared, we want not at the board
Of royal Agamemnon, or at thine,
For both are nobly spread; but dainties now,
Or plenteous boards, are little our concern.
Oh godlike Chief! tremendous ills we sit
Contemplating with fear, doubtful if life
Or death, with the destruction of our fleet,
Attend us, unless thou put on thy might.
For lo! the haughty Trojans, with their friends
Call'd from afar, at the fleet-side encamp,
Fast by the wall, where they have kindled fires
Numerous, and threaten that no force of ours
Shall check their purposed inroad on the ships.
Jove grants them favourable signs from heaven,
Bright lightnings; Hector glares revenge, with rage
Infuriate, and by Jove assisted, heeds
Nor God nor man, but prays the morn to rise
That he may hew away our vessel-heads,
Burn all our fleet with fire, and at their sides
Slay the Achaians struggling in the smoke.

Horrible are my fears lest these his threats
The Gods accomplish, and it be our doom
To perish here, from Argos far remote.
Up, therefore! if thou canst, and now at last
The weary sons of all Achaia save
From Trojan violence. Regret, but vain,
Shall else be thine hereafter, when no cure
Of such great ill, once suffer'd, can be found.
Thou therefore, seasonably kind, devise
Means to preserve from such disasterous fate
The Grecians. Ah, my friend! when Peleus thee
From Phthia sent to Agamemnon's aid,
On that same day he gave thee thus in charge.
"Juno, my son, and Pallas, if they please,
Can make thee valiant; but thy own big heart
Thyself restrain. Sweet manners win respect.
Cease from pernicious strife, and young and old
Throughout the host shall honour thee the more."
Such was thy father's charge, which thou, it seems,
Remember'st not. Yet even now thy wrath
Renounce; be reconciled; for princely gifts
Atrides gives thee if thy wrath subside.
Hear, if thou wilt, and I will tell thee all,
How vast the gifts which Agamemnon made
By promise thine, this night within his tent.
Seven tripods never sullied yet with fire;
Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;
Twelve steeds strong-limb'd, victorious in the race;
No man possessing prizes such as those
Which they have won for him, shall feel the want
Of acquisitions splendid, or of gold.
Seven virtuous female captives he will give,
Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,
Whom when thou conquer'dst Lesbos, he received
His chosen portion, passing woman-kind
In perfect loveliness of face and form.
These will he give, and will with these resign
Her whom he took, Briseïs, with an oath
Most solemn, that unconscious as she was
Of his embraces, such he yields her back.
All these he gives thee now! and if at length

The Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn
Priam's great city, thou shalt heap thy ships
With gold and brass, entering and choosing first,
When we shall spare the spoil; and shalt beside
Choose twenty from among the maids of Troy,
Helen except, loveliest of all their sex.
And if once more the rich milk-flowing land
We reach of Argos, thou shalt there become
His son-in-law, and shalt enjoy like state
With him, whom he in all abundance rears,
His only son Orestes. In his house
He hath three daughters; thou may'st home conduct
To Phthia, her whom thou shalt most approve.
Chrysothemis shall be thy bride; or else
Laodice; or if she please thee more
Iphianassa; and from thee he asks
No dower; himself will such a dower bestow
As never father on his child before.
Seven fair well-peopled cities will he give;
Cardamyle and Enope; and rich
In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately built,
And for her depth of pasturage renown'd,
Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,
And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.
All these are maritime, and on the shore
They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
Most rich in flocks and herds, who tribute large
And gifts presenting to thy sceptred hand,
Shall hold thee high in honour as a God.
These will he give thee, if thy wrath subside.
  But should'st thou rather in thine heart the more
Both Agamemnon and his gifts detest,
Yet oh compassionate the afflicted host
Prepared to adore thee. Thou shalt win renown
Among the Grecians that shall never die.
Now strike at Hector. He is here;—himself
Provokes thee forth; madness is in his heart,
And in his rage he glories that our ships
Have hither brought no Grecian brave as he.
  Then thus Achilles matchless in the race.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!

I must with plainness speak my fixt resolve
Unalterable; lest I hear from each
The same long murmur'd melancholy tale.
For I abhor the man, not more the gates
Of hell itself, whose words belie his heart.
So shall not mine. My judgement undisguised
Is this; that neither Agamemnon me
Nor all the Greeks shall move; for ceaseless toil
Wins here no thanks; one recompense awaits
The sedentary and the most alert,
The brave and base in equal honour stand,
And drones and heroes fall unwept alike.
I after all my labours, who exposed
My life continual in the field, have earn'd
No very sumptuous prize. As the poor bird
Gives to her unfledged brood a morsel gain'd
After long search, though wanting it herself,
So I have worn out many sleepless nights,
And waded deep through many a bloody day
In battle for their wives[5]. I have destroy'd
Twelve cities with my fleet, and twelve, save one,
On foot contending in the fields of Troy.
From all these cities, precious spoils I took
Abundant, and to Agamemnon's hand
Gave all the treasure. He within his ships
Abode the while, and having all received,
Little distributed, and much retained;
He gave, however, to the Kings and Chiefs
A portion, and they keep it. Me alone
Of all the Grecian host he hath despoil'd;
My bride, my soul's delight is in his hands,
And let him, couch'd with her, enjoy his fill
Of dalliance. What sufficient cause, what need
Have the Achaians to contend with Troy?
Why hath Atrides gather'd such an host,
And led them hither? Was't not for the sake
Of beauteous Helen? And of all mankind
Can none be found who love their proper wives
But the Atridæ? There is no good man

[5] Dacier observes, that he pluralizes the one wife of Menelaus through the impetuosity of his spirit.

Who loves not, guards not and with care provides
For his own wife, and, though in battle won,
I loved the fair Briseïs at my heart.
But having dispossess'd me of my prize
So foully, let him not essay me now,
For I am warn'd, and he shall not prevail.
With thee and with thy peers let him advise,
Ulysses! how the fleet may likeliest 'scape
You hostile fires! full many an arduous task
He hath accomplish'd without aid of mine;
So hath he now this rampart and the trench
Which he hath digg'd around it, and with stakes
Planted contiguous—puny barriers all
To Hero-slaughtering Hector's force opposed.
While I the battle waged, present myself
Among the Achaians, Hector never fought
Far from his walls, but to the Scæan gate
Advancing and the beech-tree, there remain'd
Once, on that spot he met me, and my arm
Escaped with difficulty even there.
But since I feel myself not now inclined
To fight with noble Hector, yielding first
To Jove due worship, and to all the Gods,
To-morrow will I launch, and give my ships
Their lading. Look thou forth at early dawn,
And, if such spectacle delight thee aught,
Thou shalt behold me cleaving with my prows
The waves of Hellespont, and all my crews
Of lusty rowers, active in their task,
So shall I reach (if Ocean's mighty God
Prosper my passage) Phthia the deep-soil'd
On the third day. I have possessions there,
Which hither roaming in an evil hour
I left abundant. I shall also hence
Convey much treasure, gold and burnish'd brass,
And glittering steel, and women passing fair
My portion of the spoils. But he, your King,
The prize he gave, himself, himself resumed,
And taunted at me. Tell him my reply,
And tell it him aloud, that other Greeks
May indignation feel like me, if arm'd

in impudence, he seek to wrong
ılso. Let him not henceforth presume,
and hard in aspect though he be,
ς me in the face. I will not share
ınsels, neither will I aid his works.
ıuffice him, that he wrong'd me once,
:d me once, henceforth his glozing arts
t on me. But let him rot in peace
as he is, and by the stroke of Jove
ıte. I detest his gifts, and him
our, as the thing which most I scorn.
ɔuld he give me twenty times the worth
his offer, all the treasured heaps
he possesses, or shall yet possess,
t Orchomenos within her walls,
. that opulent Egyptian Thebes
ːs, the city with an hundred gates,
e twenty thousand chariots rush to war,
ɔuld he give me riches as the sands,
the dust of earth, no gifts from him
soothe me, till my soul were first avenged
the offensive licence of his tongue.
ıot wed the daughter of your Chief,
memnon. Could she vie in charms
olden Venus, had she all the skill
'-eyed Pallas, even so endow'd
re no bride for me. No. He may choose
he Achaians some superior Prince,
ɔre her equal. Peleus, if the Gods
e me, and I safe arrive at home,
f, ere long, shall mate me with a bride.
as and in Phthia may be found
ınsels many, daughters of the Chiefs
ıard our cities; I may choose of them,
ake the loveliest of them all my own.
in my country, it hath ever been
.rest purpose, wedded to a wife
ς convenient, to enjoy in peace
ealth as ancient Peleus hath acquired.
: in my account, surpasses far
e, all the treasures which report

Ascribed to populous Ilium ere the Greeks
Arrived, and while the city yet had peace;
Those also which Apollo's marble shrine
In rocky Pytho boasts. Fat flocks and beeves
May be by force obtain'd, tripods and steeds
Are bought or won, but if the breath of man
Once overpass its bounds, no force arrests
Or may constrain the unbodied spirit back.
Me, as my silver-footed mother speaks
Thetis, a twofold consummation waits.
If still with battle I encompass Troy,
I win immortal glory, but all hope
Renounce of my return. If I return
To my beloved country, I renounce
The illustrious meed of glory, but obtain
Secure and long immunity from death.
And truly I would recommend to all
To voyage homeward, for the fall as yet
Ye shall not see of Ilium's lofty towers,
For that the Thunderer with uplifted arm
Protects her, and her courage hath revived.
Bear ye mine answer back, as is the part
Of good ambassadors, that they may frame
Some likelier plan, by which both fleet and host
May be preserved; for, my resentment still
Burning, this project is but premature.
Let Phœnix stay with us, and sleep this night
Within my tent, that, if he so incline,
He may to-morrow in my fleet embark,
And hence attend me; but I leave him free.
He ended; they astonish'd at his tone
(For vehement he spake) sat silent all,
Till Phœnix, aged warrior, at the last
Gush'd into tears, (for dread his heart o'erwhelm'd
Lest the whole fleet should perish,) and replied.
If thou indeed have purposed to return,
Noble Achilles! and such wrath retain'st
That thou art altogether fixt to leave
The fleet a prey to desolating fires,
How then, my son! shall I at Troy abide
Forlorn of thee? When Peleus, hoary Chief,

Sent thee to Agamemnon, yet a child,
Unpractised in destructive fight, nor less
Of councils ignorant, the schools in which
Great minds are form'd, he bade me to the war
Attend thee forth, that I might teach thee all,
Both elocution and address in arms.
Me therefore shalt thou not with my consent
Leave here, my son! no, not would Jove himself
Promise me, reaping smooth this silver beard,
To make me downy-cheek'd as in my youth;
Such as when erst from Hellas beauty-famed
I fled, escaping from my father's wrath
Amyntor, son of Ormenus, who loved
A beauteous concubine, and for her sake
Despised his wife and persecuted me.
My mother suppliant at my knees, with prayer
Perpetual importuned me to embrace
The damsel first, that she might loathe my sire.
I did so; and my father soon possess'd
With hot suspicion of the fact, let loose
A storm of imprecation, in his rage
Invoking all the Furies to forbid
That ever son of mine should press his knees.
Tartarian Jove[6] and dread Persephone[7]
Fulfill'd his curses; with my pointed spear
I would have pierced his heart, but that my wrath
Some Deity assuaged, suggesting oft
What shame and obloquy I should incur,
Known as a parricide through all the land.
At length, so treated, I resolved to dwell
No longer in his house. My friends, indeed,
And all my kindred compass'd me around
With much entreaty, wooing me to stay;
Oxen and sheep they slaughter'd, many a plump
Well-fatted brawn extended in the flames,
And drank the old man's vessels to the lees.
Nine nights continual at my side they slept,
While others watch'd by turns, nor were the fires
Extinguish'd ever, one, beneath the porch
Of the barr'd hall, and one that from within

[6] Pluto. [7] Proserpine.

The vestibule illumed my chamber door.
But when the tenth dark night at length arrived,
Sudden the chamber doors bursting I flew
That moment forth, and unperceived alike
By guards and menial women, leap'd the wall.
Through spacious Hellas flying thence afar,
I came at length to Phthia the deep-soil'd,
Mother of flocks, and to the royal house
Of Peleus; Peleus with a willing heart
Receiving, loved me as a father loves
His only son, the son of his old age,
Inheritor of all his large demesnes.
He made me rich; placed under my controul
A populous realm, and on the skirts I dwelt
Of Phthia, ruling the Dolopian race.
Thee from my soul, thou semblance of the Gods,
I loved, and all-illustrious as thou art,
Achilles! such I made thee. For with me,
Me only, would'st thou forth to feast abroad,
Nor would'st thou taste thy food at home, 'till first
I placed thee on my knees, with my own hand
Thy viands carved and fed thee, and the wine
Held to thy lips; and many a time, in fits
Of infant frowardness, the purple juice
Rejecting thou hast deluged all my vest,
And fill'd my bosom. Oh, I have endured
Much, and have also much perform'd for thee,
Thus purposing, that since the Gods vouchsaf'd
No son to me, thyself should'st be my son,
Godlike Achilles! who should'st screen perchance
From a foul fate my else unsheltered age.
Achilles! bid thy mighty spirit down.
Thou should'st not be thus merciless; the Gods,
Although more honourable, and in power
And virtue thy superiors, are themselves
Yet placable; and if a mortal man
Offend them by transgression of their laws,
Libation, incense, sacrifice, and prayer,
In meekness offer'd turn their wrath away.
Prayers are Jove's daughters, wrinkled[8], lame, slant-eyed,

[8] Wrinkled—because the countenance of a man driven to prayer by

ı though far distant, yet with constant pace
ɾ Offence. Offence robust of limb,
ɾeading firm the ground, outstrips them all,
ver all the earth before them runs
ıl to man. They, following, heal the hurt.
ed respectfully when they approach,
help us, and our prayers hear in return.
we slight, and with obdurate heart
them, to Saturnian Jove they cry
ɜt us, supplicating that Offence
leave to us for vengeance of the wrong.
therefore, O Achilles! honour yield
ɾe's own daughters, vanquish'd, as the brave
ɔfttimes been, by honour paid to Thee.
me not Agamemnon as he comes
ɡifts in hand, and promises of more
ter; burn'd his anger still the same,
d not move thee to renounce thy own,
ı assist us, howsoe'er distress'd.
ıw, not only are his present gifts
iberal, and his promises of more
ılso, but these Princes he hath sent
ɜd with entreaties, thine especial friends,
ıosen for that cause, from all the host.
not their embassy, nor put to shame
ıntercession. We confess that once
rath was unreproveable and just.
ve have heard the heroes of old times
ıded oft, whose anger, though intense,
't them open to the gentle sway
ıon and conciliatory gifts.
lect an ancient history,
, since all here are friends, I will relate.
ave Ætolians and Curetes met
h the walls of Calydon, and fought

iousness of guilt is sorrowful and dejected. Lame—because it
ıedy to which men recur late, and with reluctance. And slant-
ither because, in that state of humiliation, they fear to lift their
heaven, or are employed in taking a retrospect of their past mis-

vhole allegory, considering *when* and *where* it was composed, forms
triking passage.

With mutual slaughter; the Ætolian powers
In the defence of Calydon the fair,
And the Curetes, bent to lay it waste:
That strife Diana of the golden throne
Kindled between them, with resentment fired
That Oeneus had not in some fertile spot
The first fruits of his harvest set apart
To her; with hecatombs he entertained
All the Divinities of heaven beside,
And her alone, daughter of Jove supreme,
Or through forgetfulness, or some neglect,
Served not; omission careless and profane!
She, progeny of Jove, Goddess shaft-arm'd,
A savage boar bright-tusk'd in anger sent,
Which haunting Oeneus' fields much havoc made.
Trees numerous on the earth in heaps he cast
Uprooting them, with all their blossoms on.
But Meleager, Oeneus' son, at length
Slew him, the hunters gathering and the hounds
Of numerous cities; for a boar so vast
Might not be vanquish'd by the power of few,
And many to their funeral piles he sent.
Then raised Diana clamorous dispute,
And contest hot between them, all alike,
Curetes and Ætolians fierce in arms
The boar's head claiming, and his bristly hide.
So long as warlike Meleager fought,
Ætolia prosper'd, nor with all their powers
Could the Curetes stand before the walls.
But when resentment once had fired the heart
Of Meleager, which hath tumult oft
Excited in the breasts of wisest men,
(For his own mother had his wrath provoked
Althæa) thenceforth with his wedded wife
He dwelt, fair Cleopatra, close retired.
She was Marpessa's daughter, whom she bore
To Idas, bravest warrior in his day
Of all on earth. He fear'd not 'gainst the King
Himself Apollo, for the lovely nymph
Marpessa's sake, his spouse, to bend his bow.
Her, therefore, Idas and Marpessa named

Thenceforth Alcyone, because the fate
Of sad Alcyone Marpessa shared,
And wept like her, by Phœbus forced away.
Thus Meleager, tortured with the pangs
Of wrath indulged, with Cleopatra dwelt,
Vex'd that his mother curs'd him; for, with grief
Frantic, his mother importuned the Gods
To avenge her slaughter'd brothers[9] on his head.
Oft would she smite the earth, while on her knees
Seated, she fill'd her bosom with her tears,
And call'd on Pluto and dread Proserpine
To slay her son; nor vain was that request,
But by implacable Erynnis heard
Roaming the shades of Erebus. Ere long
The tumult and the deafening din of war
Roar'd at the gates, and all the batter'd towers
Resounded. Then the elders of the town
Dispatch'd the high-priests of the Gods to plead
With Meleager for his instant aid,
With strong assurances of rich reward.
Where Calydon afforded fattest soil
They bade him choose to his own use a farm
Of fifty measured acres, vineyard half,
And half of land commodious for the plough.
Him Oeneus also, warrior grey with age,
Ascending to his chamber, and his doors
Smiting importunate, with earnest prayers
Assay'd to soften, kneeling to his son.
Nor less his sisters woo'd him to relent,
Nor less his mother; but in vain; he grew
Still more obdurate. His companions last,
The most esteem'd and dearest of his friends,
The same suit urged, yet he persisted still
Relentless, nor could even they prevail.
But when the battle shook his chamber-doors
And the Curetes climbing the high towers
Had fired the spacious city, then with tears
The beauteous Cleopatra, and with prayers
Assail'd him; in his view she set the woes

[9] She had five brothers: Iphiclus, Polyphontes, Phanes, Eurypylus, Plexippus.

Numberless of a city storm'd,—the men
Slaughter'd, the city burnt to dust, the chaste
Matrons with all their children dragg'd away.
That dread recital roused him, and at length
Issuing, he put his radiant armour on.
Thus Meleager, gratifying first
His own resentment from a fatal day
Saved the Ætolians, who the promised gift
Refused him, and his toils found no reward.
But thou my son, be wiser; follow thou
No dæmon who would tempt thee to a course
Like his; occasion more propitious far
Smiles on thee now, than if the fleet were fired.
Come, while by gifts invited, and receive
From all the host, the honours of a God;
For should'st thou, by no gifts induced, at last
Enter the bloody field, although thou chase
The Trojans hence, yet less shall be thy praise.
  Then thus Achilles, matchless in the race.
Phœnix, my guide, wise, noble and revered!
I covet no such glory! the renown
Ordain'd by Jove for me, is to resist
All importunity to quit my ships
While I have power to move, or breath to draw.
Hear now, and mark me well. Cease thou from tears.
Confound me not, pleading with sighs and sobs
In Agamemnon's cause; O love not Him,
Lest I renounce thee, who am now thy friend.
Assist me rather, as thy duty bids,
Him to afflict, who hath afflicted me,
So shalt thou share my glory and my power.
These shall report as they have heard, but here
Rest thou this night, and with the rising morn
We will decide, to stay or to depart.
  He ceased, and silent, by a nod enjoin'd
Patroclus to prepare an easy couch
For Phœnix, anxious to dismiss the rest
Incontinent; when Ajax, godlike son
Of Telamon, arising, thus began.
  Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Depart we now; for I perceive that end

t of all our reasonings shall be none.
pedient also that we bear
swer back (unwelcome as it is)
ll dispatch, for the assembled Greeks
us. Brave Achilles shuts a fire
his breast; the kindness of his friends,
e respect peculiar by ourselves
to him, on his heart work no effect.
able man! others accept
or a brother slain, or for a son
mpensation; the delinquent dwells
at home, and the receiver, soothed
icified, represses his revenge.
ou, resentful of the loss of one,
rgin (such obduracy of heart
ods have given thee) can'st not be appeased.
assign thee seven in her stead,
ost distinguish'd of their sex, and add
gifts beside. Ah then, at last relent!
t thy roof; we are thy guests; we come
from the multitude of all the Greeks,
l them all ambitious of thy love.
vhom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
ble friend, offspring of Telamon!
eem'st sincere, and I believe thee such.
the very mention of the name
eus' son, who shamed me in the sight
Achaia's host, bearing me down
ad been some vagrant at his door,
som boils. Return ye and report
nswer. I no thought will entertain
ison war, till the illustrious son
rlike Priam, Hector, blood-embrued,
n their tents the Myrmidons assail
elves, and fire my fleet. At my own ship,
my own pavilion, it may chance
ven Hector's violence shall pause.
ended; they from massy goblets each
n pour'd, and to the fleet their course
ed direct, Ulysses at their head.
lus then his fellow warriors bade,

And the attendant women, spread a couch
For Phœnix; they the couch, obedient, spread
With fleeces, with rich arras, and with flax
Of subtlest woof. There hoary Phœnix lay
In expectation of the sacred dawn.
Meantime Achilles in the interior tent,
With beauteous Diomeda by himself
From Lesbos brought, daughter of Phorbas, lay.
Patroclus opposite reposed, with whom
Slept charming Iphis; her, when he had won
The lofty towers of Scyros, the divine
Achilles took, and on his friend bestow'd.
But when those Chiefs at Agamemnon's tent
Arrived, the Greeks on every side arose
With golden cups welcoming their return.
All question'd them, but Agamemnon first.
Oh worthy of Achaia's highest praise,
And her chief ornament, Ulysses, speak!
Will he defend the fleet? or his big heart
Indulging wrathful, doth he still refuse?
To whom renown'd Ulysses thus replied.
Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men!
He, his resentment quenches not, or will,
But burns with wrath the more, thee and thy gifts
Rejecting both. He bids thee with the Greeks
Consult by what expedient thou may'st save
The fleet and people, threatening that himself
Will at the peep of day launch all his barks,
And counselling, beside, the general host
To voyage homeward, for that end as yet
Of Ilium wall'd to heaven, ye shall not find,
Since Jove the Thunderer with uplifted arm
Protects her, and her courage hath revived.
Thus speaks the Chief, and Ajax is prepared,
With the attendant heralds, to report
As I have said. But Phœnix in the tent
Sleeps of Achilles, who his stay desired,
That on the morrow, if he so incline,
The hoary warrior may attend him hence
Home to his country, but he leaves him free.
He ended. They astonish'd at his tone

ehement he spake) sat silent all.
silent sat the afflicted sons of Greece,
thus the mighty Diomede began.
des, Agamemnon, King of men!
ıpplications to the valiant son
.eus, and the offer of thy gifts
.erous, had been better far withheld.
ıt all times haughty, and thy suit
ıut increased his haughtiness of heart
ounds: but let him stay, or let him go
shall choose. He will resume the fight
his own mind shall prompt him, and the Gods
ırge him forth. Now follow my advice.
e refresh'd your hearts with food and wine,
are the strength of man; take now repose,
hen the rosy-finger'd morning fair,
hine again, set forth without delay
ıttle, horse and foot, before the fleet,
here the foremost fight, fight also thou.
ınded; all the Kings applauded warm
unsel, and the dauntless tone admired
ımede. Then, due libation made,
ought his tent, and took the gift of sleep.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

Diomede and Ulysses enter the Trojan host by night, and slay Rh

ALL night, the leaders of the host of Greece
Lay sunk in soft repose, all, save the Chief,
The son of Atreus; him from thought to thought
Roving solicitous, no sleep relieved.
As when the spouse of beauteous Juno, darts
His frequent fires, designing heavy rain
Immense or hail storm, or field-whitening snow,
Or else wide-throated war calamitous,
So frequent were the groans by Atreus' son
Heaved from his inmost heart, trembling with dread.
For cast he but his eye toward the plain
Of Ilium, there, astonish'd, he beheld
The city fronted with bright fires, and heard
Pipes, and recorders, and the hum of war;
But when again the Grecian fleet he view'd,
And thought on his own people, then his hair
Uprooted elevating to the Gods,
He from his generous bosom groan'd again.
At length he thus resolved; of all the Greeks
To seek Neleian Nestor first, with whom
He might, perchance, some plan for the defence
Of the afflicted Danaï devise.
Rising, he wrapp'd his tunic to his breast,
And to his royal feet unsullied bound
His sandals; o'er his shoulders, next, he threw
Of amplest size a lion's tawny skin
That swept his footsteps, dappled o'er with blood,
Then took his spear. Meantime not less appall'd
Was Menelaus, on whose eyelids sleep

, lest the Achaians for his sake
any waters borne, and now intent
:ious deeds, should perish all at Troy.
pard's spotted hide his shoulders broad
ntled over; to his head he raised
ızen helmet, and with vigorous hand
ıg his spear, forth issued to arouse
›ther, mighty sovereign of the host,
the Grecians like a God revered.
nd him at his galley's stern, his arms
ng radiant; welcome he arrived
memnon, whom he thus address'd.
arm'st thou, brother? Would'st thou urge abroad
rusty spy into the Trojan camp?
est none so hardy shall be found
dventure, in the dead still night,
alone; valiant indeed were he!
'hom great Agamemnon thus replied.
-favour'd Menelaus! We have need,
nd myself, of some device well-framed,
both the Grecians and the fleet of Greece
scue, for the mind of Jove hath changed,
:ctor's prayers alone now reach his ear.
saw, nor by report have learn'd
ny man, that ever single chief
weful wonders in one day perform'd
vith ease against the Greeks, although
›m a Goddess sprung nor from a God.
ıe hath done, which, as I think, the Greeks
eep and long lament, such numerous ills
s host hath at his hands sustain'd.
ste, begone, and at their several ships
ax and Idomeneus; I go
ort the noble Nestor to arise,
: may visit, if he so incline,
osen band who watch, and his advice
ıem; for him most prompt they will obey,
son, together with Meriones,
of Idomeneus, controuls them all,
ted by ourselves with that command.
answer'd Menelaus bold in arms.

Explain thy purpose.—Would'st thou that I wait
Thy coming, there, or thy commands to both
Given, that I incontinent return?
To whom the Sovereign of the host replied.
There stay; lest striking into different paths
(For many passes intersect the camp)
We miss each other; summon them aloud
Where thou shalt come; enjoin them to arise;
Call each by his hereditary name,
Honouring all. Beware of manners proud,
For we ourselves must labour, at our birth
By Jove ordain'd to suffering and to toil.
So saying, he his brother thence dismiss'd
Instructed duly, and, himself, his steps
Turned to the tent of Nestor. Him he found
Amid his sable galleys in his tent
Reposing soft, his armour at his side,
Shield, spears, bright helmet, and the broider'd belt
Which, when the Senior arm'd led forth his host
To fight, he wore; for he complied not yet
With the encroachments of enfeebling age.
He raised his head, and on his elbow propp'd,
Questioning Agamemnon, thus began.
But who art thou, who thus alone, the camp
Roamest, amid the darkness of the night,
While other mortals sleep? Comest thou abroad
Seeking some friend or soldier of the guard?
Speak—come not nearer mute. What is thy wish?
To whom the son of Atreus, King of men.
Oh Nestor, glory of the Grecian name,
Offspring of Neleus! thou in me shalt know
The son of Atreus, Agamemnon, doom'd
By Jove to toil, while life shall yet inform
These limbs, or I shall draw the vital air.
I wander thus, because that on my lids
Sweet sleep sits not, but war and the concerns
Of the Achaians occupy my soul.
Terrible are the fears which I endure
For these my people; such as supersede
All thought; my bosom can no longer hold
My throbbing heart, and tremors shake my limbs.

thy mind, more capable, project
that may profit us (for thee it seems
also shuns) arise, and let us both
he watch, lest, haply, overtoil'd
yield to sleep, forgetful of their charge.
e is posted near, and may intend
knows his purpose) an assault by night.
him Gerenian Nestor thus replied.
ious Agamemnon, King of men!
planning Jove the imaginations proud
ctor will not ratify, nor all
nguine hopes effectuate; in his turn
o (fierce Achilles once appeased)
rouble feel, and, haply, more than we.
ith all readiness I will arise
llow thee, that we may also rouse
hers; Diomede the spear-renown'd,
s, the swift Ajax, and the son
yleus, valiant Meges. It were well
thers also visited and call'd,
odlike Ajax, and Idomeneus,
ships are at the camp's extremest bounds.
ough I love thy brother and revere,
ough I grieve e'en thee, yet speak I must,
lainly censure him, that thus he sleeps
aves to thee the labour, who himself
l range the host, soliciting the Chiefs
ry band, as utmost need requires.
answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.
rrior, times there are, when I could wish
thy censure of him, for in act
not seldom tardy and remiss.
not sluggish indolence the cause,
r stupidity, but he observes
ch, expecting till I lead the way.
was foremost now, far more alert
ight than I, and I have sent him forth
y, those to call whom thou hast named.
us hence, for at the guard I trust
l them, since I gave them so in charge.
whom the brave Gerenian Chief replied.

Him none will censure, or his will dispute,
Whom he shall waken and exhort to rise.
So saying, he bound his corslet to his breast,
His sandals fair to his unsullied feet,
And fastening by its clasps his purple cloak
Around him, double and of shaggy pile,
Seized, next, his sturdy spear headed with brass,
And issued first, into the Grecian fleet.
There, Nestor, brave Gerenian, with a voice
Sonorous roused the Godlike counsellor
From sleep, Ulysses; the alarm came o'er
His startled ear, forth from his tent he sprang
Sudden, and of their coming, quick, enquired.
Why roam ye thus the camp and fleet alone
In darkness? by what urgent need constrain'd?
To whom the hoary Pylian thus replied.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Resent it not, for dread is our distress.
Come, therefore, and assist us to convene
Yet others, qualified to judge if war
Be most expedient, or immediate flight.
He ended, and regaining, quick, his tent,
Ulysses slung his shield, then coming forth
Join'd them. The son of Tydeus first they sought.
Him sleeping arm'd before his tent they found,
Encompass'd by his friends also asleep;
His head each rested on his shield, and each
Had planted on its nether point[1] erect
His spear beside him; bright their polish'd heads,
As Jove's own lightning glitter'd from afar.
Himself, the Hero slept. A wild bull's hide
Was spread beneath him, and on arras tinged
With splendid purple lay his head reclined.
Nestor, beside him standing, with his heel
Shook him, and urgent, thus the Chief reproved.
Awake Tydides! wherefore givest the night
Entire to balmy slumber? Hast not heard
How on the rising ground beside the fleet

[1] *Σαυρωτηρ*—seems to have been a hollow iron with a point, fitted *the obtuse* end of the spear for the purpose of planting that end of i *the ground.* It might probably be taken off at pleasure.

The Trojans sit, small interval between?
He ceased; then upsprang Diomede alarm'd
Instant, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
Old wakeful Chief! thy toils are never done.
Are there not younger of the sons of Greece,
Who ranging in all parts the camp, might call
The Kings to council? But no curb controuls
Or can abate activity like thine.
To whom Gerenian Nestor in return.
My friend! thou hast well spoken. I have sons,
And they are well deserving; I have here
A numerous people also, one of whom
Might have sufficed to call the Kings of Greece.
But such occasion presses now the host
As hath not oft occurr'd: the overthrow
Complete, or full deliverance of us all,
In balance hangs, poised on a razor's edge.
But haste, and if thy pity of my toils
Be such, since thou art younger, call, thyself,
Ajax the swift, and Meges to the guard.
Then Diomede a lion's tawny skin
Around him wrapp'd, dependent to his heels,
And, spear in hand, set forth. The Hero call'd
Those two, and led them whither Nestor bade.
They, at the guard arrived, not sleeping found
The captains of the guard, but sitting all
In vigilant posture with their arms prepared.
As dogs that, careful watch the fold by night,
Hearing some wild beast in the woods, which hounds
And hunters with tumultuous clamour drive
Down from the mountain top, all sleep forego;
So, sat not on their eyelids gentle sleep
That dreadful night, but constant to the plain
At every sound of Trojan feet they turn'd.
The old Chief joyful at the sight, in terms
Of kind encouragement them thus address'd.
So watch, my children! and beware that sleep
Invade none here lest all become a prey.
So saying, he traversed with quick pace the trench
By every Chief whom they had thither call'd
Attended, with whom Nestor's noble son

Went, and Meriones, invited both
To join their consultation. From the foss
Emerging, in a vacant space they sat,
Unstrew'd with bodies of the slain, the spot
Whence furious Hector, after slaughter made
Of numerous Greeks, night falling, had returned.
There seated, mutual converse close they held,
And Nestor, brave Gerenian, thus began.
Oh friends! hath no Achaian here such trust
In his own prowess, as to venture forth
Among yon haughty Trojans? He, perchance,
Might on the borders of their host surprise
Some wandering adversary, or might learn
Their consultations whether they propose
Here to abide in prospect of the fleet,
Or, satiate with success against the Greeks
So signal, meditate retreat to Troy.
These tidings gain'd, should he at last return
Secure, his recompence will be renown
Extensive as the heavens, and fair reward.
From every leader of the fleet, his gift
Shall be a sable[2] ewe, and sucking lamb,
Rare acquisition! and at every board
And sumptuous banquet, he shall be a guest.
He ceased, and all sat silent, when at length
The mighty son of Tydeus thus replied.
Me, Nestor, my courageous heart incites
To penetrate into the neighbour host
Of enemies; but went some other Chief
With me, far greater would my comfort prove,
And I should dare the more. Two going forth,
One quicker sees than other, and suggests
Prudent advice; but he who singly goes,
Mark whatsoe'er he may, the occasion less
Improves, and his expedients soon exhausts.
He ended, and no few willing arose
To go with Diomede. Servants of Mars
Each Ajax willing stood; willing as they
Meriones; most willing Nestor's son;

[2] *Sable*, because the expedition was made by night, and *each with a lamb*, as typical of the fruit of their labours.

Willing the brother of the Chief of all,
Nor willing less Ulysses to explore
The host of Troy, for he possess'd a heart
Delighted ever with some bold exploit.
Then Agamemnon, King of men, began.
Now Diomede, in whom my soul delights!
Choose whom thou wilt for thy companion; choose
The fittest here; for numerous wish to go.
Leave not through deference to another's rank,
The more deserving, nor prefer a worse,
Respecting either pedigree or power.
Such speech he interposed, fearing his choice
Of Menelaus; then, renown'd in arms
The son of Tydeus, rising, spake again.
Since, then, ye bid me my own partner choose
Free from constraint, how can I overlook
Divine Ulysses, whose courageous heart
With such peculiar cheerfulness endures
Whatever toils, and whom Minerva loves?
Let *Him* attend me, and through fire itself
We shall return; for none is wise as he.
To him Ulysses, hardy Chief, replied.
Tydides! neither praise me much, nor blame,
For these are Grecians in whose ears thou speak'st,
And know me well. But let us hence! the night
Draws to a close; day comes apace; the stars
Are far advanced; two portions have elapsed
Of darkness, but the third is yet entire.
So they; then each his dreadful arms put on.
To Diomede, who at the fleet had left
His own, the dauntless Thrasymedes gave
His shield and sword two-edged, and on his head
Placed, crestless, unadorn'd his bull-skin casque.
It was a stripling's helmet, such as youths
Scarce yet confirm'd in lusty manhood, wear.
Meriones with quiver, bow and sword
Furnish'd Ulysses, and his brows enclosed
In his own casque of hide with many a thong
Well braced within; guarded it was without
With boar's teeth ivory-white inherent firm
On all sides, and with woollen head-piece lined.

That helmet erst Autolycus[3] had brought
From Eleon, city of Amyntor son
Of Hormenus, where he the solid walls
Bored through, clandestine, of Amyntor's house.
He on Amphidamas the prize bestow'd
In Scandia; from Amphidamas it pass'd
To Molus as an hospitable pledge;
He gave it to Meriones his son,
And now it guarded shrewd Ulysses' brows.
Both clad in arms terrific, forth they sped,
Leaving their fellow Chiefs, and as they went
An heron, by command of Pallas, flew
Close on the right beside them; darkling they
Discern'd him not, but heard his clanging plumes.
Ulysses in the favourable sign
Exulted, and Minerva thus invoked.

Oh hear me, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!
My present helper in all streights, whose eye
Marks all my ways, oh with peculiar care
Now guard me, Pallas! grant that after toil
Successful, glorious, such as long shall fill
With grief the Trojans, we may safe return
And with immortal honours to the fleet.

Valiant Tydides, next, his prayer preferr'd.
Hear also me, Jove's offspring by the toils
Of war invincible! me follow now
As my heroic father erst to Thebes
Thou followedst, Tydeus; by the Greeks dispatch'd
Ambassador, he left the mail-clad host
Beside Asopus, and with terms of peace
Entrusted, enter'd Thebes; but by thine aid
Benevolent, and in thy strength, perform'd
Returning, deeds of terrible renown.
Thus, now, protect me also! In return
I vow an offering at thy shrine, a young
Broad-fronted heifer, to the yoke as yet
Untamed, whose horns I will incase with gold.

Such prayer they made, and Pallas heard well pleased.
Their orisons ended to the daughter dread
Of mighty Jove, lion-like they advanced

[3] Autolycus was grandfather of Ulysses by the mother's side.

Through shades of night, through carnage, arms and blood.
Nor Hector to his gallant host indulged
Sleep, but convened the leaders; leader none
Or senator of all his host he left
Unsummon'd, and his purpose thus promulged.
Where is the warrior who for rich reward,
Such as shall well suffice him, will the task
Adventurous, which I propose, perform?
A chariot with two steeds of proudest height,
Surpassing all in the whole fleet of Greece,
Shall be his portion, with immortal praise,
Who shall the well-appointed ships approach
Courageous, there to learn if yet a guard
As heretofore, keep them, or if subdued
Beneath us, the Achaians flight intend,
And worn with labour have no will to watch.
So Hector spake, but answer none return'd.
There was a certain Trojan, Dolon named,
Son of Humedes herald of the Gods,
Rich both in gold and brass, but in his form
Unsightly; yet the man was swift of foot,
Sole brother of five sisters; he his speech
To Hector and the Trojans thus address'd.
My spirit, Hector, prompts me, and my mind
Endued with manly vigour, to approach
Yon gallant ships, that I may tidings hear.
But come. For my assurance, lifting high
Thy sceptre, swear to me, for my reward,
The horses and the brazen chariot bright
Which bear renown'd Achilles o'er the field.
I will not prove an useless spy, nor fall
Below thy best opinion; pass I will
Their army through, 'till I shall reach the ship
Of Agamemnon, where the Chiefs, perchance,
Now sit consulting, or to fight, or fly.
Then raising high his sceptre, Hector sware.
Know, Jove himself, Juno's high-thundering spouse!
That Trojan none shall in that chariot ride
By those steeds drawn, save Dolon; on my oath
I make them thine; enjoy them evermore.
He said, and falsely sware, yet him assured.

Then Dolon, instant, o'er his shoulder slung
His bow elastic, wrapp'd himself around
With a grey wolf-skin, to his head a casque
Adjusted, coated o'er with ferret's felt,
And seizing his sharp javelin, from the host
Turn'd right toward the fleet, but was ordain'd
To disappoint his sender, and to bring
No tidings thence. The throng of Trojan steeds
And warriors left, with brisker pace he moved,
When brave Ulysses his approach perceived,
And thus to Diomede his speech address'd.
Tydides! yonder man is from the host;
Either a spy he comes, or with intent
To spoil the dead. First, freely let him pass
Few paces, then pursuing him with speed,
Seize on him suddenly; but should he prove
The nimbler of the three, with threatening spear
Enforce him from his camp toward the fleet,
Lest he elude us, and escape to Troy.
So they; then, turning from the road oblique,
Among the carcases each lay'd him down.
Dolon, suspecting nought, ran swiftly by.
[4] But when such space was interposed as mules
Plough in a day, (for mules the ox surpass
Through fallows deep drawing the ponderous plough)
Both ran toward him. Dolon at the sound
Stood; for he hoped some Trojan friends at hand
From Hector sent to bid him back again.
But when within spear's cast, or less they came,
Knowing them enemies he turn'd to flight
Incontinent, whom they as swift pursued.
As two fleet hounds sharp fang'd, train'd to the chace,
Hang on the rear of flying hind or hare,
And drive her, never swerving from the track,
Through copses close; she screaming scuds before;
So Diomede and dread Ulysses him
Chased constant, intercepting his return.

[4] Commentators here are extremely in the dark, and even Aristarchus seems to have attempted an explanation in vain.—The Translator does not pretend to have ascertained the distance intended, but only to have given a distance suited to the occasion.

And now, fast-fleeing to the ships, he soon
Had reach'd the guard, but Pallas with new force
Inspired Tydides, lest a meaner Greek
Should boast that he had smitten Dolon first,
And Diomede win only second praise.
He poised his lifted spear, and thus exclaim'd.
Stand! or my spear shall stop thee. Death impends
At every step; thou can'st not 'scape me long.
He said, and threw his spear, but by design,
Err'd from the man. The polish'd weapon swift
O'er-glancing his right shoulder, in the soil
Stood fixt, beyond him. Terrified he stood,
Stammering, and sounding through his lips the clash
Of chattering teeth, with visage deadly wan.
They panting rush'd on him, and both his hands
Seized fast; he wept, and suppliant them bespake.
Take me alive, and I will pay the price
Of my redemption. I have gold at home,
Brass also, and bright steel, and when report
Of my captivity within your fleet
Shall reach my father, treasures he will give
Not to be told, for ransom of his son.
To whom Ulysses politic replied.
Take courage; entertain no thought of death.
But haste! this tell me, and disclose the truth.
Why thus toward the ships comest thou alone
From yonder host, by night, while others sleep?
To spoil some carcase? or from Hector sent
A spy of all that passes in the fleet?
Or by thy curiosity impell'd?
Then Dolon, his limbs trembling, thus replied.
To my great detriment, and far beyond
My own design, Hector trepann'd me forth,
Who promised me the steeds of Peleus' son
Illustrious, and his brazen chariot bright.
He bade me, under night's fast-flitting shades
Approach our enemies, a spy, to learn
If still as heretofore, ye station guards
For safety of your fleet, or if subdued
Completely, ye intend immediate flight,
And worn with labour, have no will to watch.

To whom Ulysses, smiling, thus replied.
Thou hadst, in truth, an appetite to gifts
Of no mean value, coveting the steeds
Of brave Æacides; but steeds are they
Of fiery sort, difficult to be ruled
By force of mortal man, Achilles' self
Except, whom an immortal mother bore.
But tell me yet again; use no disguise;
Where left'st thou, at thy coming forth, your Chief,
The valiant Hector? where hath he disposed
His armour battle-worn, and where his steeds?
What other quarters of your host are watch'd?
Where lodge the guard, and what intend ye next?
Still to abide in prospect of the fleet?
Or well-content that ye have thus reduced
Achaia's host, will ye retire to Troy?
To whom this answer Dolon straight returned
Son of Eumedes. With unfeigning truth
Simply and plainly will I utter all.
Hector, with all the Senatorial Chiefs,
Beside the tomb of sacred Ilius sits
Consulting, from the noisy camp remote.
But for the guards, Hero! concerning whom
Thou hast enquired, there is no certain watch
And regular appointed o'er the camp;
The native[5] Trojans (for *they* can no less)
Sit sleepless all, and each his next exhorts
To vigilance; but all our foreign aids,
Who neither wives nor children hazard here,
Trusting the Trojans for that service, sleep.
To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.
How sleep the strangers, and allies?—apart?
Or with the Trojans mingled?—I would learn.
So spake Ulysses; to whom Dolon thus,
Son of Eumedes. I will all unfold,
And all most truly. By the sea are lodged
The Carians, the Pæonians arm'd with bows,
The Leleges, with the Pelasgian band,
And the Caucones. On the skirts encamp

[5] "Οσσαι γαρ Τρωων πυρος εσχαραι—As many as are ownersof hearths, —that is to say, all who are householders here, or natives of the city.

ıymbra, the Mæonians crested high,
'hrygian horsemen, with the Lycian host,
he bold troop of Mysia's haughty sons.
'herefore these enquiries, thus minute?
' ye wish to penetrate the host,
who possess the borders of the camp
est removed of all, are Thracian powers
/ arrived; among them Rhesus sleeps,
f Eïoneus, their Chief and King.
:eeds I saw, the fairest by these eyes
beheld, and loftiest; snow itself
pass in whiteness, and in speed the winds.
gold and silver all his chariot burns,
ıe arrived in golden armour clad
ndous! little suited to the state
ɔrtal man—fit for a God to wear!
either lead me to your gallant fleet,
here ye find me, leave me straightly bound
e return, and, after trial made,
know if I have spoken false or true.
; him brave Diomede with aspect stern
ɛr'd. Since, Dolon! thou art caught, although
idings have been good, hope not to live;
ıould we now release thee and dismiss,
wilt revisit yet again the fleet
or open foe; but smitten once
is death-dealing arm, thou shalt return
nder mischief to the Greeks no more.
ceased, and Dolon would have stretch'd his hand
rd his beard, and pleaded hard for life,
/ith his faulchion, rising to the blow,
ıe mid-neck he smote him, cutting sheer
tendons with a stroke so swift, that ere
ɔngue had ceased, his head was in the dust.
took his helmet clothed with ferret's felt,
p'd off his wolf-skin, seized his bow and spear,
brave Ulysses lifting in his hand
rophy to Minerva, pray'd and said:
.il Goddess; these are thine! for thee of all
in Olympus dwell, we will invoke
to our aid. Now also guide our steps,

Propitious, to the Thracian tents and steeds.
He ceased, and at arm's-length the lifted spoils
Hung on a tamarisk; but mark'd the spot,
Plucking away with hand-full grasp the reeds
And spreading boughs, lest they should seek the prize
Themselves in vain, returning ere the night,
Swift traveller, should have fled before the dawn.
Thence, o'er the bloody champaign strew'd with arms
Proceeding, to the Thracian lines they came.
They, wearied, slept profound; beside them lay,
In triple order regular arranged,
Their radiant armour, and their steeds in pairs.
Amid them Rhesus slept, and at his side
His coursers, to the outer chariot-ring
Fasten'd secure. Ulysses saw him first,
And, seeing, mark'd him out to Diomede.
Behold the man, Tydides! Lo! the steeds
By Dolon specified whom we have slain.
Be quick. Exert thy force. Arm'd as thou art,
Sleep not. Loose thou the steeds, or slaughter thou
The Thracians, and the steeds shall be my care.
He ceased; then blue-eyed Pallas with fresh force
Invigour'd Diomede. From side to side
He slew; dread groans arose of dying men
Hewn with the sword, and the earth swam with blood.
As if he find a flock unguarded, sheep
Or goats, the lion rushes on his prey,
With such unsparing force Tydides smote
The men of Thrace, till he had slaughter'd twelve;
And whom Tydides with his faulchion struck
Laertes' son dragg'd by his feet abroad,
Forecasting that the steeds might pass with ease,
Nor start, as yet uncustom'd to the dead.
But when the son of Tydeus found the King,
Him also panting forth his last, last breath,
He added to the twelve; for at his head
An evil dream that night had stood, the form
Of Diomede, by Pallas' art devised.
Meantime, the bold Ulysses loosed the steeds,
Which, to each other rein'd, he drove abroad,
Smiting them with his bow, (for of the scourge

He thought not in the chariot-seat secured,)
And as he went, hiss'd, warning Diomede.
But he, projecting still some hardier deed,
Stood doubtful, whether by the pole to draw
The chariot thence, laden with gorgeous arms,
Or whether heaving it on high, to bear
The burthen off, or whether yet to take
More Thracian lives; when him with various thoughts
Perplex'd, Minerva, drawing near, bespake.
  Son of bold Tydeus! think on thy return
To yonder fleet, lest thou depart constrain'd.
Some other God may rouse the powers of Troy.
  She ended, and he knew the voice divine.
At once he mounted. With his bow the steeds
Ulysses plyed, and to the ships they flew.
  Nor look'd the bender of the silver bow,
Apollo, forth in vain, but at the sight
Of Pallas following Diomede incensed,
Descended to the field where numerous most
He saw the Trojans, and the Thracian Chief
And counsellor, Hippocoön aroused,
Kinsman of Rhesus, and renown'd in arms.
He, starting from his sleep, soon as he saw
The spot deserted where so lately lay
Those fiery coursers, and his warrior friends
Gasping around him, sounding loud the name
Of his loved Rhesus. Instant, at the voice,
Wild stir arose and clamorous uproar
Of fast-assembling Trojans. Deeds they saw—
Terrible deeds, and marvellous perform'd,
But not their authors—they had sought the ships.
  Meantime arrived where they had slain the spy
Of Hector, there Ulysses, dear to Jove,
The coursers stay'd, and, leaping to the ground,
The son of Tydeus in Ulysses' hands
The arms of Dolon placed foul with his blood,
Then vaulted light into his seat again.
He lash'd the steeds, they, not unwilling, flew
To the deep-bellied barks, as to their home
First Nestor heard the sound, and thus he said.
  Friends! Counsellors! and leaders of the Greeks!

False shall I speak, or true?—but speak I must.
The echoing sound of hoofs alarms my ear.
Oh, that Ulysses, and brave Diomede
This moment might arrive drawn into camp
By Trojan steeds! But ah, the dread I feel!
Lest some disaster have for ever quell'd
In yon rude host those noblest of the Greeks!
He had not ended, when themselves arrived.
Both quick dismounted; joy at their return
Fill'd every bosom; each with kind salute
Cordial, and right-hand welcome greeted them,
And first Gerenian Nestor thus enquired.
Oh Chief by all extoll'd, glory of Greece,
Ulysses! how have ye these steeds acquired?
In yonder host? or met ye as ye went
Some God who gave them to you? for they show
A lustre dazzling as the beams of day.
Old as I am, I mingle yet in fight
With Ilium's sons,—lurk never in the fleet—
Yet saw I at no time, or have remark'd
Steeds such as these; which therefore I believe
Perforce, that ye have gained by gift divine;
For cloud-assembler Jove, and azure-eyed
Minerva, Jove's own daughter, love you both.
To whom Ulysses, thus, discreet, replied.
Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!
A God, so willing, could have given us steeds
Superior, for their bounty knows no bounds.
But, venerable Chief! these which thou seest
Are Thracians new-arrived. Their master lies
Slain by the valiant Diomede, with twelve
The noblest of his warriors at his side.
A thirteenth[6] also, at small distance hence
We slew, by Hector and the Chiefs of Troy
Sent to inspect the posture of our host.
He said; then, high in exultation, drove
The coursers o'er the trench, and with him pass'd
The glad Achaians; at the spacious tent

[6] Homer did not here forget himself, though some have altered τρις to τετρακαιδεκατον.—Rhesus for distinction sake is not numbered with his people.—See Villoisson *in loco*.

Of Diomede arrived, with even thongs
They tied them at the cribs where stood the steeds
Of Tydeus' son, with winnow'd wheat supplied.
Ulysses in his bark the gory spoils
Of Dolon placed, designing them a gift
To Pallas. Then, descending to the sea,
Neck, thighs, and legs from sweat profuse they cleansed,
And, so refresh'd and purified, their last
Ablution in bright tepid baths perform'd.
Each thus completely laved, and with smooth oil
Anointed, at the well-spread board they sat,
And quaff'd, in honour of Minerva, wine
Delicious, from the brimming beaker drawn.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

Agamemnon distinguishes himself. He is wounded, and retires. Diomede is wounded by Paris; Ulysses by Socus. Ajax with Menelaus flies to the relief of Ulysses, and Eurypylus, soon after, to the relief of Ajax. While he is employed in assisting Ajax, he is shot in the thigh by Paris, who also wounds Machaon. Nestor conveys Machaon from the field. Achilles dispatches Patroclus to the tent of Nestor, and Nestor takes that occasion to exhort Patroclus to engage in battle, clothed in the armour of Achilles.

AURORA from Tithonus' side arose
With light for heaven and earth, when Jove dispatch'd
Discord, the fiery signal in her hand
Of battle bearing, to the Grecian fleet.
High on Ulysses' huge black ship she stood
The centre of the fleet, whence all might hear,
The tent of Telamon's huge son between,
And of Achilles; for confiding they
In their heroic fortitude, their barks
Well-poised had station'd utmost of the line.
There standing, shrill she sent a cry abroad
Among the Achaians, such as thirst infused
Of battle ceaseless into every breast.
All deem'd, at once, war sweeter, than to seek
Their native country through the waves again.
Then with loud voice Atrides bade the Greeks
Gird on their armour, and himself his arms
Took radiant. First around his legs he clasp'd
His shining greaves with silver studs secured,
Then bound his corslet to his bosom, gift
Of Cynyras long since; for rumour loud
Had Cyprus reached of an Achaian host
Assembling, destined to the shores of Troy,
Wherefore, to gratify the king of men,

He made the splendid ornament his own.
Ten rods of steel cœrulean all around
Embraced it, twelve of gold, twenty of tin;
Six[1] spiry serpents their uplifted heads
Cœrulean darted at the wearer's throat,
Splendour diffusing as the various bow
Fix'd by Saturnian Jove in showery clouds,
A sign to mortal men. He slung his sword
Athwart his shoulders; dazzling bright it shone
With gold emboss'd, and silver was the sheath
Suspended graceful in a belt of gold.
His massy shield o'ershadowing him whole,
High-wrought and beautiful, he next assumed.
Ten circles bright of brass around its field
Extensive, circle within circle, ran;
The central boss was black, but hemm'd about
With twice ten bosses of resplendent tin.
There, dreadful ornament! the visage dark
Of Gorgon scowl'd, border'd by Flight and Fear.
The loop was silver, and a serpent form
Cœrulean over all its surface twined,
Three heads erecting on one neck, the heads
Together wreath'd into a stately crown.
His helmet quatre-crested,[2] and with studs
Fast rivetted around he to his brows
Adjusted, whence tremendous waved his crest
Of mounted hair on high. Two spears he seized
Ponderous, brass-pointed, and that flash'd to heaven.
Sounds[3] like clear thunder, by the spouse of Jove
And by Minerva raised to extol the King
Of opulent Mycenæ, roll'd around.
At once each bade his charioteer his steeds
Hold fast beside the margin of the trench

[1] Τρεις ἑκατερθ',—Three on a side. This is evidently the proper punctuation, though it differs from that of all the editions that I have seen. I find it nowhere but in the *Venetian Scholium*.

[2] Quâtre-crested. So I have rendered τετραφαλῆρον, which literally signifies having four cones. The cone was a tube into which the crest was inserted. The word quâtre-crested may need a precedent for its justification, and seems to have a sufficient one in the cinque-spotted cowslip of Shakspeare.

[3] This seems the proper import of ἐγδουπησαν. Jupiter is called ἐριγδουπος.

In orderly array ; the foot all arm'd
Rush'd forward, and the clamour of the host
Rose infinite into the dawning skies.
First, at the trench, the embattled infantry[4]
Stood ranged ; the chariots followed close behind ;
Dire was the tumult by Saturnian Jove
Excited and from ether down he shed
Blood-tinctured dews among them, for he meant
That day to send full many a warrior bold
To Pluto's dreary realm, slain premature.
Opposite, on the rising-ground, appear'd
The Trojans ; them majestic Hector led,
Noble Polydamas, Æneas raised
To Godlike honours in all Trojan hearts,
And Polybus, with whom Antenor's sons
Agenor, and young Acamas advanced.
Hector the splendid orb of his broad shield
Bore in the van, and as a comet now
Glares through the clouds portentous, and again,
Obscured by gloomy vapours, disappears,
So Hector, marshalling his host, in front
Now shone, now vanish'd in the distant rear.
All-cased he flamed in brass, and on the sight
Flash'd as the lightnings of Jove Ægis-arm'd.
As reapers, toiling opposite, lay bare
Some rich man's furrows, while the sever'd grain,
Barley or wheat, sinks as the sickle moves,
So Greeks and Trojans springing into fight
Slew mutual ; foul retreat alike they scorn'd,
Alike in fierce hostility their heads
Both bore aloft, and rush'd like wolves to war.
Discord, spectatress terrible, that sight
Beheld exulting ; she, of all the Gods,
Alone was present ; not a Power beside
There interfered, but each his bright abode
Quiescent occupied wherever built
Among the windings of the Olympian heights ;
Yet blamed they all the storm-assembler King
Saturnian, for his purposed aid to Troy.

[4] The Translator follows Clarke in this interpretation of a passage to us not very intelligible.

ternal father reck'd not; he, apart,
l in solitary pomp, enjoy'd
ory, and from on high the towers survey'd
um and the fleet of Greece, the flash
aming arms, the slayer and the slain.
ile morning lasted, and the light of day.
ised, so long the weapons on both sides
n thick vollies, and the people fell.
hat time his repast the woodman spreads
ne umbrageous vale, his sinewy arms
ed with hewing many a lofty tree,
is wants satisfied, he feels at length
inch of appetite to pleasant food,
was it, that encouraging aloud
other, in their native virtue strong,
recians through the phalanx burst of Troy.
sprang the monarch first; he slew the Chief
, nor himself alone, but slew
also driver of his steeds.
, with a leap alighting, rush'd
amemnon; he his fierce assault
ntering, with a spear met full his front.
uld his helmet's ponderous brass sustain
orce, but both his helmet and his scull
ter'd, and his martial rage repress'd.
ing of men, stripping their corslets, bared
shining breasts, and left them. Isus, next,
ntiphus he flew to slay, the sons
am both, and in one chariot borne,
purious, genuine that. The bastard drove,
ntiphus, a warrior high-renown'd,
t from the chariot; them Achilles erst
g their flocks on Ida had surprized
ound with osiers, but for ransom loosed.
se, imperial Agamemnon, first
the pap pierced Isus; next, he smote
us with his sword beside the ear,
om his chariot cast him to the ground.
ous of both, their glittering arms he stripp'd,
had seen them when from Ida's heights
s led them to the Grecian fleet.

As with resistless fangs the lion breaks
The young in pieces of the nimble hind,
Entering her lair, and takes ther feeble lives;
She, though at hand, can yield them no defence,
But through the thick wood, wing'd with terror, starts
Herself away, trembling at such a foe;
So them the Trojans had no power to save,
Themselves all driven before the host of Greece.
Next, on Pisandrus, and of dauntless heart
Hippolochus he rush'd; they were the sons
Of brave Antimachus, who with rich gifts
By Paris bought, inflexible withheld
From Menelaus still his lovely bride.
His sons, the monarch, in one chariot borne
Encounter'd; they (for they had lost the reins)
With trepidation and united force
Essay'd to check the steeds; astonishment
Seized both; Atrides with a lion's rage
Came on, and from the chariot thus they sued.
  Oh spare us! son of Atreus, and accept
Ransom immense. Antimachus our sire
Is rich in various treasure, gold and brass,
And temper'd steel, and, hearing the report
That in Achaia's fleet his sons survive,
He will requite thee with a glorious price.
  So they, with tears and gentle terms the King
Accosted, but no gentle answer heard.
  Are ye indeed the offspring of the Chief
Antimachus, who when my brother once
With Godlike Laertiades your town
Enter'd ambassador, his death advised
In council, and to let him forth no more?
Now rue ye both the baseness of your sire.
  He said, and from his chariot to the plain
Thrust down Pisandrus, piercing with keen lance
His bosom, and supine he smote the field.
Down leap'd Hippolochus, whom on the ground
He slew; cut sheer his hands, and lopp'd his head,
And roll'd it like a mortar[5] through the ranks.
He left the slain, and where he saw the field

[5] ολμος.

ıickest battle cover'd, thither flew
the Grecians follow'd bright in arms.
.tter'd infantry constrained to fly,
the infantry; the charioteers,
vith loud hoofs their steeds the dusty soil
, o'er the charioteers their wheels
›razen-fellied, and the King of men
nt slaughtering, called his Argives[6] on.
n fierce flames some ancient forest seize,
ide to side in flakes the various wind
ıem, and to the roots devour'd, the trunks
›strate under fury of the fire,
er Agamemnon fell the heads
ıg Trojans. Many a courser proud
ipty chariots through the paths of war
l rattling, of their charioteers deprived;
reathless press'd the plain, now fitter far
the vultures than to cheer their wives.
:eal'd, meantime, by Jove, Hector escaped
st, darts, deaths, and tumult of the field,
gamemnon to the swift pursuit
.oud the Grecians. Through the middle plain
the sepulchre of Ilus, son
danus, and where the fig-tree stood,
ojans flew, panting to gain the town,
Agamemnon pressing close the rear,
after shout terrific sent abroad,
s victorious hands reek'd, red with gore.
the beech-tree and the Scæan gate
l, the Trojans halted, waiting there
ırmost fugitives; they o'er the field
ike a herd, which in the dead of night
drives; all fly, but one is doom'd
th inevitable; her with jaws
› their hold he seizes, and her neck
ıg, embowels her, and laps the blood;
:eus' royal son, the hindmost still
ş, and still pursuing, urged them on.

Grecians at large are indiscriminately called Danaï. Argives, ıaians, in the original. The Phthians in particular—Hellenes. :re the troops of Achilles.

Many supine, and many prone, the field
Press'd, by the son of Atreus in their flight
Dismounted; for no weapon raged as his.
But now, at last, when he should soon have reach'd
The lofty walls of Ilium, came the Sire
Of Gods and men descending from the skies,
And on the heights of Ida fountain-fed,
Sat arm'd with thunders. Calling to his foot
Swift Iris golden-pinion'd, thus he spake.
Iris! away. Thus speak in Hector's ears.
While yet he shall the son of Atreus see
Fierce warring in the van, and mowing down
The Trojan ranks, so long let him abstain
From battle, leaving to his host the task
Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks.
But soon as Atreus' son by spear or shaft
Wounded shall climb his chariot, with such force
I will endue Hector, that he shall slay
Till he have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun
Descending, sacred darkness cover all.
He spake, nor rapid Iris disobey'd
Storm-wing'd embassadress, but from the heights
Of Ida stoop'd to Ilium. There she found
The son of royal Priam by the throng
Of chariots and of steeds compass'd about.
She, standing at his side, him thus bespake.
Oh, son of Priam! as the Gods discreet!
I bring thee counsel from the Sire of all.
While yet thou shalt the son of Atreus see
Fierce warring in the van, and mowing down
The warrior ranks, so long he bids thee pause
From battle, leaving to thy host the task
Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks.
But soon as Atreus' son, by spear or shaft
Wounded, shall climb his chariot, Jove will then
Endue thee with such force, that thou shalt slay
Till thou have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun
Descending, sacred darkness cover all.
So saying, swift-pinion'd Iris disappear'd.
Then Hector from his chariot at a leap
Came down all arm'd, and, shaking his bright spears,

l every quarter, animating loud
ɜions, and rekindling horrid war.
oll'd the Trojan ranks, and faced the Greeks;
reeks their host to closer phalanx drew;
ittle was restored, van fronting van
itood, and Agamemnon into fight
; foremost, panting for superior fame.
now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell!
Trojan first, or what ally of Troy
ed the force of Agamemnon's arm?
mas, Antenor's valiant son,
iest stature, who in fertile Thrace
r of flocks was nourish'd. Cisseus him
andsire, father of Theano praised
reliest features, in his own abode
yet a child, and when at length he reach'd
easure of his glorious manhood firm
s'd him not, but, to engage him more,
im his daughter. Wedded, he his bride
n deserted, and with galleys twelve
ing the rumour'd voyage of the Greeks,
me course steer'd; but at Percope moor'd,
arching thence, arrived on foot at Troy.
t opposed Atrides. They approach'd.
ear of Agamemnon wander'd wide;
m Iphidamas on his broad belt
h the corslet struck, and, bearing still
spear-beam, enforced it; but ere yet
rced the broider'd zone, his point impress'd
t the silver, turn'd, obtuse as lead.
oyal Agamemnon in his hand
apon grasping, with a lion's rage
drew it to himself, and from his gripe
ng it, with his faulchion keen his neck
full, and stretch'd him lifeless at his foot.
t Iphidamas among the slain;
py! from his virgin bride remote,
ate with the men of Troy in arms
l, and left her beauties unenjoy'd.
ve her much, gave her an hundred beeves,
ieep and goats a thousand from his flocks

Promised, for numberless his meadows ranged;
But Agamemnon, son of Atreus, him
Slew and despoil'd, and through the Grecian host
Proceeded, laden with his gorgeous arms.
Coön that sight beheld, illustrious Chief,
Antenor's eldest born, but with dim eyes
Through anguish for his brother's fall. Unseen
Of noble Agamemnon, at his side
He cautious stood, and with a spear his arm,
Where thickest flesh'd, below his elbow, pierced,
Till opposite the glittering point appear'd.
A thrilling horror seized the King of men
So wounded; yet though wounded so, from fight
He ceased not, but on Coön rush'd, his spear
Grasping, well-thriven growth[7] of many a wind.
He by the foot drew off Iphidamas,
His brother, son of his own sire, aloud
Calling the Trojan leaders to his aid,
When him so occupied with his keen point
Atrides pierced his bossy shield beneath.
Expiring on Iphidamas he fell
Prostrate, and Agamemnon lopp'd his head.
Thus, under royal Agamemnon's hand,
Antenor's sons their destiny fulfill'd,
And to the house of Ades journey'd both.
Through other ranks of warriors then he pass'd,
Now with his spear, now with his faulchion arm'd,
And now with missile force of massy stones,
While yet his warm blood sallied from the wound.
But when the wound grew dry, and the blood ceased,
Anguish intolerable undermined
Then all the might of Atreus' royal son.
As when a labouring woman's arrowy throes
Seize her intense, by Juno's daughters dread
The birth-presiding Ilithyæ deep
Infixt, dispensers of those pangs severe;
So, anguish insupportable subdued
Then all the might of Atreus' royal son.
Up-springing to his seat, instant he bade
His charioteer drive to the hollow barks,

[7] Ανεμοτρεφες—literally—wind-nourished.

-sick himself with pain ; yet, ere he went,
voice loud-echoing hail'd the Danaï.
ɛnds! counsellors and leaders of the Greeks!
lrive, yourselves, the battle from your ships.
.e the Gods permit not to employ
ht with Ilium's host the day entire.
ended, and the charioteer his steeds
l to the ships ; they not unwilling flew,
ıg from battle the afflicted King
foaming chests and bellies grey with dust.
Hector, noting his retreat, aloud
on the Trojans and allies of Troy.
jans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
rdanus! oh summon all your might ;
now be men! Their bravest is withdrawn!
and honour from Saturnian Jove
ɛ attend ; now full against the Greeks
all your steeds, and win a deathless name.
spake—and all drew courage from his word.
en his hounds bright-tooth'd some hunter cheers
ɜt the lion or the forest-boar,
ameïan Hector cheer'd his host
ınimous against the sons of Greece,
le as gore-tainted Mars. Among
ɔremost warriors, with success elate
ode, and flung himself into the fight
as a storm which sudden from on high
ıding, furrows deep the gloomy flood.
n whom slew Priameïan Hector first,
ı last, by Jove, that day, with glory crown'd?
s, Dolops, Orus, Agelaüs,
oüs, Hipponoüs, Æsymnus,
tius and Opites first he slew,
ders of the Greeks, and, after these,
eople. As when whirlwinds of the West
m encounter from the gloomy South,
aves roll multitudinous, and the foam
ɛpt by wandering gusts fills all the air,
ctor swept the Grecians. Then defeat
emedy and havoc had ensued,
had the routed Grecians, flying, sought

Their ships again, but that Ulysses thus
Summon'd the brave Tydides to his aid.
Whence comes it, Diomede, that we forget
Our wonted courage? Hither, O my friend!
And, fighting at my side, ward off the shame
That must be ours, should Hector seize the fleet.
To whom the valiant Diomede replied.
I will be firm; trust me thou shalt not find
Me shrinking; yet small fruit of our attempts
Shall follow, for the Thunderer, not to us,
But to the Trojan, gives the glorious day.
The Hero spake, and from his chariot cast
Thymbræus to the ground pierced through the pap,
While by Ulysses' hand his charioteer
Godlike Molion, fell. The warfare thus
Of both for ever closed, them there they left,
And plunging deep into the warrior-throng
Troubled the multitude. As when two boars
Turn desperate on the close-pursuing hounds,
So they, returning on the host of Troy,
Slew on all sides, and overtoil'd with flight
From Hector's arm, the Greeks meantime respired.
Two warriors, next, their chariot and themselves
They took, plebeians brave, sons of the seer
Percosian Merops in prophetic skill
Surpassing all; he both his sons forbad
The mortal field, but disobedient they
Still sought it, for their destiny prevail'd.
Spear-practised Diomede of life deprived
Both these, and stripp'd them of their glorious arms,
While by Ulysses' hand Hippodamus
Died and Hypeirochus. And now the son
Of Saturn, looking down from Ida, poised
The doubtful war, and mutual deaths they dealt.
Tydides plunged his spear into the groin
Of the illustrious son of Pæon, bold
Agastrophus. No steeds at his command
Had he, infatuate! but his charioteer
His steeds detain'd remote, while through the van
Himself on foot rush'd madly till he fell.
But Hector through the ranks darting his eye

ived, and with ear-piercing cries advanced
st them, follow'd by the host of Troy.
on of Tydeus, shuddering, his approach
rn'd, and instant to Ulysses spake.
w comes the storm! This way the mischief rolls!
and repulse the Trojan. Now be firm.
said, and hurling his long-shadow'd beam
: Hector. At his helmet's crown he aim'd,
rr'd, but brass encountering brass, the point
ed wide, for he had cased his youthful brows
ple brass, Apollo's glorious gift.
ith rapidity at such a shock
r recoil'd into the multitude
where sinking to his knees, he lean'd
s broad palm, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
hile Tydides follow'd through the van
ormy spear, which in the distant soil
nted stood, Hector his scatter'd sense
ering, to his chariot sprang again,
diving deep into his host, escaped.
oble son of Tydeus, spear in hand,
d after him, and as he went, exclaim'd.
ç! thou hast now escaped; but, sure the stroke
ach'd thee nigh, well-aim'd. Once more thy prayers
ı ever to Apollo thou prefer'st
ng the clash of battle, have prevail'd,
.e hath rescued thee. But well beware
ext encounter, for if also me
God befriend, thou diest. Now will I seek
er mark, and smite whom next I may.
spake, and of his armour stripp'd the son
-famed of Pæon. Meantime Paris, mate
uteous Helen, drew his bow against
es; by a pillar of the tomb
s, ancient senator revered,
al'd he stood, and while the Hero loosed
orslet from the breast of Pæon's son
vn'd, and of his helmet and his targe
il'd him; Paris, arching quick his bow,
vious shaft dismiss'd, but his right foot
d through the sole, and fix'd it to the ground.

Transported from his ambush forth he leap'd
With a loud laugh, and, vaunting, thus exclaim'd:
Oh shaft well shot! it galls thee. Would to heaven
That it had pierced thy heart, and thou hadst died!
So had the Trojans respite from their toils
Enjoy'd, who, now, shudder at sight of thee
Like she-goats when the lion is at hand.
To whom, undaunted, Diomede replied.
Archer shrew-tongued! spie-maiden! man of curls![8]
Should'st thou in arms attempt me face to face,
Thy bow and arrows should avail thee nought.
Vain boaster! thou hast scratch'd my foot,—no more—
And I regard it as I might the stroke
Of a weak woman or a simple child.
The weapons of a dastard and a slave
Are ever such. More terrible are mine,
And whom they pierce, though slightly pierced, he dies.
His wife her cheeks rends inconsolable,
His babes are fatherless, his blood the glebe
Incarnadines, and where he bleeds and rots
More birds of prey than women haunt the place.
He ended, and Ulysses, drawing nigh,
Shelter'd Tydides; he behind the Chief
Of Ithaca sat drawing forth the shaft,
But pierced with agonizing pangs the while.
Then, climbing to his chariot-seat, he bade
Sthenelus hasten to the hollow ships,
Heart-sick with pain. And now alone was seen
Spear-famed Ulysses; not an Argive more
Remain'd, so universal was the rout,
And groaning, to his own great heart he said.
Alas! what now awaits me? if, appall'd
By multitudes, I fly, much detriment;
And if alone they intercept me here,
Still more; for Jove hath scatter'd all the host.
Yet why these doubts? for know I not of old

[8] In the original—κέρα αγλαέ.—All that I pretend to know of this expression is that it is ironical, and may relate either to the head-dress Paris, or to his archership. To translate it is impossible: to paraphras in a passage of so much emotion, would be absurd. I have endeavou to supply its place by an appellation in point of contempt equal.

That only dastards fly, and that the voice
Of honour bids the famed in battle stand,
Bleed they themselves, or cause their foes to bleed?
While busied in such thought he stood, the ranks
Of Trojans fronted with broad shields, enclosed
The hero with a ring, hemming around
Their own destruction. As when dogs, and swains
In prime of manhood, from all quarters rush
Around a boar, he from his thicket bolts,
The bright tusk whetting in his crooked jaws:
They press him on all sides, and from beneath
Loud gnashings hear, yet, firm, his threats defy;
Like them the Trojans on all sides assail'd
Ulysses dear to Jove. First with his spear
He sprang impetuous on a valiant chief,
Whose shoulder with a downright point he pierced,
Deïopites; Thoön next he slew,
And Ennomus, and from his coursers' backs
Alighting quick, Chersidamas; beneath
His bossy shield the gliding weapon pass'd
Right through his navel; on the plain he fell
Expiring, and with both hands clench'd the dust.
Them slain he left, and Charops wounded next,
Brother of Socus, generous Chief, and son
Of Hippasus; brave Socus to the aid
Of Charos flew, and, godlike, thus began.
Illustrious chief, Ulysses! strong to toil
And rich in artifice! Or boast to-day
Two sons of Hippasus, brave warriors both,
Of armour and of life bereft by thee,
Or to my vengeful spear resign thy own!
So saying, Ulysses' oval disk he smote.
Through his bright disk the stormy weapon flew,
Transpierced his twisted mail, and from his side
Drove all the skin, but to his nobler parts
Found entrance none, by Pallas turn'd aslant.
Ulysses, conscious of his life untouch'd,
Retired a step from Socus, and replied.
Ah hapless youth; thy fate is on the wing;
Me thou hast forced indeed to cease a while
From battle with the Trojans, but I speak

Thy death at hand; for vanquish'd by my spear,
This self-same day thou shalt to me resign
Thy fame, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.
He ceased; then Socus turn'd his back to fly,
But, as he turn'd, his shoulder-blades between
He pierced him, and the spear urged through his breast
On his resounding arms he fell, and thus
Godlike Ulysses gloried in his fall.
Ah, Socus, son of Hippasus, a chief
Of fame equestrian! swifter far than thou
Death follow'd thee, and thou hast not escaped.
Ill-fated youth! thy parents' hands thine eyes
Shall never close, but birds of ravenous maw
Shall tear thee, flapping thee with frequent wing,
While me the noble Grecians shall entomb!
So saying, the valiant Socus' spear he drew
From his own flesh, and through his bossy shield.
The weapon drawn, forth sprang the blood, and left
His spirit faint. Then Ilium's dauntless sons,
Seeing Ulysses' blood, exhorted glad
Each other, and, with force united, all
Press'd on him. He, retiring, summon'd loud
His followers. Thrice, loud as a mortal may,
He call'd, and valiant Menelaus thrice
Hearing the voice, to Ajax thus remark'd.
Illustrious son of Telamon! The voice
Of Laertiades comes o'er my ear
With such a sound, as if the hardy chief,
Abandon'd of his friends, were overpower'd
By numbers intercepting his retreat.
Haste! force we quick a passage through the ranks.
His worth demands our succour, for I fear
Lest sole conflicting with the host of Troy,
Brave as he is, he perish, to the loss
Unspeakable and long regret of Greece.
So saying, he went, and Ajax, godlike Chief,
Follow'd him. At the voice arrived, they found
Ulysses Jove-beloved compass'd about
By Trojans, as the lynxes in the hills,
Adust for blood, compass an antler'd stag
Pierced by an archer; while his blood is warm

And his limbs pliable, from him he 'scapes;
But when the feather'd barb hath quell'd his force,
In some dark hollow of the mountain's side,
The hungry troop devour him; chance, the while,
Conducts a lion thither, before whom
All vanish, and the lion feeds alone;
So swarm'd the Trojan powers, numerous and bold,
Around Ulysses, who with wary skill
Heroic combated his evil day.
But Ajax came cover'd with his broad shield
That seem'd a tower, and at Ulysses' side
Stood fast; then fled the Trojans wide-dispersed,
And Menelaus led him by the hand
Till his own chariot to his aid approach'd.
But Ajax, springing on the Trojans, slew
Doryclus, from the loins of Priam sprung,
But spurious. Pandocus he wounded next,
Then wounded Pyrasus, and after him
Pylartes and Lysander. As a flood
Runs headlong from the mountains to the plain
After long showers from Jove; many a dry oak
And many a pine the torrent sweeps along,
And, turbid, shoots much soil into the sea,
So, glorious Ajax troubled wide the field,
Horse and man slaughtering, whereof Hector yet
Heard not; for on the left of all the war
He fought beside Scamander, where around
Huge Nestor, and Idomeneus the brave,
Most deaths were dealt, and loudest roar'd the fight.
There Hector toil'd, feats wonderful of spear
And horsemanship achieving, and the lines
Of many a phalanx desolating wide.
Nor even then had the bold Greeks retired,
But that an arrow triple-barb'd, dispatch'd
By Paris, Helen's mate, against the Chief
Machaon warring with distinguish'd force,
Pierced his right shoulder. For his sake alarm'd,
The valour-breathing Grecians fear'd, lest he
In that disasterous field should also fall.
At once, Idomeneus of Crete approach'd
The noble Nestor, and him thus bespake.

Arise, Nelcian Nestor! Pride of Greece!
Ascend thy chariot, and Machaon placed
Beside thee, bear him, instant, to the fleet.
For one, so skill'd in medicine, and to free
The inherent barb, is worth a multitude.
He said, nor the Gerenian hero old
Aught hesitated, but into his seat
Ascended, and Machaon, son renown'd
Of Æsculapius, mounted at his side.
He lash'd the steeds, they not unwilling sought
The hollow ships, long their familiar home.
Cebriones, meantime the charioteer
Of Hector, from his seat the Trojan ranks
Observing sore discomfited, began.
Here are we busied, Hector! on the skirts
Of roaring battle, and meantime I see
Our host confused, their horses and themselves
All mingled. Telamonian Ajax there
Routs them; I know the hero by his shield.
Haste, drive we thither, for the carnage most
Of horse and foot conflicting furious, there
Rages, and infinite the shouts arise.
He said, and with shrill-sounding scourge the steeds
Smote ample-maned; they, at the sudden stroke
Through both hosts whirl'd the chariot, shields and men
Trampling; with blood the axle underneath
All redden'd, and the chariot-rings with drops
From the horse-hoofs, and from the fellied wheels.
Full on the multitude he drove, on fire
To burst the phalanx, and confusion sent
Among the Greeks, for nought[9] he shunn'd the spear.
All quarters else with faulchion or with lance,
Or with huge stones he ranged, but cautious shunn'd
The encounter of the Telamonian Chief.
But the eternal father throned on high
With fear fill'd Ajax; panic-fixt he stood,
His seven-fold shield behind his shoulder cast,

[9] This interpretation of—*μινυνθα δε χαζετο δωρος*—is taken from the Scholium by Villoisson. It differs from those of Clarke, Eustathius, and another Scholiast quoted by Clarke, but seems to suit the context much better than either.

hemm'd by numbers, with an eye askant,
hful retreated. As a beast of prey
ing, turns and looks, so he his face
'd oft, retiring slow, and step by step.
hen the watch-dogs and assembled swains
driven a tawny lion from the stalls,
, interdicting him his wish'd repast,
h all the night, he, famish'd, yet again
es furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof
equent spears from daring hands, but more
ash of torches, which, though fierce, he dreads,
at the dawn, sullen he stalks away;
om before the Trojans Ajax stalk'd
n, and with reluctance slow retired,
rave heart trembling for the fleet of Greece.
hen (the boys o'erpower'd) a sluggish ass,
hose tough sides they have spent many a staff,
rs the harvest, and the spiry ears
s persevering; with their rods the boys
ply him hard, but all their puny might
e drives him forth when he hath browzed his fill,
here, the Trojans and their foreign aids
glittering lances keen huge Ajax urged,
road shield's centre smiting. He, by turns,
desperate force the Trojan phalanx dense
g, repulsed them, and by turns he fled,
till forbad all inroad on the fleet.
ns and Greeks between, alone, he stood
lwark. Spears from daring hands dismiss'd
, piercing his broad shield, there planted stood,
e others, in the midway falling, spent
disappointed rage deep in the ground.
rypylus, Evæmon's noble son,
seeing, thus, with weapons overwhelm'd
to his side, his glittering lance dismiss'd,
Apisaon, son of Phausias, struck
r the midriff; through his liver pass'd
ruthless point, and, falling, he expired.
n sprang Eurypylus to seize the spoil;
m soon as godlike Alexander saw
oiling Apisaon of his arms,

Drawing incontinent his bow, he sent
A shaft to his right thigh; the brittle reed
Snapp'd, and the rankling barb stuck fast within.
Terrified at the stroke, the wounded Chief
To his own band retired, but, as he went,
With echoing voice call'd on the Danaï—
Friends! Counsellors, and leaders of the Greeks!
Turn ye and stand, and from his dreadful lot
Save Ajax whelm'd with weapons; 'scape, I judge,
He cannot from the roaring fight, yet oh
Stand fast around him; save, if save ye may,
Your champion huge, the Telamonian Chief!
So spake the wounded warrior. They at once
With sloping bucklers, and with spears erect,
To his relief approach'd. Ajax with joy
The friendly phalanx join'd, then turn'd and stood.
Thus burn'd the embattled field as with the flames
Of a devouring fire. Meantime afar
From all that tumult the Neleian mares
Bore Nestor, foaming as they ran, with whom
Machaon also rode, leader revered.
Achilles mark'd him passing; for he stood
Exalted on his huge ship's lofty stern,
Spectator of the toil severe, and flight
Deplorable of the defeated Greeks.
He call'd his friend Patroclus. He below
Within his tent the sudden summons heard
And sprang like Mars abroad, all unaware
That in that sound he heard the voice of fate.
Him first Menœtius' gallant son address'd.
What would Achilles? Wherefore hath he call'd?
To whom Achilles swiftest of the swift:
Brave Menœtiades! my soul's delight!
Soon will the Grecians now my knees surround
Suppliant, by dread extremity constrain'd.
But fly Patroclus, haste, oh dear to Jove!
Enquire of Nestor, whom he hath convey'd
From battle, wounded? Viewing him behind,
I most believed him Æsculapius' son
Machaon, but the steeds so swiftly pass'd
My galley, that his face escaped my note.

said, and prompt to gratify his friend,
ran Patroclus through the camp of Greece.
' when Neleian Nestor to his tent
rought Machaon, they alighted both,
ıe old hero's friend Eurymedon
ed the coursers. On the beach awhile
unics sweat-imbued in the cool air
entilated, facing full the breeze,
n soft couches in the tent reposed.
me, their beverage Hecamede mix'd,
l King's bright-hair'd captive, whom he brought
Tenedos, what time Achilles sack'd
y, daughter of the noble Chief
is, and selected from the rest
stor, as the honourable meed
nsels always eminently wise.
st, before them placed a table bright,
eet cœrulean; thirst-provoking sauce
ought them also in a brazen tray,
and honey new, and sacred meal.
them, next, she placed a noble cup
our exquisite, which from his home
cient King had brought with golden studs
ish'd; it presented to the grasp
rs; two golden turtles, perch'd on each,
feeding, and two turtles[10] form'd the base.
ıp once fill'd, all others must have toil'd
e it from the board, but it was light
tor's hand; he lifted it with ease.
ıceful virgin in that cup a draught
or them, Pramnian wine and savoury cheese
t's milk, grated with a brazen rasp,
prinkled all with meal. The draught prepared,
re it to their hand; they, drinking, slaked
iery thirst, and with each other sat
sing friendly, when the Godlike youth
re Achilles sent, stood at the door.

ave interpreted the very ambiguous words δυω δ' ὑπο πυθμενες
cording to Athenæus as quoted by Clarke, and his interpretation
is confirmed by the Scholium in the Venetian edition of the Iliad,
blished by Villoisson.

Him seeing, Nestor from his splendid couch
Arose, and by the hand leading him in,
Entreated him to sit, but that request
Patroclus, on his part refusing, said,
Oh venerable King! no seat is here
For me, nor may thy courtesy prevail.
He is irascible, and to be fear'd
Who bade me ask what Chieftain thou hast brought
From battle, wounded; but untold I learn;
I see Machaon, and shall now report
As I have seen; oh ancient King revered!
Thou know'st Achilles fiery, and propense
Blame to impute even where blame is none.
To whom the brave Gerenian thus replied.
Why feels Achilles for the wounded Greeks
Such deep concern? He little knows the height
To which our sorrows swell. Our noblest lie
By spear or arrow wounded in the fleet.
Diomede, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds,
Gall'd by a shaft; Ulysses, glorious Chief,
And Agamemnon[11] suffer by the spear;
Eurypylus is shot into the thigh,
And here lies still another newly brought
By me from fight, pierced also by a shaft.
What then? How strong soe'er to give them aid
Achilles feels no pity of the Greeks.
Waits he till every vessel on the shore
Fired, in despite of the whole Argive host,
Be sunk in its own ashes, and ourselves
All perish, heaps on heaps? For in my limbs
No longer lives the agility of my youth.
Oh, for the vigour of those days again,
When Elis, for her cattle which we took,
Strove with us, and Itymoneus I slew,
Brave offspring of Hypirochus; he dwelt
In Elis, and while I the pledges drove,
Stood for his herd, but fell among the first
By a spear hurl'd from my victorious arm.

[11] It would have suited the dignity of Agamemnon's rank to have mentioned *his* wound first; but Nestor making this recital to the *friend of Achilles* names him slightly, and without any addition.

Then fled the rustic multitude, and we
Drove off abundant booty from the plain,
Herds fifty of fat beeves, large flocks of goats
As many, with as many sheep and swine,
And full thrice fifty mares of brightest hue,
All breeders, many with their foals beneath.
All these, by night returning safe, we drove
Into Neleian Pylus, and the heart
Rejoiced of Neleus, in a son so young
A warrior, yet enrich'd with such a prize.
At early dawn the heralds summon'd loud
The citizens, to prove their just demands
On fruitful Elis, and the assembled Chiefs
Division made, (for numerous were the debts
Which the Epeans, in the weak estate
Of the unpeopled Pylus, had incurr'd;
For Hercules, few years before, had sack'd[12]
Our city, and our mightiest slain. Ourselves
The gallant sons of Neleus, were in all
Twelve youths, of whom myself alone survived;
The rest all perish'd; whence presumptuous grown,
The brazen-mail'd Epeans wrong'd us oft).
An herd of beeves my father for himself
Selected, and a numerous flock beside,
Three hundred sheep, with shepherds for them all.
For he a claimant was of large arrears
From sacred Elis. Four unrivall'd steeds
With his own chariot to the games he sent,
That should contend for the appointed prize
A tripod; but Augeias, King of men,
Detain'd the steeds, and sent the charioteer
Defrauded home. My father, therefore, fired
At such foul outrage both of deeds and words,
Took much, and to the Pylians gave the rest
For satisfaction of the claims of all.
While thus we busied were in these concerns,
And in performance of religious rites
Throughout the city, came the Epeans arm'd,

[12] It is said that the Thebans having war with the people of Orchomenos, the Pylians assisted the latter, for which cause Hercules destroyed their city.—*See Scholium per* Villoisson.

Their whole vast multitude both horse and foot
On the third day; came also clad in brass
The two Molions, inexpert as yet
In feats of arms, and of a boyish age.
There is a city on a mountain's head,
Fast by the banks of Alpheus, far remote,
The utmost town which sandy Pylus owns,
Named Thryoëssa, and, with ardour fired
To lay it waste, that city they besieged.
Now when their host had traversed all the plain,
Minerva from Olympus flew by night
And bade us arm; nor were the Pylians slow
To assemble, but impatient for the fight.
Me, then, my father suffer'd not to arm,
But hid my steeds, for he supposed me raw
As yet, and ignorant how war is waged.
Yet, even thus, unvantaged and on foot,
Superior honours I that day acquired
To theirs who rode, for Pallas led me on
Herself to victory. There is a stream
Which at Arena falls into the sea,
Named Minuëius; on that river's bank
The Pylian horsemen waited day's approach,
And thither all our foot came pouring down.
The flood divine of Alpheus thence we reach'd
At noon, all arm'd complete; there, hallow'd rites
We held to Jove omnipotent, and slew
A bull to sacred Alpheus, with a bull
To Neptune, and an heifer of the herd
To Pallas; then, all marshall'd as they were,
From van to rear our legions took repast,
And at the river's side slept on their arms.
Already the Epean host had round
Begirt the city, bent to lay it waste,
A task which cost them, first, both blood and toil.
For when the radiant sun on the green earth
Had risen, with prayer to Pallas and to Jove,
We gave them battle. When the Pylian host
And the Epeans thus were close engaged,
I first a warrior slew, Mulius the brave,
And seized his coursers. He the eldest-born

Of King Augeias' daughters had espoused
The golden Agamede; not an herb
The spacious earth yields but she knew its powers.
Him, rushing on me, with my brazen lance
I smote, and in the dust he fell; I leap'd
Into his seat, and drove into the van.
A panic seized the Epeans when they saw
The leader of their horse o'erthrown, a Chief
Surpassing all in fight. Black as a cloud
With whirlwind fraught, I drove impetuous on,
Took fifty chariots, and at side of each
Lay two slain warriors, with their teeth the soil
Grinding, all vanquish'd by my single arm.
I had slain also the Molions, sons
Of Actor, but the Sovereign of the deep
Their own authentic sire, in darkness dense
Involving both, convey'd them safe away.
Then Jove a victory of prime renown
Gave to the Pylians; for we chased and slew
And gather'd spoil o'er all the champaign spread
With scatter'd shields, till we our steeds had driven
To the Buprasian fields laden with corn,
To the Olenian rock, and to a town
In fair Colona situate, and named
Alesia. There it was that Pallas turn'd
Our people homeward; there I left the last
Of all the slain, and he was slain by me.
Then drove the Achaians from Buprasium home
Their coursers fleet, and Jove, of Gods above,
Received most praise, Nestor of men below.
Such once was I. But brave Achilles shuts
His virtues close, an unimparted store;
Yet even he shall weep, when all the host,
His fellow-warriors once, shall be destroy'd.
But recollect, young friend! the sage advice
Which when thou camest from Phthia to the aid
Of Agamemnon, on that selfsame day
Menœtius gave thee. We were present there,
Ulysses and myself, both in the house,
And heard it all; for to the house we came
Of Peleus in our journey through the land

Of fertile Greece, gathering her states to war.
We found thy noble sire Menœtius there,
Thee and Achilles; ancient Peleus stood
To Jove the Thunderer offering in his court
Thighs of an ox, and on the blazing rites
Libation pouring from a cup of gold.
While ye on preparation of the feast
Attended both, Ulysses and myself
Stood in the vestibule; Achilles flew
Toward us, introduced us by the hand,
And, seating us, such liberal portion gave
To each, as hospitality requires.
Our thirst, at length, and hunger both sufficed,
I, foremost speaking, ask'd you to the wars,
And ye were eager both, but from your sires
Much admonition, ere ye went, received.
Old Peleus charged Achilles to aspire
To highest praise, and always to excel.
But thee, thy sire Menœtius thus advised.
"My son! Achilles boasts the nobler birth,
But thou art elder; He in strength excels
Thee far; Thou, therefore, with discretion rule
His inexperience; thy advice impart
With gentleness; instruction wise suggest
Wisely, and thou shalt find him apt to learn."
So thee thy father taught, but, as it seems,
In vain. Yet even now essay to move
Warlike Achilles; if the Gods so please,
Who knows but that thy reasons may prevail
To rouse his valiant heart? men rarely scorn
The earnest intercession of a friend.
But if some prophecy alarm his fears,
And from his Goddess mother he have aught
Received, who may have learnt the same from Jove,
Thee let him send at least, and order forth
With thee the Myrmidons; a dawn of hope
Shall thence, it may be, on our host arise.
And let him send thee to the battle clad
In his own radiant armour; Troy, deceived
By such resemblance, shall abstain perchance
From conflict, and the weary Greeks enjoy

respite; it is all that war allows.
as ye are, ye, by your shouts alone,
asily repulse an army spent
labour from the camp and from the fleet.
is Nestor, and his mind bent to his words.
to Æacides through all the camp
n; and when, still running, he arrived
g Ulysses' barks, where they had fix'd
orum, where they minister'd the laws,
ad erected altars to the Gods,
him Eurypylus, Evæmon's son,
ious met, deep-wounded in his thigh,
alting back from battle. From his head
veat, and from his shoulders ran profuse,
om his perilous wound the sable blood
ual stream'd; yet was his mind composed.
eeing, Menœtiades the brave
assion felt, and, mournful, thus began.
hapless senators and Chiefs of Greece!
your native country that the dogs
fatten on your flesh at distant Troy?
ll me, Hero! say, Eurypylus!
he Achaians power still to withstand
ormous force of Hector, or is this
oment when his spear must pierce us all?
vhom Eurypylus, discreet, replied.
lus, dear to Jove! there is no help,
nedy. We perish at our ships.
arriors, once most strenuous of the Greeks,
unded in the fleet by foes whose might
es ever. But thyself afford
some succour; lead me to my ship;
rth the arrow from my thigh; the gore
varm ablution cleanse, and on the wound
h unguents spread, the same as by report
s taught thee; taught, himself, their use
iron, Centaur, justest of his kind.
odalirius and Machaon both
cupied. Machaon, as I judge,
ounded in his tent, needing like aid
f, and Podalirius in the field

Maintains sharp conflict with the sons of Troy.
To whom Menœtius' gallant son replied.
Hero! Eurypylus! how shall we act
In this perplexity? what course pursue?
I seek the brave Achilles, to whose ear
I bear a message from the ancient Chief
Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks.
Yet will I not, even for such a cause,
My friend! abandon thee in thy distress.
He ended, and his arms folding around
The warrior bore him thence into his tent.
His servant, on his entrance, spread the floor
With hides, on which Patroclus at his length
Extended him, and with his knife cut forth
The rankling point; with tepid lotion, next,
He cleansed the gore, and with a bitter root
Bruised small between his palms, sprinkled the wound.
At once, the anodyne his pains assuaged,
The wound was dried within, and the blood ceased.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

'he Trojans assail the ramparts, and Hector forces the gates.

s Menœtius' valiant son employ'd
g Eurypylus. The Greeks, meantime,
rojans with tumultuous fury fought.
as the foss ordain'd long time to exclude
)st of Troy, nor yet the rampart built
it for protection of the fleet;
:catomb the Greeks had offer'd none,
:ayer to heaven, that it might keep secure
ships with all their spoils. The mighty work
defiance of the Immortal Powers
sen, and could not therefore long endure.
Hector lived, and while Achilles held
:athful purpose; while the city yet
/al Priam was unsack'd, so long
assy structure stood; but when the best
ravest of the Trojan host were slain,
f the Grecian heroes, some had fallen
)me survived, when Priam's towers had blazed
tenth year, and to their native shores
Grecians with their ships, at length return'd,
Neptune, with Apollo leagued, devised
n; every river that descends
the Idæan heights into the sea
)rought against it, gathering all their force,
s, Caresus, Rhodius, the wide-branch'd
porus, Æsepus, Granicus,
nder's sacred current, and thy stream
, whose banks with helmets and with shields
strew'd, and Chiefs of origin divine;
se with refluent course Apollo drove

Nine days against the rampart, and Jove rain'd
Incessant, that the Grecian wall wave-whelm'd
Through all its length might sudden disappear.
Neptune with his tridental mace, himself,
Led them, and beam and buttress to the flood
Consigning, laid by the laborious Greeks,
Swept the foundation, and the level bank
Of the swift-rolling Hellespont restored.
The structure thus effaced, the spacious beach
He spread with sand as at the first; then bade
Subside the streams, and in their channels wind
With limpid course, and pleasant as before.
Apollo thus and Neptune, from the first,
Design'd its fall; but now the battle raved
And clamours of the warriors all around
The strong-built turrets, whose assaulted planks
Rang, while the Grecians, by the scourge of Jove
Subdued, stood close within their fleet immured,
At Hector's phalanx-scattering force appall'd.
He, as before, with whirlwind fury fought.
As when the boar or lion fiery-eyed
Turns short, the hunters and the hounds among,
The close-imbattled troop him firm oppose,
And ply him fast with spears; he no dismay
Conceives or terror in his noble heart,
But by his courage falls; frequent he turns
Attempting bold the ranks, and where he points
Direct his onset, there the ranks retire;
So, through the concourse on his rolling wheels
Borne rapid, Hector animated loud
His fellow-warriors to surpass the trench.
But not his own swift-footed steeds would dare
That hazard; standing on the dangerous brink
They neigh'd aloud, for by its breadth the foss
Deterr'd them; neither was the effort slight
To leap that gulf, nor easy the attempt
To pass it through; steep were the banks profound
On both sides, and with massy piles acute
Thick-planted, interdicting all assault.
No courser to the rapid chariot braced
Had enter'd there with ease; yet strong desires

ıs'd the infantry of that emprize,
hus Polydamas the ear address'd
untless Hector, standing at his side.
:tor, and ye the leaders of our host,
Trojans and allies! rash the attempt
ı, and vain, to push our horses through,
ıgerous is the pass; rough is the trench
pointed stakes, and the Achaian wall
us beyond. No chariot may descend
ırioteer fight there; straight are the bounds,
ıcommodious, and his death were sure.
e, high-thundering Ruler of the skies,
uccour Ilium, and nought less intend
ıtter devastation of the Greeks,
:ontent; now perish all their host
ious, from their country far remote.
ould they turn, and should ourselves be driven
'rom the fleet impeded and perplex'd
ı deep foss, I judge that not a man,
ng the rallied Grecians, should survive,
ır the tidings of our fate to Troy.
therefore, act we all as I advise.
ery charioteer his coursers hold
:in'd beside the foss, while we on foot,
ırder undisturb'd and arms in hand,
'ollow Hector. If destruction borne
ıgs of destiny this day approach
Grecians, they will fly our first assault.
ıpake Polydamas, whose safe advice
d Hector; from his chariot to the ground
n'd he leap'd, nor would a Trojan there
ı once they saw the Hero on his feet)
ıto battle, but, unanimous
ıding with a leap, all trod the plain.
gave command that at the trench his steeds
l stand detain'd in orderly array;
suddenly, the parted host became
ands, each following its appointed chief.
ravest and most numerous, and whose hearts
l most to burst the barrier and to wage
ttle at the ships, with Hector march'd

And with Polydamas, whom follow'd, third,
Cebriones; for Hector had his steeds
Consign'd and chariot to inferior care.
Paris, Alcathoüs, and Agenor led
The second band, and, sons of Priam both,
Deïphobus and Helenus, the third;
With them was seen partner of their command,
The Hero Asius; from Arisba came
Asius Hyrtacides, to battle drawn
From the Selleïs banks by martial steeds
Hair'd fiery-red and of the noblest size.
The fourth, Anchises' mighty son controul'd,
Æneas; under him Antenor's sons,
Archilochus and Acamas, advanced,
Adept in all the practice of the field.
Last came the glorious powers in league with Troy
Led by Sarpēdon; he with Glaucus shared
His high controul, and with the warlike Chief
Asteropæus; for of all his host
Them bravest he esteem'd, himself except
Superior in heroic might to all.
And now, (their shields adjusted each to each)
With dauntless courage fired, right on they mov'd
Against the Grecians; nor expected less
Than that beside their sable ships, the host
Should self-abandon'd fall an easy prey.
The Trojans, thus, with their confederate powers,
The counsel of the accomplish'd Prince pursued,
Polydamas, one Chief alone except,
Asius Hyrtacides. He scorn'd to leave
His charioteer and coursers at the trench,
And drove toward the fleet. Ah, madly brave!
His evil hour was come; he was ordain'd
With horse and chariot and triumphant shout
To enter wind-swept Ilium never more.
Deucalion's offspring, first, into the shades
Dismiss'd him; by Idomeneus he died.
Leftward he drove furious, along the road
By which the steeds and chariots of the Greeks
Return'd from battle; in that track he flew,
Nor found the portals by the massy bar

ıred, but open for reception safe
ugitives, and to a guard consign'd.
her he drove direct, and in his rear
band shrill-shouting follow'd, for they judged
Greeks no longer able to withstand
r foes, but sure to perish in the camp.
ı hope! for in the gate two Chiefs they found
thæ-born, courageous offspring each
auntless father; Polypœtes, this,
ıng from Pirithöus; that, the warrior bold
ıteus, terrible as gore-tainted Mars.
ıe two, defenders of the lofty gates,
d firm before them. As when two tall oaks
he high mountains day by day endure
gh wind and rain, by deep-descending roots
ıugest growth fast-founded in the soil;
ıey, sustain'd by conscious valour, saw,
ıoved, high towering Asius on his way,
fear'd him aught, nor shrank from his approach.
ıt on toward the barrier, lifting high
r season'd bucklers and with clamour loud
band advanced, King Asius at their head,
ı whom Iämenus, expert in arms,
tes, Thöon, Acamas the son
sius, and Oenamäus, led them on.
ıow, the warlike pair, exhorting loud
Grecians to defend the fleet, had stood
in the gates; but soon as they perceived
Trojans swift advancing to the wall,
heard a cry from all the flying Greeks,
sallying, before the gates they fought
forest-boars, which hearing in the hills
crash of hounds and huntsmen nigh at hand,
ı start oblique lay many a saplin flat
t-broken by the root, nor cease to grind
sounding tusks, till by the spear they die;
ɔunded on the breasts of those brave Two
smitten brass; for resolute they fought,
olden'd by their might who kept the wall,
trusting in their own; they, in defence
ımp and fleet and life, thick battery hurl'd

Of stones precipitated from the towers;
Frequent as snows they fell, which stormy winds,
Driving the gloomy clouds, shake to the ground,
Till all the fertile earth lies cover'd deep.
Such volley pour'd the Greeks, and such return'd
The Trojans; casques of hide, arid and tough,
And bossy shields rattled, by such a storm
Assail'd of millstone masses from above.
Then Asius, son of Hyrtacus, a groan
Indignant uttered; on both thighs he smote
With disappointment furious, and exclaim'd,
Jupiter! even thou art false become,
And altogether such. Full sure I deem'd
That not a Grecian Hero should abide
One moment force invincible as ours,
And lo! as wasps ring-straked[1], or bees that build
Their dwellings in the highway's craggy side
Leave not their hollow home, but fearless wait
The hunter's coming, in their brood's defence,
So these, although two only, from the gates
Move not, or will, till either seized or slain.
So Asius spake, but speaking so, changed not
The mind of Jove on Hector's glory bent.
Others, as obstinate, at other gates
Such deeds performed, that to enumerate all
Were difficult, unless to power divine.
For fierce the hail of stones from end to end
Smote on the barrier; anguish fill'd the Greeks,
Yet, by necessity constrain'd, their ships
They guarded still; nor less the Gods themselves,
Patrons of Greece, all sorrow'd at the sight.
At once the valiant Lapithæ began
Terrible conflict, and Pirithous' son
Brave Polypætes through his helmet pierced
Damasus; his resplendent point the brass
Sufficed not to withstand; entering, it crush'd
The bone within, and mingling all his brain
With his own blood, his onset fierce repress'd.
Pylon and Ormenus he next subdued.

[1] *The word* is of scripture use: see Gen. ch. xxx. where it describes *the cattle* of Jacob.

Meantime Leonteus, branch of Mars, his spear
Hurl'd at Hippomachus, whom through his belt
He pierced; then drawing forth his faulchion keen,
Through all the multitude he flew to smite
Antiphates, and with a downright stroke
Fell'd him. Iämenus and Menon next
He slew, with brave Orestes, whom he heap'd,
All three together, on the fertile glebe.
While them the Lapithæ of their bright arms
Despoil'd, Polydamas and Hector stood
(With all the bravest youths and most resolved
To burst the barrier and to fire the fleet)
Beside the foss, pondering the event.
For, while they press'd to pass, they spied a bird
Sublime in air, an eagle. Right between
Both hosts he soar'd (the Trojan on his left)
A serpent bearing in his pounces clutch'd
Enormous, dripping blood, but lively still
And mindful of revenge; for from beneath
The eagle's breast, updarting fierce his head,
Fast by the throat he struck him; anguish-sick
The eagle cast him down into the space
Between the hosts, and, clanging loud his plumes,
As the wind bore him, floated far away.
Shudder'd the Trojans viewing at their feet
The spotted serpent ominous, and thus
Polydamas to dauntless Hector spake.
Ofttimes in council, Hector, thou art wont
To censure me, although advising well;
Nor ought the private citizen, I confess,
Either in council or in war to indulge
Loquacity, but ever to employ
All his exertions in support of thine.
Yet hear my best opinion once again.
Proceed we not in our attempt against
The Grecian fleet. For if in truth the sign
Respect the host of Troy ardent to pass,
Then, as the eagle soar'd both hosts between,
With Ilium's on his left, and clutch'd a snake
Enormous, dripping blood, but still alive,
Which *yet he dropp'd* suddenly, ere he reach'd

His eyry, or could give it to his young,
So we, although with mighty force we burst
Both gates and barrier, and although the Greeks
Should all retire, shall never yet the way
Tread honourably back by which we came.
No. Many a Trojan shall we leave behind
Slain by the Grecians in their fleet's defence.
An augur skill'd in omens would expound
This omen thus, and faith would win from all.
To whom, dark-louring, Hector thus replied.
Polydamas! I like not thy advice;
Thou couldst have framed far better; but if this
Be thy deliberate judgement, then the Gods
Make thy deliberate judgement nothing worth,
Who bidd'st me disregard the Thunderer's firm
Assurance to myself announced[2], and make
The wild inhabitants of air my guides,
Which I alike despise, speed they their course
With right-hand flight toward the ruddy East,
Or leftward down into the shades of eve.
Consider *we* the will of Jove alone,
Sovereign of heaven and earth. Omens abound,
But the best omen is our country's cause.
Wherefore should fiery war *thy* soul alarm?
For were we slaughter'd, one and all, around
The fleet of Greece, *thou* need'st not fear to die,
Whose courage never will thy flight retard.
But if thou shrink thyself, or by smooth speech
Seduce one other from a soldier's part,
Pierced by this spear incontinent thou diest.
So saying he led them, who with deafening roar
Follow'd him. Then, from the Idæan hills
Jove hurl'd a storm which wafted right the dust
Into the fleet; the spirits too he quell'd
Of the Achaians, and the glory gave
To Hector and his host; they, trusting firm
In signs from Jove, and in their proper force,
Assay'd the barrier; from the towers they tore
The galleries, cast the battlements to ground,
And the projecting buttresses adjoin'd

[2] *Alluding* to the message delivered to him from Jupiter by Iris.

To strengthen the vast work, with bars upheaved.
All these, with expectation fierce to break
The rampart, down they drew; nor yet the Greeks
Gave back, but, fencing close with shields the wall,
Smote from behind them many a foe beneath.
Meantime from tower to tower the Ajaces moved
Exhorting all, with mildness some, and some
With harsh rebuke, whom they observed through fear
Declining base the labours of the fight.
Friends! Argives! warriors of whatever rank!
Ye who excel, and ye of humbler note!
And ye the last and least! (for such there are,
All have not magnanimity alike,)
Now have we work for all, as all perceive.
Turn not, retreat not to your ships, appall'd
By sounding menaces, but press the foe;
Exhort each other, and e'en now perchance
Olympian Jove, by whom the lightnings burn,
Shall grant us to repulse them, and to chase
The routed Trojans to their gates again.
So they vociferating to the Greeks,
Stirr'd them to battle. As the feathery snows
Fall frequent, on some wintry day, when Jove
Hath risen to shed them on the race of man,
And show his arrowy stores; he lulls the winds,
Then shakes them down continual, covering thick
Mountain tops, promontories, flowery meads,
And cultured valleys rich; the ports and shores
Receive it also of the hoary Deep,
But there the waves bound it, while all beside
Lies whelm'd beneath Jove's fast-descending shower,
So thick, from side to side, by Trojans hurl'd
Against the Greeks, and by the Greeks return'd
The stony vollies flew; resounding loud
Through all its length the battered rampart roar'd.
Nor yet had Hector and his host prevail'd
To burst the gates, and break the massy bar
Had not all-seeing Jove Sarpedon moved
His son, against the Greeks, furious as falls
The lion on some horned herd of beeves.
At once his polish'd buckler he advanced
With leafy brass o'erlaid; for with smooth brass

The forger of that shield its oval disk
Had plated, and with thickest hides throughout
Had lined it, stitch'd with circling wires of gold.
That shield he bore before him; firmly grasp'd
He shook two spears, and with determined strides
March'd forward. As the lion mountain-bred,
After long fast, by impulse of his heart
Undaunted urged, seeks resolute the flock
Even in the shelter of their guarded home;
He finds, perchance, the shepherds arm'd with spears,
And all their dogs awake, yet cannot leave
Untried the fence, but either leaps it light,
And entering tears the prey, or in the attempt
Pierced by some dexterous peasant, bleeds himself;
So high his courage to the assault impell'd
Godlike Sarpedon, and him fired with hope
To break the barrier; when to Glaucus thus,
Son of Hippolochus his speech he turn'd.
Why, Glaucus, is the seat of honour ours,
Why drink we brimming cups, and feast in state?
Why gaze they all on us as we were Gods
In Lycia, and why share we pleasant fields
And spacious vineyards, where the Xanthus winds?
Distinguish'd thus in Lycia, we are call'd
To firmness here, and to encounter bold
The burning battle, that our fair report
Among the Lycians may be blazon'd thus—
No dastards are the potentates who rule
The bright-arm'd Lycians; on the fatted flock
They banquet, and they drink the richest wines,
But they are also valiant, and the fight
Wage dauntless in the vaward of us all.
Oh Glaucus, if escaping safe the death
That threats us here, we also could escape
Old age, and to ourselves secure a life
Immortal, I would neither in the van
Myself expose, nor would encourage thee
To tempt the perils of the glorious field.
But since a thousand messengers of fate
Pursue us close, and man is born to die—
E'en let us on; the prize of glory yield,
If yield we must, or wrest it from the foe.

He said, nor cold refusal in return
Received from Glaucus, but toward the wall
Their numerous Lycian host both led direct.
Menestheus, son of Peteos, saw appall'd
Their dread approach, for to his tower they bent
Their threatening march. An eager look he cast
On the embodied Greeks, seeking some Chief
Whose aid might turn the battle from his van:
He saw, where never sated with exploits
Of war, each Ajax fought, near whom his eye
Kenn'd Teucer also, newly from his tent;
But vain his efforts were with loudest call
To reach their ears, such was the deafening din
Upsent to Heaven, of shields and crested helms,
And of the batter'd gates; for at each gate
They thundering stood, and urged alike at each
Their fierce attempt by force to burst the bars.
To Ajax therefore he at once dispatch'd
An herald, and Thöotes thus enjoin'd.
My noble friend, Thöotes! with all speed
Call either Ajax; bid them hither both;
Far better so; for havoc is at hand.
The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
Tempestuous, bend their force against this tower
My station. But if also there they find
Laborious conflict pressing them severe,
At least let Telamonian Ajax come,
And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.
He spake, nor was Thöotes slow to hear;
Beside the rampart of the mail-clad Greeks
Rapid he flew, and, at their side arrived,
To either Ajax, eager, thus began.
Ye leaders of the well-appointed Greeks,
The son of noble Peteos calls; he begs
With instant suit, that ye would share his toils,
However short your stay; the aid of both
Will serve him best, for havoc threatens there.
The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
Tempestuous, bend their force toward the tower
His station. But if also here ye find
Laborious conflict *pressing* you severe,

At least let Telamonian Ajax come,
And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.
He spake, nor his request the towering son
Of Telamon denied, but quick his speech
To Ajax Oïliades address'd.
Ajax! abiding here, exhort ye both
(Heroic Lycomedes and thyself)
The Greeks to battle. Thither I depart
To aid our friends, which service once perform'd
Duly, I will incontinent return.
So saying, the Telamonian Chief withdrew,
With whom went Teucer, son of the same sire,
Pandion also, bearing Teucer's bow.
Arriving at the turret given in charge
To the bold Chief Menestheus, and the wall
Entering, they found their friends all sharply tried.
Black as a storm the senators renown'd
And leaders of the Lycian host assail'd
Buttress and tower, while opposite the Greeks
Withstood them, and the battle-shout began.
First, Ajax, son of Telamon, a friend
And fellow-warrior of Sarpedon slew,
Epicles. With a marble fragment huge
That crown'd the battlement's interior side,
He smote him. No man of our puny race,
Although in prime of youth, had with both hands
That weight sustain'd; but he the cumberous mass
Uplifted high, and hurl'd it on his head.
It burst his helmet, and his batter'd skull
Dash'd from all form. He from the lofty tower
Dropp'd downright, with a diver's plunge, and died.
But Teucer wounded Glaucus with a shaft,
Son of Hippolochus; he, climbing, bared
His arm, which Teucer, marking, from the wall
Transfix'd it, and his onset fierce repress'd;
For with a backward leap Glaucus withdrew
Sudden and silent, cautious lest the Greeks
Seeing him wounded should insult his pain.
Grief seized, at sight of his retiring friend,
Sarpedon, who forgat not yet the fight,
But piercing with his lance Alcmaon, son

stor, suddenly revulsed the beam,
following, Alcmaon to the earth
ne, with clangor of his brazen arms.
n, then, strenuous with both hands
and down fell the battlement entire;
ll, dismantled at the summit, stood
and wide chasm was open'd through.
jax him and Teucer at one time
both; an arrow struck from Teucer's bow
t that cross'd his bosom, by which hung
ple shield; yet lest his son should fall
the ships, Jove turn'd the death aside.
ax, springing to his thrust, a spear
hrough his shield. Sarpedon at the shock
ackward step short interval recoil'd,
; retired, for in his bosom lived
pe of glory still, and looking back
is Godlike Lycians, he exclaim'd,
ycians! where is your heroic might?
s I boast myself, I feel the task
s, through the breach made by myself
a passage to the ships, alone.
me all—Most labourers, most dispatch[3].
e; at whose sharp reprimand abash'd
battled host to closer conflict moved,
at to their counsellor and King.
other side the Greeks within the wall
irm the phalanx, seeing urgent need;
uld the valiant Lycians through the breach
ance to the Grecian fleet obtain,
nce they first approach'd it, had the Greeks
ll their efforts, thrust the Lycians back.
two claimants of one common field,
ith his rod of measurement in hand,
e the boundaries, litigating warm
ight in some small portion of the soil,
y, divided by the barrier, struck
ostile rage the bull-hide bucklers round,
e light targets on each other's breast.

ὄνων δέ τοι ἔργον ἀμεῖνον. — This is evidently proverbial, for eason I have given it that air in the translation.

Then many a wound the ruthless weapons made.
Pierced through the unarm'd back, if any turn'd,
He died, and numerous even through the shield.
The battlements from end to end with blood
Of Grecians and of Trojans on both sides
Were sprinkled; yet no violence could move
The stubborn Greeks, or turn their powers to flight.
So hung the war in balance, as the scales
Held by some woman scrupulously just,
A spinner; wool and weight she poises nice,
Hard-earning slender pittance for her babes,
Such was the poise in which the battle hung,
Till Jove himself superior fame, at length,
To Priamëian Hector gave, who sprang
First through the wall. In lofty sounds that reach'd
Their utmost ranks, he call'd on all his host,
  Now press them, now ye Trojans steed-renown'd
Rush on! break through the Grecian rampart, hurl
At once devouring flames into the fleet.
  Such was his exhortation; they his voice
All hearing, with close-order'd ranks direct
Bore on the barrier, and upswarming show'd
On the high battlement their glittering spears.
But Hector seized a stone; of ample base
But tapering to a point, before the gate
It stood. No two men, mightiest of a land
(Such men as now are mighty) could with ease
Have heaved it from the earth up to a wain;
He swung it easily alone; so light
The son of Saturn made it in his hand.
As in one hand with ease the shepherd bears
A ram's fleece home, nor toils beneath the weight,
So Hector, right toward the planks of those
Majestic folding-gates, close-jointed, firm
And solid, bore the stone. Two bars within
Their corresponding force combined transverse
To guard them, and one bolt secured the bars.
He stood fast by them, parting wide his feet
For 'vantage sake, and smote them in the midst.
He burst both hinges; inward fell the rock
Ponderous, and the portals roar'd; the bars

Endured not, and the planks, riven by the force
Of that huge mass, flew scatter'd on all sides.
In leap'd the godlike Hero at the breach,
Gloomy as night in aspect, but in arms
All-dazzling, and he grasp'd two quivering spears.
Him entering with a leap the gates, no force
Whate'er of opposition had repress'd,
Save of the Gods alone. Fire fill'd his eyes;
Turning, he bade the multitude without
Ascend the rampart; they his voice obey'd;
Part climb'd the wall, part pour'd into the gate;
The Grecians to their hollow galleys flew
Scatter'd, and tumult infinite arose.

BOOK XIII.

ARGUMENT.

Neptune engages on the part of the Grecians. The battle proceeds. Deiphobus advances to combat, but is repulsed by Meriones, who losing his spear, repairs to his tent for another. Teucer slays Imbrius, and Hector Amphimachus. Neptune, under the similitude of Thoas, exhorts Idomeneus. Idomeneus having armed himself in his tent, and going forth to battle, meets Meriones. After discourse held with each other, Idomeneus accommodates Meriones with a spear, and they proceed to battle. Idomeneus slays Othryoneus, and Asius. Deiphobus assails Idomeneus, but, his spear glancing over him, kills Hypsenor. Idomeneus slays Alcathoüs, son-in-law of Anchises. Deiphobus and Idomeneus respectively summon their friends to their assistance, and a contest ensues for the body of Alcathoüs.

When Jove to Hector and his host had given
Such entrance to the fleet, to all the woes
And toils of unremitting battle there
He them abandon'd, and his glorious eyes
Averting, on the land look'd down remote
Of the horse-breeding Thracians, of the bold
Close-fighting Mysian race, and where abide
On milk sustain'd, and blest with length of days,
The Hippemolgi, justest of mankind.
No longer now on Troy his eyes he turn'd,
For expectation none within his breast
Survived, that God or Goddess would the Greeks
Approach with succour, or the Trojans more.
Nor Neptune, sovereign of the boundless Deep,
Look'd forth in vain; he on the summit sat
Of Samothracia forest-crown'd, the stir
Admiring thence and tempest of the field;
For thence appear'd all Ida, thence the towers
Of lofty Ilium, and the fleet of Greece.
There sitting from the deeps uprisen, he mourn'd
The vanquish'd Grecians, and resentment fierce
Conceived and wrath against all-ruling Jove.

ıg sudden, down the rugged steep
rapid strides he came; the mountains huge
'orests under the immortal feet
bled of Ocean's Sovereign as he strode.
strides he made, the fourth convey'd him home
ıgæ. At the bottom of the abyss,
stands magnificent his golden fane,
zling incorruptible abode.
ed, he to his chariot join'd his steeds
, brazen-hoof'd, and maned with wavy gold;
elf attiring next in gold, he seized
olden scourge, and to his seat sublime
ıding, o'er the billows drove; the whales
ng their caverns, gambol'd on all sides
ıd him, not unconscious of their King;
vept the surge that tinged not as he pass'd
xle, and the sea parted for joy.
ounding coursers to the Grecian fleet
ey'd him swift. There is a spacious cave
in the bottom of the flood, the rocks
ıbrus rude and Tenedos between;
Neptune, shaker of the shores, his steeds
ın'd secure; he loosed them from the yoke,
them ambrosial food, and bound their feet
golden tethers not to be untied
oken, that unwandering they might wait
Lord's return, then sought the Grecian host.
Trojans, tempest-like or like a flame,
following Priameïan Hector, all
furious on and shouting to the skies.
hope was to possess the fleet, and leave
ın Achaian of the host unslain.
arth-encircler Neptune from the gulf
ging, in the form and with the voice
-toned of Calchas, roused the Argive ranks
ıttle—and his exhortation first
ther Ajax turn'd, themselves prepared.
heroes Ajax! your accustomed force
, oh! think not of disastrous flight,
ye shall save the people. Nought I fear
elsewhere, although Troy's haughty sons

Have pass'd the barrier with so fierce a throng
Tumultuous; for the Grecians brazen-greaved
Will check them there. Here only I expect
And with much dread some dire event forebode,
Where Hector, terrible as fire, and loud
Vaunting his glorious origin from Jove,
Leads on the Trojans. Oh that from on high
Some God would form the purpose in your hearts
To stand yourselves firmly, and to exhort
The rest to stand! so should ye chase him hence
All ardent as he is, and even although
Olympian Jove himself his rage inspire.
So Neptune spake, compasser of the earth,
And, with his sceptre smiting both, their hearts
Fill'd with fresh fortitude; their limbs the touch
Made agile, wing'd their feet and nerved their arms.
Then, swift as stoops a falcon from the point
Of some rude rock sublime, when he would chase
A fowl of other wing along the meads,
So started Neptune thence, and disappear'd.
Him, as he went, swift Oïliades
First recognized, and, instant, thus his speech
To Ajax, son of Telamon, address'd.
Since, Ajax, some inhabitant of heaven
Exhorts us, in the prophet's form to fight,
(For prophet none or augur we have seen;
This was not Calchas; as he went I mark'd
His steps and knew him; Gods are known with ease.)
I feel my spirit in my bosom fired
Afresh for battle; lightness in my limbs,
In hands and feet a glow unfelt before.
To whom the son of Telamon replied.
I also with invigorated hands
More firmly grasp my spear, my courage mounts,
A buoyant animation in my feet
Bears me along, and I am all on fire
To cope with Priam's furious son, alone.
Thus they, with martial transport to their souls
Imparted by the God, conferr'd elate.
Meantime the King of Ocean roused the Greeks,
Who in the rear, beside their gallant barks

: respite sought. They, spent with arduous toil,
not alone their weary limbs unapt
ıttle, but their hearts with grief oppress'd,
g the numerous multitude of Troy
in the mighty barrier; sad they view'd
sight, and bathed their cheeks with many a tear,
ıiring of escape. But Ocean's Lord
'ing among them, soon the spirit stirr'd
ery valiant phalanx to the fight.
:r and Leïtus, and famed in arms
.eus, Thoas and Deipyrus,
)nes, and his compeer renown'd,
ochus; all these in accents wing'd
fierce alacrity the God address'd.
shame, ye Grecians! vigorous as ye are
ın life's prime, to your exertions most
ıted for the safety of our ships.
renounce the labours of the field,
hath the day arisen of our defeat
final ruin by the powers of Troy.
I behold a prodigy, a sight
endous, deem'd impossible by me,
Trojans at our ships! the dastard race
once like fleetest hinds the destined prey
nxes, leopards, wolves; feeble and slight
of a nature indisposed to war
rove uncertain; so the Trojans erst
l not, nor to Achaian prowess dared
ıindrance of a moment's strife oppose.
ıow, Troy left afar, even at our ships
give us battle, through our leader's fault
:hrough the people's negligence, who fill'd
fierce displeasure against *him*, prefer
ı at their ships, to war in their defence.
: the son of Atreus, our supreme,
amemnon, have indeed transgress'd
ıll excuse, dishonouring the swift
les, ye at least the fight decline
e-worthy, and with no sufficient plea.
eal we speedily the breach; brave minds
r *coalesce*. *It is not well*

That thus your fury slumbers, for the host
Hath none illustrious as yourselves in arms.
I can excuse the timid if he shrink,
But am incensed at *you*. My friends beware!
Your tardiness will prove ere long the cause
Of some worse evil. Let the dread of shame
Affect your hearts; oh tremble at the thought
Of infamy! Fierce conflict hath arisen,
Loud shouting Hector combats at the ships
Nobly, hath forced the gates and burst the bar.
With such encouragement those Grecian chiefs
The King of Ocean roused. Then, circled soon
By many a phalanx either Ajax stood,
Whose order Mars himself arriving there
Had praised, or Pallas, patroness of arms.
For there the flower of all expected firm
Bold Hector and his host; spear crowded spear,
Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man and shield[1];
The hairy crests of their resplendent casques
Kiss'd close at every nod, so wedged they stood:
No spear was seen but in the manly grasp
It quiver'd, and their every wish was war.
The powers of Ilium gave the first assault
Embattled close; them Hector led himself
Right on, impetuous as a rolling rock
Destructive; torn by torrent waters off
From its old lodgement on the mountain's brow,
It bounds, it shoots away; the crashing wood
Falls under it; impediment or check
None stays its fury, till the level found,
There, settling by degrees, it rolls no more;
So after many a threat that he would pass
Easily through the Grecian camp and fleet
And slay to the sea-brink, when Hector once
Had fallen on those firm ranks, standing, he bore
Vehement on them; but by many a spear
Urged and bright faulchion, soon, reeling, retired,
And call'd vociferous on the host of Troy.
Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, oh stand! not long the Greeks

[1] For this admirable line the Translator is indebted to Mr. Fuseli.

Will me confront, although embodied close
In solid phalanx; doubt it not; my spear
Shall chase and scatter them, if Jove, in truth,
High-thundering mate of Juno, bid me on.
So saying he roused the courage of them all,
Foremost of whom advanced, of Priam's race
Deiphobus, ambitious of renown.
Tripping he came with shorten'd steps[2], his feet
Sheltering behind his buckler; but at him
Aiming, Meriones his splendid lance
Dismiss'd, nor err'd; his bull-hide targe he struck
But ineffectual; where the hollow wood
Receives the inserted brass, the quivering beam
Snapp'd; then, Deiphobus his shield afar
Advanced before him, trembling at a spear
Hurl'd by Meriones. He, moved alike
With indignation for the victory lost
And for his broken spear, into his band
At first retired, but soon set forth again
In progress through the Achaian camp, to fetch
Its fellow-spear within his tent reserved.
The rest all fought, and dread the shouts arose
On all sides. Telamonian Teucer, first,
Slew valiant Imbrius, son of Mentor, rich
In herds of sprightly steeds. He ere the Greeks
Arrived at Ilium, in Pedæus dwelt,
And Priam's spurious daughter had espoused
Medesicasta. But the barks well-oar'd
Of Greece arriving, he return'd to Troy,
Where he excell'd the noblest, and abode
With Priam, loved and honour'd as his own.
Him Teucer pierced beneath his ear, and pluck'd
His weapon home; he fell as falls an ash
Which on some mountain visible afar,
Hewn from its bottom by the woodman's axe,
With all its tender foliage meets the ground.
So Imbrius fell; loud rang his armour bright
With ornamental brass, and Teucer flew
To seize his arms, whom hasting to the spoil

[2] A fitter occasion to remark on this singular mode of approach in battle, *will present itself hereafter.*

Hector with his resplendent spear assail'd;
He, marking opposite its rapid flight,
Declined it narrowly and it pierced the breast,
As he advanced to battle, of the son
Of Cteatus of the Actorian race,
Amphimachus; he, sounding, smote the plain,
And all his batter'd armour rang aloud.
Then Hector swift approaching, would have torn
The well-forged helmet from the brows away
Of brave Amphimachus; but Ajax hurl'd
Right forth at Hector hasting to the spoil
His radiant spear; no wound the spear impress'd,
For he was arm'd complete in burnish'd brass
Terrific; but the solid boss it pierced
Of Hector's shield, and with enormous force
So shock'd him, that retiring he resign'd
Both bodies[3], which the Grecians dragg'd away.
Stichius and Menestheus, leaders both
Of the Athenians, to the host of Greece
Bore off Amphimachus, and, fierce in arms
The Ajaces, Imbrius. As two lions bear
Through thick entanglement of boughs and brakes
A goat snatch'd newly from the peasants' dogs,
Upholding high their prey above the ground,
So either Ajax terrible in fight,
Upholding Imbrius high, his brazen arms
Tore off, and Oïliades his head
From his smooth neck dissevering in revenge
For slain Amphimachus, through all the host
Sent it with swift rotation like a globe,
Till in the dust at Hector's feet it fell.

Then anger fill'd the heart of Ocean's King,
His grandson[4] slain in battle; forth he pass'd
Through the Achaian camp and fleet, the Greeks
Rousing, and meditating woe to Troy.
It chanced that brave Idomeneus return'd
That moment from a Cretan at the knee
Wounded, and newly borne into his tent;
His friends had borne him off, and when the Chief
Had given him into skilful hands, he sought

[3] *The bodies* of Imbrius and Amphimachus. [4] Amphimachus.

The field again, still coveting renown.
Him therefore, meeting him on his return,
Neptune bespake, but with the borrow'd voice
Of Thoas, offspring of Andræmon, King
In Pleuro and in lofty Calydon,
And honour'd by the Ætolians as a God.
  Oh counsellor of Crete! our threats denounced
Against the towers of Troy, where are they now?
  To whom the leader of the Cretans, thus,
Idomeneus. For aught that I perceive
Thoas! no Grecian is this day in fault!
For we are all intelligent in arms,
None yields by fear oppress'd, none lull'd by sloth
From battle shrinks, but such the pleasure seems
Of Jove himself, that we should perish here
Inglorious, from our country far remote.
But, Thoas! (for thine heart was ever firm
In battle, and thyself art wont to rouse
Whom thou observ'st remiss) now also fight
As erst, and urge each leader of the host.
  Him answered, then, the Sovereign of the Deep.
Return that Grecian never from the shores
Of Troy, Idomeneus! but may the dogs
Feast on him, who shall this day intermit
Through wilful negligence his force in fight!
But haste, take arms and come; we must exert
All diligence, that, being only two,
We yet may yield some service. Union much
Emboldens even the weakest, and our might
Hath oft been proved on warriors of renown.
  So Neptune spake, and, turning, sought again
The toilsome field. Ere long, Idomeneus
Arriving in his spacious tent, put on
His radiant armour, and, two spears in hand,
Set forth like lightning which Saturnian Jove
From bright Olympus shakes into the air,
A sign to mortal men, dazzling all eyes;
So beam'd the Hero's armour as he ran.
But him not yet far distant from his tent
Meriones, his fellow-warrior met,
For he had left the fight, seeking a spear,

When thus the brave Idomeneus began.
Swift son of Molus! chosen companion dear!
Wherefore, Meriones, hast thou the field
Abandon'd? Art thou wounded? Bring'st thou home
Some pointed mischief in thy flesh infixt?
Or comest thou sent to me, who of myself
The still tent covet not, but feats of arms?
To whom Meriones discreet replied.
Chief leader of the Cretans, brazen-mail'd
Idomeneus! if yet there be a spear
Left in thy tent, I seek one; for I broke
The spear, even now, with which erewhile I fought,
Smiting the shield of fierce Deiphobus.
Then answer thus the Cretan Chief return'd,
Valiant Idomeneus. If spears thou need,
Within my tent, leaning against the wall,
Stand twenty spears and one, forged all in Troy,
Which from the slain I took; for distant fight
Me suits not; therefore in my tent have I
Both spears and bossy shields, with brazen casques
And corslets bright that smile against the sun.
Him answer'd, then, Meriones discreet.
I also, at my tent, and in my ship
Have many Trojan spoils, but they are hence
Far distant. I not less myself than thou
Am ever mindful of a warrior's part,
And when the din of glorious arms is heard,
Fight in the van. If other Greeks my deeds
Know not, at least I judge them known to thee.
To whom the leader of the host of Crete
Idomeneus. I know thy valour well,
Why speakest thus to me? Chose we this day
An ambush forth of all the bravest Greeks,
(For in the ambush is distinguish'd best
The courage; there the timorous and the bold
Plainly appear; the dastard changes hue
And shifts from place to place, nor can he calm
The fears that shake his trembling limbs, but sits
Low-crouching on his hams, while in his breast
Quick palpitates his death-foreboding heart,
And his teeth chatter; but the valiant man

His posture shifts not; no excessive fears
Feels he, but seated once in ambush, deems
Time tedious till the bloody fight begin;)
Even there, thy courage should no blame incur.
For should'st thou, toiling in the fight, by spear
Or faulchion bleed, not on thy neck behind
Would fall the weapon, or thy back annoy,
But it would meet thy bowels or thy chest
While thou didst rush into the clamorous van.
But haste—we may not longer loiter here
As children prating, lest some sharp rebuke
Reward us. Enter quick, and from within
My tent provide thee with a nobler spear.
Then, swift as Mars, Meriones produced
A brazen spear of those within the tent
Reserved, and kindling with heroic fire
Follow'd Idomeneus. As gory Mars
By Terror follow'd, his own dauntless son
Who quells the boldest heart, to battle moves;
From Thrace against the Ephyri they arm,
Or hardy Phlegyans, and by both invoked,
Hear and grant victory to which they please;
Such, bright in arms Meriones, and such
Idomeneus advanced, when foremost thus
Meriones his fellow-chief bespake.
Son of Deucalion! where inclinest thou most
To enter into battle? On the right
Of all the host? or through the central ranks?
Or on the left? for nowhere I account
The Greeks so destitute of force as there.
Then answer thus Idomeneus return'd
Chief of the Cretans. Others stand to guard
The middle fleet; there either Ajax wars,
And Teucer, noblest archer of the Greeks,
Nor less in stationary fight approved.
Bent as he is on battle, they will task
And urge to proof sufficiently the force
Of Priameian Hector; burn his rage
How fierce soever, he shall find it hard,
With all his thirst of victory, to quell
Their firm resistance, and to fire the fleet,

Let not Saturnian Jove cast down from heaven
Himself a flaming brand into the ships.
High towering Telamonian Ajax yields
To no mere mortal by the common gift
Sustain'd of Ceres, and whose flesh the spear
Can penetrate, or rocky fragment bruise;
In standing fight Ajax would not retire
Even before that breaker of the ranks
Achilles, although far less swift than He.
But turn we to the left, that we may learn
At once, if glorious death, or life be ours.
  Then, rapid as the God of war, his course
Meriones toward the left began,
As he enjoin'd. Soon as the Trojans saw
Idomeneus advancing like a flame,
And his compeer Meriones in arms
All-radiant clad, encouraging aloud
From rank to rank each other, on they came
To the assault combined. Then soon arose
Sharp contest on the left of all the fleet.
As when shrill winds blow vehement, what time
Dust deepest spreads the ways, by warring blasts
Upborne a sable cloud stands in the air,
Such was the sudden conflict; equal rage
To stain with gore the lance ruled every breast.
Horrent with quivering spears the fatal field
Frown'd on all sides; the brazen flashes dread
Of numerous helmets, corslets furbish'd bright,
And shields refulgent meeting, dull'd the eye,
And turn'd it dark away. Stranger indeed
Were he to fear, who could that strife have view'd
With heart elate, or spirit unperturb'd.
  Two mighty sons of Saturn adverse parts
Took in that contest, purposing alike
To many a valiant Chief sorrow and pain.
Jove, for the honour of Achilles, gave
Success to Hector and the host of Troy,
Not for complete destruction of the Greeks
At Ilium, but that glory might redound
To Thetis thence, and to her dauntless son.
On the other side, the King of Ocean risen

tly from the hoary Deep, the host
'eece encouraged, whom he grieved to see
uish'd by Trojans, and with anger fierce
st the Thunderer burn'd on their behalf.
from one great origin divine
g they, but Jove was elder, and surpass'd
'ious knowledge; therefore when he roused
courage, Neptune traversed still the ranks
estine, and in human form disguised.
these Immortal Two, straining the cord
oluble of all-wasting war,
ıate measured with it either host,
oosed the joints of many a warrior bold.
loud exhorting (though himself with age
;rey,) the Achaians, into battle sprang
'neus, and scatter'd, first, the foe,
g Othryoneus, who, by the lure
rtial glory drawn, had left of late
us. He Priam's fair daughter woo'd
ıdra, but no nuptial gift vouchsafed[5]
er, save a sounding promise proud
ıse, himself, however resolute
'recian host, and to deliver Troy.
n assenting, Priam, ancient King,
:d to him his wish, and in the faith
ıt assurance confident, he fought.
'ave Idomeneus his splendid lance
ım'd dismissing, struck the haughty Chief,
; elate the field; his brazen mail
'ed not; through his bowels pierced, with clang
his arms he fell, and thus with joy
ıse exulting, spake Idomeneus.
ve thee praise, Othryoneus! beyond
ɔrtal men, if truly thou perform
'hole big promise to the Dardan king,
ɔromised thee his daughter. Now, behold,
ɜo promise: doubt not the effect.
ve into thy arms the most admired
amemnon's daughters, whom ourselves
ıither bring from Argos, if thy force

[5] *It was customary* for the suitor to pay the dower.

With ours uniting, thou wilt raze the walls
Of populous Troy. Come—follow me; that here
Among the ships we may adjust the terms
Of marriage, for we take not scanty dower.
So saying, the Hero dragg'd him by his heel
Through all the furious fight. His death to avenge
Asius on foot before his steeds advanced,
For them, where'er he moved, his charioteer
Kept breathing ever on his neck behind.
With fierce desire the heart of Asius burn'd
To smite Idomeneus, who with his lance
Him reaching first, pierced him beneath the chin
Into his throat, and urged the weapon through.
He fell, as some green poplar falls, or oak,
Or lofty pine, by naval artists hewn
With new-edged axes on the mountain's side.
So, his teeth grinding, and the bloody dust
Clenching, before his chariot and his steeds
Extended, Asius lay. His charioteer
(All recollection lost) sat panic-stunn'd,
Nor dared for safety turn his steeds to flight.
Him bold Antilochus right through the waist
Transpierced; his mail sufficed not, but the spear
Implanted in his midmost bowels stood.
Down from his seat magnificent he fell
Panting, and young Antilochus the steeds
Drove captive thence into the host of Greece.
Then came Deiphobus by sorrow urged
For Asius, and, small interval between,
Hurl'd at Idomeneus his glittering lance;
But he, foreseeing its approach, the point
Eluded, cover'd whole by his round shield
Of hides and brass by double belt sustain'd,
And it flew over him, but on his targe
Glancing, elicited a tinkling sound.
Yet left it not in vain his vigorous grasp,
But piercèd the liver of Hypsenor, son
Of Hippasus; he fell incontinent,
And measureless exulting in his fall
Deiphobus with mighty voice exclaim'd.
Not unavenged lies Asius; though he seek

iron portals, yet shall he rejoice,
have given him a conductor home.
he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard;
' them all to anger most he roused
chus, who yet his breathless friend[6]
ot, but, hasting, fenced him with his shield,
rave Alastor with Mecisteus son
ius, bore him to the hollow ships
groaning both, for of their band was he.
t Idomeneus his warlike rage
ed aught, but persevering strove
to plunge some Trojan in the shades,
himself, guarding the fleet of Greece.
lew he brave Alcathoüs the son
yeta, and the son-in-law
Anchises, who to him had given
lest-born of all his daughters fair,
lamia; dearly loved was she
h her parents in her virgin state[7],
at in beauty she surpass'd, in works
ous, and in faculties of mind
· coevals; wherefore she was deem'd
orthy of the noblest prince of Troy.
1 that moment, Neptune by the arm
l of Idomeneus, his radiant eyes
ng, and fettering his proportioned limbs.
wer of flight or to elude the stroke
k him, and while motionless he stood
ids a pillar tall or towering oak,
ro of the Cretans with a spear
ix'd his middle chest. He split the mail
ile his bosom's faithful guard; shrill rang
iver'd brass; sounding he fell; the beam
ited in his palpitating heart
to its topmost point, but, its force spent,
, quiescent, stood. Then loud exclaim'd
neus, exulting in his fall.
it thinks Deiphobus? seems it to thee,

senor. [7] This seems to be the meaning of ἐν μεγάρῳ, cession similar to that of Demosthenes in a parallel case—ἦτε ἦσαν.—*See Schaufelbergerus.*

Vain boaster, that, three warriors slain for one,
We yield thee just amends? else, stand thyself
Against me; learn the valour of a Chief
The progeny of Jove; Jove first begat
Crete's guardian, Minos, from which Minos sprang
Deucalion, and from famed Deucalion, I;
I, sovereign of the numerous race of Crete's
Extensive isle, and whom my galleys brought
To these your shores at last, that I might prove
Thy curse, thy father's, and a curse to Troy.
He spake; Deiphobus uncertain stood
Whether, retreating, to engage the help
Of some heroic Trojan, or himself
To make the dread experiment alone.
At length, as his discreeter course, he chose
To seek Æneas; him he found afar
Station'd, remotest of the host of Troy,
For he resented evermore his worth
By Priam[a] recompensed with cold neglect.
Approaching him, in accents wing'd he said.
Æneas! Trojan Chief! If e'er thou lov'dst
Thy sister's husband, duty calls thee now
To prove it. Haste—defend with me the dead
Alcathoüs, guardian of thy tender years,
Slain by Idomeneus the spear-renown'd.
So saying, he roused his spirit, and on fire
To combat with the Cretan, forth he sprang.
But fear seized not Idomeneus as fear
May seize a nursling boy; resolved he stood
As in the mountains, conscious of his force,
The wild boar waits a coming multitude
Of boisterous hunters to his lone retreat;
Arching his bristly spine he stands, his eyes
Beam fire, and whetting his bright tusks, he burns
To drive, not dogs alone, but men to flight;
So stood the royal Cretan, and fled not,
Expecting brave Æneas; yet his friends
He summon'd, on Ascalaphus his eyes

[a] He is said to have been jealous of him on account of his great popularity, and to have discountenanced him, fearing a conspiracy in his favour to the prejudice of his own family.—See Villoison.

ıing, on Aphareus, Deipyrus,
nes, and Antilochus, all bold
:tle, and in accents wing'd exclaim'd.
ıte ye, my friends! to aid me, for I stand
, nor undismay'd the coming wait
ift Æneas, nor less brave than swift,
/ho possesses fresh his flower of youth,
prime advantage; were we match'd in years
our spirits, either he should earn
:e the meed of deathless fame, or I.
said; they all unanimous approach'd,
g their shields, and stood. On the other side
ds Æneas call'd, with eyes toward
Deiphobus, Agenor, turn'd,
llow-warriors bold; them follow'd all
people as the pastured flock the ram
ter, by the shepherd seen with joy;
oy Æneas felt, seeing, so soon,
ıumerous host attendant at his call.
for Alcathoüs, into contest close
with long spears they rush'd; on every breast
rang the brazen corslet, each his foe
ng opposite; but two, the rest
ısing far, terrible both as Mars,
and Idomeneus, alike
l to pierce each other with the spear.
, first, cast at Idomeneus,
arn'd, he shunn'd the weapon, and it pass'd.
ing in the soil Æneas' lance
hurl'd in vain, though by a forceful arm.
the Cretan; at his waist he pierced
ıaüs, his hollow corslet clave,
ı his midmost bowels drench'd the spear;
fell the Chief, and dying, clench'd the dust.
t, his massy spear the King of Crete
d from the dead, but of his radiant arms
l'd him not, by numerous weapons urged;
w, time-worn, he could no longer make
ıally, spring to follow his own spear,
n another, or by swift retreat
from *battle, but the* evil day

Hector with his resplendent spear assail'd;
He, marking opposite its rapid flight,
Declined it narrowly and it pierced the breast,
As he advanced to battle, of the son
Of Cteatus of the Actorian race,
Amphimachus; he, sounding, smote the plain,
And all his batter'd armour rang aloud.
Then Hector swift approaching, would have torn
The well-forged helmet from the brows away
Of brave Amphimachus; but Ajax hurl'd
Right forth at Hector hasting to the spoil
His radiant spear; no wound the spear impress'd,
For he was arm'd complete in burnish'd brass
Terrific; but the solid boss it pierced
Of Hector's shield, and with enormous force
So shock'd him, that retiring he resign'd
Both bodies[3], which the Grecians dragg'd away.
Stichius and Menestheus, leaders both
Of the Athenians, to the host of Greece
Bore off Amphimachus, and, fierce in arms
The Ajaces, Imbrius. As two lions bear
Through thick entanglement of boughs and brakes
A goat snatch'd newly from the peasants' dogs,
Upholding high their prey above the ground,
So either Ajax terrible in fight,
Upholding Imbrius high, his brazen arms
Tore off, and Oïliades his head
From his smooth neck dissevering in revenge
For slain Amphimachus, through all the host
Sent it with swift rotation like a globe,
Till in the dust at Hector's feet it fell.

Then anger fill'd the heart of Ocean's King,
His grandson[4] slain in battle; forth he pass'd
Through the Achaian camp and fleet, the Greeks
Rousing, and meditating woe to Troy.
It chanced that brave Idomeneus return'd
That moment from a Cretan at the knee
Wounded, and newly borne into his tent;
His friends had borne him off, and when the Chief
Had given him into skilful hands, he sought

[3] The bodies of Imbrius and Amphimachus. [4] Amphimachus.

The field again, still coveting renown.
Him therefore, meeting him on his return,
Neptune bespake, but with the borrow'd voice
Of Thoas, offspring of Andræmon, King
In Pleuro and in lofty Calydon,
And honour'd by the Ætolians as a God.
  Oh counsellor of Crete! our threats denounced
Against the towers of Troy, where are they now?
  To whom the leader of the Cretans, thus,
Idomeneus. For aught that I perceive
Thoas! no Grecian is this day in fault!
For we are all intelligent in arms,
None yields by fear oppress'd, none lull'd by sloth
From battle shrinks, but such the pleasure seems
Of Jove himself, that we should perish here
Inglorious, from our country far remote.
But, Thoas! (for thine heart was ever firm
In battle, and thyself art wont to rouse
Whom thou observ'st remiss) now also fight
As erst, and urge each leader of the host.
  Him answered, then, the Sovereign of the Deep.
Return that Grecian never from the shores
Of Troy, Idomeneus! but may the dogs
Feast on him, who shall this day intermit
Through wilful negligence his force in fight!
But haste, take arms and come; we must exert
All diligence, that, being only two,
We yet may yield some service. Union much
Emboldens even the weakest, and our might
Hath oft been proved on warriors of renown.
  So Neptune spake, and, turning, sought again
The toilsome field. Ere long, Idomeneus
Arriving in his spacious tent, put on
His radiant armour, and, two spears in hand,
Set forth like lightning which Saturnian Jove
From bright Olympus shakes into the air,
A sign to mortal men, dazzling all eyes;
So beam'd the Hero's armour as he ran.
But him not yet far distant from his tent
Meriones, his fellow-warrior met,
For he had left the fight, seeking a spear,

On royal Helenus, who ready stood
With his bow bent. They met; impatient, one,
To give his pointed lance its rapid course,
And one, to start his arrow from the nerve.
The arrow of the son of Priam struck
Atrides' hollow corslet, but the reed
Glanced wide. As vetches or as swarthy beans
Leap from the van and fly athwart the floor,
By sharp winds driven, and by the winnower's force,
So from the corslet of the glorious Greek
Wide-wandering flew the bitter shaft away.
But Menelaus the left-hand transpierced
Of Helenus, and with the lance's point
Fasten'd it to his bow; shunning a stroke
More fatal, Helenus into his band
Retired, his arm dependent at his side,
And trailing, as he went, the ashen beam;
There, bold Agenor from his hand the lance
Drew forth, then folded it with softest wool
Around, sling-wool, and borrow'd from the sling
Which his attendant into battle bore.
Then sprang Pisander on the glorious Chief
The son of Atreus, but his evil fate
Beckon'd him to his death in conflict fierce,
Oh Menelaus, mighty Chief! with thee.
And now they met, small interval between.
Atrides hurl'd his weapon, and it err'd.
Pisander with his spear struck full the shield
Of glorious Menelaus, but his force
Resisted by the stubborn buckler broad
Fail'd to transpierce it, and the weapon fell
Snapp'd at the neck. Yet, when he struck, the heart
Rebounded of Pisander, full of hope.
But Menelaus, drawing his bright blade,
Sprang on him, while Pisander from behind
His buckler drew a brazen battle-axe
By its long haft of polish'd olive-wood,
And both Chiefs struck together. He the crest
That crown'd the shaggy casque of Atreus' son
Hew'd from its base, but Menelaus him
In his swift onset smote full on the front

ıis nose; sounded the shatter'd bone,
s eyes both fell bloody at his feet.
ved with pain he lay; then, on his breast
setting fast his heel, tore off
ıour, and exulting thus began.
ıall ye leave at length the Grecian fleet,
ı, and never satisfied with war!
nt ye other guilt, dogs and profane!
have injured also, and defied
displeasure of high-thundering Jove
spitable, who shall waste in time,
el with the dust your lofty Troy.
ı'd not you, yet bore ye far away
thful bride who welcomed you, and stole
sures also, and ye now are bent
ı Achaia's gallant fleet with fire
y her Heroes; but your furious thirst
e shall hereafter meet a check.
her Jove! Thee wisest we account
en or earth, yet from thyself proceed
e calamities, who favour show'st
flagitious race the Trojans, strong
edness alone, and whose delight
and bloodshed never can be cloy'd.
sures breed satiety, sweet sleep,
liance, music, and the graceful dance,
sought with keener appetite by most
oody war; but Troy still covets blood.
ake the royal Chief, and to his friends
r's gory spoils consigning, flew
gle in the foremost fight again.
ext, Harpalion, offspring of the King
nes assailed; to Troy he came
ıg his sire, but never thence return'd.
n small distance, smote the central boss
laus' buckler with his lance,
ıting power to pierce it, with an eye
ous circumspection, lest perchance
ear should reach him, to his band retired.
retiring with a brazen shaft
s pursued; swift flew the dart

To his right buttock, slipp'd beneath the bone,
His bladder grazed, and started through before.
There ended his retreat; sudden he sank
And like a worm lay on the ground, his life
Exhaling in his fellow-warrior's arms,
And with his sable blood soaking the plain.
Around him flock'd his Paphlagonians bold,
And in his chariot placed drove him to Troy,
With whom his father went, mourning with tears
A son, whose death he never saw avenged.
  Him slain with indignation Paris view'd,
For he, with numerous Paphlagonians more,
His guest had been, he, therefore, in the thirst
Of vengeance, sent a brazen arrow forth.
There was a certain Greek, Euchenor, son
Of Polyides the soothsayer, rich
And brave in fight, and who in Corinth dwelt.
He, knowing well his fate, yet sail'd to Troy.
For Polyides oft, his reverend sire,
Had prophecied that he should either die
By some dire malady at home, or, slain
By Trojan hands, amid the fleet of Greece.
He, therefore, shunning the reproach alike
Of the Achaians, and that dire disease,
Had joined the Grecian host; him Paris pierced
The ear and jaw beneath; life at the stroke
Left him, and darkness overspread his eyes.
  So raged the battle like devouring fire.
But Hector dear to Jove not yet had learn'd,
Nor aught surmised the havoc of his host
Made on the left, where victory crown'd well-nigh
The Grecians animated to the fight
By Neptune seconding himself their arms.
He, where he first had started through the gate
After dispersion of the shielded Greeks
Compact, still persevered. The galleys there
Of Ajax and Protesilaüs stood
Updrawn above the hoary Deep; the wall
Was there of humblest structure, and the steeds
And warriors there conflicted furious most.

The Epeans there and Iäonians[9] robed-
Prolix, the Phthians[10], Locrians, and the bold
Bœotians check'd the terrible assault
Of Hector, noble Chief, ardent as flame,
Yet not repulsed him. Chosen Athenians form'd
The van, by Peteos' son, Menestheus, led,
Whose high command undaunted Bias shared,
Phidas, and Stichius. The Epean host
Under Amphion, Dracius, Meges, fought.
Podarces brave in arms the Phthians ruled,
And Medon (Medon was by spurious birth
Brother of Ajax Oïliades,
And for his uncle's death, whom he had slain,
The brother of Oïleus' wife abode
In Phylace; but from Iphiclus sprang
Podarces;) these all station'd in the front
Of Phthias' hardy sons, together strove
With the Bœotians for the fleet's defence.
Ajax the swift swerved never from the side
Of Ajax son of Telamon a step,
But as in some deep fallow two black steers
Labour combined, dragging the ponderous plough,
The briny sweat around their rooted horns
Oozes profuse; they, parted as they toil
Along the furrow, by the yoke alone,
Cleave to its bottom sheer the stubborn glebe,
So, side by side, they persevering fought.
The son of Telamon a people led
Numerous and bold, who, when his bulky limbs
Fail'd overlabour'd, eased him of his shield.
Not so attended by his Locrians fought
Oïleus' valiant son; pitch'd battle them
Suited not, unprovided with bright casques
Of hairy crest, with ashen spears, and shields
Of ample orb; for, trusting in the bow

[9] The Iäonians were a distinct people from the Ionians, and according to the Scholium, separated from them by a pillar bearing on opposite sides the name of each.—See Barnes. See also Villoisson.

[10] The people of Achilles were properly called the Phthiotæ; whereas the Phthians belonged to Protesiläus and Philocteles.—See Eustathius, as quoted by Clarke.

And twisted sling alone, they came to Troy,
And broke with shafts and volley'd stones the ranks.
Thus occupying, clad in burnish'd arms,
The van, these Two with Hector and his host
Conflicted, while the Locrians from behind
Vex'd them with shafts, secure; nor could the men
Of Ilium stand, by such a shower confused.
Then, driven with dreadful havoc thence, the foe
To wind-swept Ilium had again retired,
Had not Polydamas, at Hector's side
Standing, the dauntless Hero thus address'd.
  Hector! Thou ne'er canst listen to advice;
But think'st thou, that if heaven in feats of arms
Give thee pre-eminence, thou must excel
Therefore in council also all mankind?
No. All-sufficiency is not for thee.
To one, superior force in arms is given,
Skill, to another, in the graceful dance,
Sweet song and powers of music to a third,
And to a fourth loud-thundering Jove imparts
Wisdom, which profits many, and which saves
Whole cities oft, though reverenced but by few.
Yet hear; I speak as wisest seems to me.
War, like a fiery circle, all around
Environs thee; the Trojans, since they pass'd
The bulwark, either hold themselves aloof,
Or, wide dispersed among the galleys, cope
With numbers far superior to their own.
Retiring, therefore, summon all our Chiefs
To consultation on the sum of all,
Whether (should heaven so prosper us) to rush
Impetuous on the gallant barks of Greece,
Or to retreat secure; for much I dread
Lest the Achaians punctually refund
All yesterday's arrear, since yonder Chief[11]
Insatiable with battle still abides
Within the fleet, nor longer, as I judge,
Will rest a mere spectator of the field.
  So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice
Pleased Hector; from his chariot down he leap'd

[11] Achilles.

All arm'd, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
Polydamas! here gather all the Chiefs;
I haste into the fight, and my commands
Once issued there, incontinent return.
He ended, and conspicuous as the height
Of some snow-crested mountain, shouting ranged
The Trojans and confederates of Troy.
They swift around Polydamas, brave son
Of Panthus, at the voice of Hector, ran.
Himself with hasty strides the front, meantime,
Of battle roam'd, seeking from rank to rank
Asius Hyrtacides, with Asius' son
Adamas, and Deiphobus, and the might
Of Helenus, his royal brother bold.
Them neither altogether free from hurt
He found, nor living all. Beneath the sterns
Of the Achaian ships some slaughter'd lay
By Grecian hands; some stricken by the spear
Within the rampart sat, some by the sword.
But leftward of the woeful field he found,
Ere long, bright Helen's paramour his band
Exhorting to the fight. Hector approach'd,
And him, in fierce displeasure, thus bespake.
Curst Paris, specious, fraudulent and lewd!
Where is Deiphobus, and where the might
Of royal Helenus? Where Adamas
Offspring of Asius, and where Asius, son
Of Hyrtacus, and where Othryoneus?
Now lofty Ilium from her topmost height
Falls headlong, now is thy own ruin sure.
To whom the Godlike Paris thus replied.
Since Hector! thou art pleased with no just cause
To censure me, I may decline, perchance,
Much more the battle on some future day,
For I profess some courage, even I.
Witness our constant conflict with the Greeks
Here, on this spot, since first led on by thee
The host of Troy waged battle at the ships.
But those our friends of whom thou hast enquired
Are slain, Deiphobus alone except
And royal Helenus, who in the hand

Bear each a wound inflicted by the spear,
And have retired; but Jove their life preserved.
Come now—conduct us whither most thine heart
Prompts thee, and thou shalt find us ardent all
To face like danger; what we can, we will,
The best and most determined can no more.
So saying, the Hero sooth'd his brother's mind.
Then moved they both toward the hottest war
Together, where Polydamas the brave,
Phalces, Cebriones, Orthæus fought,
Palmys and Polyphœtes, godlike Chief,
And Morys and Ascanius, gallant sons
Both of Hippotion. They at Troy arrived
From fair Ascania the preceding morn,
In recompense for aid[12] by Priam lent
Erewhile to Phrygia, and, by Jove impell'd,
Now waged the furious battle side by side.
The march of these at once, was as the sound
Of mighty winds from deep-hung thunder-clouds
Descending; clamorous the blast and wild
With Ocean mingles! many a billow, then,
Upridged rides turbulent the sounding flood,
Foam-crested, billow after billow driven,
So moved the host of Troy, rank after rank
Behind their Chiefs, all dazzling bright in arms.
Before them Priameian Hector strode
Fierce as gore-tainted Mars, and his broad shield
Advancing came, heavy with hides, and thick-
Plated with brass; his helmet on his brows
Refulgent shook, and in its turn he tried
The force of every phalanx, if perchance
Behind his broad shield pacing he might shake
Their stedfast order; but he bore not down
The spirit of the firm Achaian host.
Then Ajax striding forth, him, first, defied.
Approach. Why temptest thou the Greeks to fear?
No babes are we in aught that appertains
To arms, though humbled by the scourge of Jove.
Thou cherishest the foolish hope to burn

[12] This according to Eustathius, is the import of ἀμοιβοί.—See Iliad III.—in which Priam relates an expedition of his into that country.

Our fleet with fire; but even we have hearts
Prepared to guard it, and your populous Troy,
By us dismantled and to pillage given,
Shall perish sooner far. Know this thyself
Also; the hour is nigh when thou shalt ask
In prayer to Jove and all the Gods of heaven,
That speed more rapid than the falcon's flight
May wing thy coursers, while, exciting dense
The dusty plain, they whirl thee back to Troy.
While thus he spake, sublime on the right-hand
An eagle soar'd; confident in the sign
The whole Achaian host with loud acclaim
Hail'd it. Then glorious Hector thus replied.
Brainless and big, what means this boast of thine,
Earth-cumberer Ajax? Would I were the son
As sure, for ever, of almighty Jove
And Juno, and such honour might receive
Henceforth as Pallas and Apollo share,
As comes this day with universal woe
Fraught for the Grecians, among whom thyself
Shalt also perish if thou dare abide
My massy spear, which shall thy pamper'd flesh
Disfigure, and amid the barks of Greece
Falling, thou shalt the vultures with thy bulk
Enormous satiate, and the dogs of Troy.
He spake, and led his host; with clamour loud
They follow'd him, and all the distant rear
Came shouting on. On the other side the Greeks
Re-echoed shout for shout, all undismay'd,
And waiting firm the bravest of their foes.
Upwent the double roar into the heights
Ethereal, and among the beams of Jove.

BOOK XIV.

ARGUMENT.

Agamemnon and the other wounded Chiefs taking Nestor with them, visit the battle. Juno having borrowed the Cestus of Venus, first engages the assistance of Sleep, then hastes to Ida to inveigle Jove. She prevails. Jove sleeps; and Neptune takes that opportunity to succour the Grecians.

Nor was that cry by Nestor unperceived
Though drinking, who in words wing'd with surprise
The son of Æsculapius thus address'd.
Divine Machaon! think what this may bode.
The cry of our young warriors at the ships
Grows louder; sitting here, the sable wine
Quaff thou, while bright-hair'd Hecamede warms
A bath, to cleanse thy crimson stains away.
I from yon eminence will learn the cause.
So saying, he took a shield radiant with brass
There lying in the tent, the shield well-forged
Of valiant Thrasymedes, his own son,
(For he had borne to fight his father's shield)
And arming next his hand with a keen lance
Stood forth before the tent. Thence soon he saw
Foul deeds and strange, the Grecian host confused,
Their broken ranks flying before the host
Of Ilium, and the rampart overthrown.
As when the wide sea, darken'd over all
Its silent flood, forebodes shrill winds to blow,
The doubtful waves roll yet to neither side,
Till swept at length by a decisive gale;
So stood the senior, with distressful doubts
Conflicting anxious, whether first to seek
The Grecian host, or Agamemnon's self
The sovereign, and at length that course preferr'd.
Meantime with mutual carnage they the field

Spread far and wide, and by spears double-edged
Smitten, and by the sword their corslets rang.
The royal Chiefs ascending from the fleet,
Ulysses, Diomede, and Atreus' son
Imperial Agamemnon, who had each
Bled in the battle, met him on his way.
For from the war remote they had updrawn
Their galleys on the shore of the gray Deep,
The foremost to the plain, and at the sterns
Of that exterior line had built the wall.
For, spacious though it were, the shore alone
That fleet sufficed not, incommoding much
The people; wherefore they had ranged the ships
Line above line gradual, and the bay
Between both promontories, all was fill'd.
They, therefore, curious to survey the fight,
Came forth together, leaning on the spear,
When Nestor met them; heavy were their hearts,
And at the sight of him still more alarm'd,
Whom royal Agamemnon thus bespake.
Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!
What moved thee to forsake yon bloody field,
And urged thee hither? Cause I see of fear,
Lest furious Hector even now his threat
Among the Trojans publish'd, verify,
That he would never enter Ilium more
Till he had burn'd our fleet, and slain ourselves.
So threaten'd Hector and shall now perform.
Alas! alas! the Achaians brazen-greaved
All, like Achilles, have deserted me
Resentful, and decline their fleet's defence.
To whom Gerenian Nestor thus replied.
Those threats are verified; nor Jove himself
The Thunderer can disappoint them now;
For our chief strength in which we trusted most
That it should guard impregnably secure
Our navy and ourselves, the wall hath fallen.
Hence all this conflict by our host sustain'd
Among the ships; nor could thy keenest sight
Inform thee where in the Achaian camp
Confusion most prevails, such deaths are dealt

Promiscuous, and the cry ascends to heaven.
But come—consult we on the sum of all,
If counsel yet may profit. As for you,
Ye shall have exhortation none from me
To seek the fight; the wounded have excuse.
Whom Agamemnon answer'd, King of men.
Ah Nestor! if beneath our very sterns
The battle rage, if neither trench nor wall
Constructed with such labour, and supposed
Of strength to guard impregnably secure
Our navy and ourselves, avail us aught,
It is because almighty Jove hath will'd
That the Achaian host should perish here
Inglorious, from their country far remote.
When he vouchsafed assistance to the Greeks,
I knew it well; and now, not less I know
That high as the immortal Gods he lifts
Our foes to glory, and depresses us.
Haste therefore all, and act as I advise.
Our ships—all those that nearest skirt the Deep,
Launch we into the sacred flood, and moor
With anchors safely, till o'ershadowing night
(If night itself may save us) shall arrive.
Then may we launch the rest; for I no shame
Account it, even by 'vantage of the night
To fly destruction. Wiser him I deem
Who 'scapes his foe, than whom his foe enthralls.
But him Ulysses, frowning stern, reproved.
What word, Atrides, now hath pass'd thy lips?
Counsellor of despair! thou should'st command
(And would to heaven thou didst) a different host,
Some dastard race, not ours; whom Jove ordains
From youth to hoary age to weave the web
Of toilsome warfare, till we perish all.
Wilt thou the spacious city thus renounce
For which such numerous woes we have endured?
Hush! lest some other hear; it is a word
Which no man qualified by years mature
To speak discreetly, no man bearing rule
O'er such a people as confess thy sway,
Should suffer to contaminate his lips.

I from my soul condemn thee, and condemn
Thy counsel, who persuad'st us in the heat
Of battle terrible as this, to launch
Our fleet into the waves, that we may give
Our too successful foes their full desire,
And that our own prepondering scale
May plunge us past all hope; for while they draw
Their galleys down, the Grecians shall but ill
Sustain the fight, seaward will cast their eyes
And shun the battle, bent on flight alone.
Then shall they rue thy counsel, King of men!
To whom the imperial leader of the Greeks,
Thy sharp reproof, Ulysses, hath my soul
Pierced deeply. Yet I gave no such command
That the Achaians should their galleys launch,
Would they, or would they not. No. I desire
That, young or old, some other may advice
More prudent give, and he shall please me well.
Then thus the gallant Diomede replied.
That man is near, and may ye but be found
Tractable, our enquiry shall be short.
Be patient each, nor chide me or reproach
Because I am of greener years than ye,
For I am sprung from an illustrious Sire,
From Tydeus, who beneath his hill of earth
Lies now entomb'd at Thebes. Three noble sons
Were born to Portheus, who in Pleuro dwelt,
And on the heights of Calydon; the first
Agrius; the second Melas; and the third
Brave Oeneus, father of my father, famed
For virtuous qualities above the rest.
Oeneus still dwelt at home; but wandering thence,
My father dwelt in Argos; so the will
Of Jove appointed, and of all the Gods.
There he espoused the daughter of the King
Adrastus, occupied a mansion rich
In all abundance; many a field possess'd
Of wheat, well-planted gardens, numerous flocks,
And was expert in spearmanship esteem'd
Past all the Grecians. I esteem'd it right
That ye should hear these things, for they are true.

Ye will not, therefore, as I were obscure
And of ignoble origin, reject
What I shall well advise. Expedience bids
That, wounded as we are, we join the host.
We will preserve due distance from the range
Of spears and arrows, lest already gall'd,
We suffer worse; but we will others urge
To combat, who have stood too long aloof,
Attentive only to their own repose.
He spake, whom all approved, and forth they went,
Imperial Agamemnon at their head.
Nor watch'd the glorious Shaker of the shores
In vain, but like a man time-worn approach'd,
And, seizing Agamemnon's better hand,
In accents wing'd the monarch thus address'd.
Atrides! now exults the vengeful heart
Of fierce Achilles, viewing at his ease
The flight and slaughter of Achaia's host;
For he is mad, and let him perish such,
And may his portion from the Gods be shame!
But as for thee, not yet the powers of heaven
Thee hate implacable; the Chiefs of Troy
Shall cover yet with cloudy dust the breadth
Of all the plain, and backward from the camp
To Ilium's gates thyself shalt see them driven.
He ceased, and shouting traversed swift the field.
Loud as nine thousand or ten thousand shout
In furious battle mingled, Neptune sent
His voice abroad, force irresistible
Infusing into every Grecian heart,
And thirst of battle not to be assuaged.
But Juno of the golden throne stood forth
On the Olympian summit, viewing thence
The field, where clear distinguishing the God
Of ocean, her own brother sole engaged
Amid the glorious battle, glad was she.
Seeing Jove also on the topmost point
Of spring-fed Ida seated, she conceived
Hatred against him, and thenceforth began
Deliberate how best she might deceive
The Thunderer, and thus at last resolved;

Attired with skill celestial to descend
On Ida, with a hope to allure him first
Won by her beauty to a fond embrace,
Then closing fast in balmy sleep profound
His eyes, to elude his vigilance, secure.
She sought her chamber; Vulcan her own son
That chamber built. He framed the solid doors,
And to the posts fast closed them with a key
Mysterious, which, herself except, in heaven
None understood. Entering she secured
The splendid portal. First, she laved all o'er
Her beauteous body with ambrosial lymph,
Then polish'd it with richest oil divine
Of boundless fragrance; oil that in the courts
Eternal only shaken, through the skies
Breathed odours, and through all the distant earth.
Her whole fair body with those sweets bedew'd,
She pass'd the comb through her ambrosial hair,
And braided her bright locks streaming profuse
From her immortal brows; with golden studs
She made her gorgeous mantle fast before,
Ethereal texture, labour of the hands
Of Pallas beautified with various art,
And braced it with a zone fringed all around
An hundred fold; her pendants triple-gemm'd
Luminous, graceful, in her ears she hung,
And covering all her glories with a veil
Sun-bright, new-woven, bound to her fair feet
Her sandals elegant. Thus full attired,
In all her ornaments, she issued forth,
And beckoning Venus from the other powers
Of heaven apart, the Goddess thus bespake.
Daughter beloved! shall I obtain my suit,
Or wilt thou thwart me, angry that I aid
The Grecians, while thine aid is given to Troy?
To whom Jove's daughter Venus thus replied.
What would majestic Juno, daughter dread
Of Saturn, sire of Jove? I feel a mind
Disposed to gratify thee, if thou ask
Things possible, and possible to me.
Then thus with wiles veiling her deep design

Imperial Juno. Give me those desires,
That love-enkindling power by which thou sway'st
Immortal hearts and mortal, all alike;
For to the green earth's utmost bounds I go,
To visit there the parent of the Gods,
Oceanus, and Tethys his espoused,
Mother of all. They kindly from the hands
Of Rhea took, and with parental care
Sustain'd and cherish'd me, what time from heaven
The Thunderer hurl'd down Saturn, and beneath
The earth fast bound him and the barren Deep.
Them go I now to visit, and their feuds
Innumerable to compose; for long
They have from conjugal embrace abstain'd
Through mutual wrath, whom by persuasive speech
Might I restore into each other's arms,
They would for ever love me and revere.
  Her, foam-born Venus then, Goddess of smiles,
Thus answer'd. Thy request, who in the arms
Of Jove reposest the omnipotent,
Nor just it were nor seemly to refuse.
  So saying, the cincture from her breast she loosed
Embroider'd, various, her all-charming zone.
It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete
With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,
And music of resistless whisper'd sounds
That from the wisest steal their best resolves;
She placed it in her hands and thus she said.
  Take this,—this girdle fraught with every charm.
Hide this within thy bosom, and return,
Whate'er thy purpose, mistress of it all.
  She spake; imperial Juno smiled, and still
Smiling complacent, bosom'd safe the zone.
Then Venus to her father's court return'd,
And Juno, starting from the Olympian height,
O'erflew Pieria and the lovely plains
Of broad Emathia; soaring thence she swept
The snow-clad summits of the Thracian hills
Steed-famed, nor printed, as she pass'd, the soil.
From Athos o'er the foaming billows borne
She came to Lemnos, city and abode

ɔle Thoas, and there meeting Sleep,
ɪr of Death, she press'd his hand, and said,
p, over all, both Gods and men, supreme!
· thou hast heard, hear also now
it; I will be grateful evermore.
ɔr me fast the radiant eyes of Jove
instant of his gratified desire.
ɛcompence shall be a throne of gold,
, incorruptible; my limping son,
ı, shall fashion it himself with art
ous, and, beneath, shall place a stool
y fair feet, at the convivial board.
n answer thus the tranquil Sleep return'd.
Saturn's daughter, awe-inspiring Queen!
ıer of the everlasting Gods
l with ease make slumber, even the streams
ɛan, Sire of all. Not so the King
ɔn of Saturn; him, unless himself
ıe command, I dare not lull to rest,
n approach him, taught as I have been
y in the schools of thy commands
ɪisdom. I forget not yet the day
Troy laid waste, that valiant son[1] of his
homeward: then my influence I diffused
ɛr the sovereign intellect of Jove;
thou, against the Hero plotting harm,
rouse the billows with tempestuous blasts,
ɛparating him from all his friends,
ıt'st him to populous Cos. Then Jove awoke,
ıurling in his wrath the Gods about,
t chiefly me, whom far below all ken
d from heaven cast down into the Deep,
ight resistless vanquisher of all,
ɔods and men, preserved me; for to her
for refuge. So the Thunderer cool'd,
h sore displeased, and spared me through a fear
late the peaceful sway of Night.
ıou wouldst now embroil me yet again!
whom majestic Juno thus replied.
herefore, Sleep! should'st thou indulge a fear

[1] Hercules.

So groundless? Chase it from thy mind afar.
Think'st thou the Thunderer as intent to serve
The Trojans, and as jealous in their cause
As erst for Hercules, his genuine son?
Come then, and I will bless thee with a bride;
One of the younger graces shall be thine,
Pasithea, day by day still thy desire.
She spake; Sleep heard delighted, and replied.
By the inviolable Stygian flood
Swear to me; lay thy right hand on the glebe
All-teeming, lay thy other on the face
Of the flat sea, that all the Immortal Powers
Who compass Saturn in the nether realms
May witness, that thou givest me for a bride
The younger Grace whom thou hast named, divine
Pasithea, day by day still my desire.
He said, nor beauteous Juno not complied,
But sware, by name invoking all the powers
Titanian call'd who in the lowest gulf
Dwell under Tartarus, omitting none.
Her oath with solemn ceremonial sworn,
Together forth they went; Lemnos they left
And Imbrus, city of Thrace, and in dark clouds
Mantled, with gliding ease swam through the air
To Ida's mount with rilling waters vein'd,
Parent of savage beasts; at Lectos[2] first
They quitted Ocean, overpassing high
The dry land, while beneath their feet the woods
Their spiry summits waved. There, unperceived
By Jove, Sleep mounted Ida's loftiest pine
Of growth that pierced the sky, and hidden sat
Secure by its expanded boughs, the bird
Shrill-voiced resembling in the mountains seen,
Chalcis in heaven, on earth Cymindis named.
But Juno swift to Gargarus the top
Of Ida, soar'd, and there Jove saw his spouse.
—Saw her—and in his breast the same love felt
Rekindled vehement, which had of old
Join'd them, when, by their parents unperceived,
They stole aside, and snatch'd their first embrace.

[2] One of the heads of Ida.

Soon he accosted her, and thus enquired.
Juno! what region seeking hast thou left
The Olympian summit, and hast here arrived
With neither steed nor chariot in thy train?
To whom majestic Juno thus replied
Dissembling. To the green earth's end I go,
To visit there the parent of the Gods
Oceanus, and Tethys his espoused,
Mother of all. They kindly from the hands
Of Rhea took, and with parental care
Sustain'd and cherish'd me; to them I haste
Their feuds innumerable to compose,
Who disunited by intestine strife
Long time, from conjugal embrace abstain.
My steeds, that lightly over dank and dry
Shall bear me, at the rooted base I left
Of Ida river-vein'd. But for thy sake
From the Olympian summit I arrive,
Lest journeying remote to the abode
Of Ocean, and with no consent of thine
Entreated first, I should, perchance, offend.
To whom the cloud-assembler God replied.
Juno! thy journey thither may be made
Hereafter. Let us turn to dalliance now.
For never Goddess pour'd, nor woman yet
So full a tide of love into my breast;
I never loved Ixion's consort thus
Who bore Pirithoüs, wise as we in heaven;
Nor sweet Acrisian Danäe, from whom
Sprang Perseus, noblest of the race of man;
Nor Phœnix' daughter fair[3], of whom were born
Minos unmatch'd but by the powers above,
And Rhadamanthus; nor yet Semele,
Nor yet Alcmena, who in Thebes produced
The valiant Hercules; and though my son
By Semele were Bacchus, joy of man;
Nor Ceres golden-hair'd, nor high-enthroned
Latona in the skies, no—nor thyself
As now I love thee, and my soul perceive
O'erwhelm'd with sweetness of intense desire.

[3] Europa.

Then thus majestic Juno her reply
Framed artful. Oh unreasonable haste!
What speaks the Thunderer? If on Ida's heights
Where all is open and to view exposed
Thou wilt that we embrace, what must betide,
Should any of the everlasting Gods
Observe us, and declare it to the rest?
Never could I, arising, seek again
Thy mansion, so unseemly were the deed.
But if thy inclinations that way tend,
Thou hast a chamber; it is Vulcan's work,
Our son's; he framed and fitted to its posts
The solid portal; thither let us hie,
And there repose, since such thy pleasure seems.
To whom the cloud-assembler Deity.
Fear thou not, Juno, lest the eye of Man
Or of a God discern us; at my word
A golden cloud shall fold us so around,
That not the Sun himself shall through that veil
Discover aught, though keenest-eyed of all.
So spake the son of Saturn, and his spouse
Fast lock'd within his arms. Beneath them earth
With sudden herbage teem'd; at once upsprang
The crocus soft, the lotus bathed in dew,
And the crisp hyacinth with clustering bells;
Thick was their growth, and high above the ground
Upbore them. On that flowery couch they lay,
Invested with a golden cloud that shed
Bright dew-drops all around. His heart at ease,
There lay the Sire of all, by sleep and love
Vanquish'd on lofty Gargarus, his spouse
Constraining still with amorous embrace.
Then, gentle Sleep to the Achaian camp
Sped swift away, with tidings for the ear
Of earth-encircler Neptune charged; him soon
He found, and in wing'd accents thus began.
Now Neptune, yield the Greeks effectual aid,
And, while the moment lasts of Jove's repose,
Make victory theirs; for him in slumbers soft
I have involved, while Juno by deceit
Prevailing, lured him with the bait of love.

He said, and swift departed to his task
Among the nations; but his tidings urged
Neptune with still more ardour to assist
The Danaï; he leap'd into the van
Afar, and thus exhorted them aloud.
Oh Argives! yield we yet again the day
To Priameian Hector? Shall he seize
Our ships and make the glory all his own?
Such is his expectation, so he vaunts,
For that Achilles leaves not yet his camp,
Resentful; but of him small need, I judge,
Should here be felt, could once the rest be roused
To mutual aid. Act, then, as I advise.
The best and broadest bucklers of the host,
And brightest helmets put we on, and arm'd
With longest spears, advance; myself will lead;
And trust me, furious though he be, the son
Of Priam flies. Ye then who feel your hearts
Undaunted, but are arm'd with smaller shields,
Them give to those who fear, and in exchange
Their stronger shields and broader take yourselves.
So he, whom, unreluctant, all obey'd.
Then, wounded as they were, themselves the Kings,
Tydides, Agamemnon and Ulysses
Marshall'd the warriors, and from rank to rank
Made just exchange of arms, giving the best
To the best warriors, to the worse, the worst.
And now in brazen armour all array'd
Refulgent, on they moved, by Neptune led
With firm hand grasping his long-bladed sword
Keen as Jove's bolt; with Him may none contend
In dreadful fight; but fear chains every arm.
Opposite, Priameian Hector ranged
His Trojans; then they stretch'd the bloody cord
Of conflict tight, Neptune cœrulean-hair'd,
And Hector, pride of Ilium; one, the Greeks
Supporting firm, and one, the powers of Troy;
A sea-flood dash'd the galleys, and the hosts
Join'd clamorous. Not so the billows roar
The shores among, when Boreas' roughest blast
Sweeps landward from the main the towering surge;

Not so, devouring fire among the trees
That clothe the mountain, when the sheeted flames
Ascending wrap the forest in a blaze;
Nor howl the winds through leafy boughs of oaks
Upgrown aloft, (though loudest there they rave,)
With sounds so aweful as were heard of Greeks
And Trojans shouting when the clash began.
At Ajax, first, (for face to face they stood,)
Illustrious Hector threw a spear well-aim'd,
But smote him where the belts that bore his shield
And faulchion cross'd each other on his breast.
The double guard preserved him unannoy'd.
Indignant that his spear had bootless flown,
Yet fearing death at hand, the Trojan Chief
Toward the phalanx of his friends retired.
But, as he went, huge Ajax with a stone
Of those which propp'd the ships, (for numerous such
Lay rolling at the feet of those who fought,)
Assail'd him. Twirling like a top it pass'd
The shield of Hector, near the neck his breast
Struck full, then plough'd circuitous the dust.
As when Jove's arm omnipotent an oak
Prostrates uprooted on the plain, a fume
Rises sulphureous from the riven trunk,
And if, perchance, some traveller nigh at hand
See it, he trembles at the bolt of Jove,
So fell the might of Hector, to the earth
Smitten at once. Down dropp'd his idle spear,
And with his helmet and his shield himself
Also; loud thunder'd all his gorgeous arms.
Swift flew the Grecians shouting to the skies,
And showering darts, to drag his body thence,
But neither spear of theirs nor shaft could harm
The fallen leader, with such instant aid
His princely friends encircled him around,
Sarpedon, Lycian Chief, Glaucus the brave,
Polydamas, Æneas, and renown'd
Agenor; neither tardy were the rest,
But with round shields all shelter'd Hector fallen.
Him soon uplifted from the plain his friends
Bore thence, till where his fiery coursers stood,

And splendid chariot in the rear, they came,
Then Troy-ward drove him groaning as he went.
Ere long arriving at the pleasant stream
Of eddied Xanthus, progeny of Jove,
They lay'd him on the bank, and on his face
Pour'd water! he, reviving, upward gazed,
And seated on his hams black blood disgorged
Coagulate, but soon relapsing, fell
Supine, his eyes with pitchy darkness veil'd,
And all his powers still torpid by the blow.
Then, seeing Hector borne away, the Greeks
Rush'd fiercer on, all mindful of the fight,
And far before the rest, Ajax the swift,
The Oïlean Chief, with pointed spear
On Satnius springing, pierced him. Him a nymph,
A Naiad, bore to Enops, while his herd
Feeding, on Satnio's grassy verge he stray'd.
But Oïliades the spear-renown'd
Approaching, pierced his flank; supine he fell,
And fiery contest for the dead arose.
In vengeance of his fall, spear-shaking Chief
The son of Panthus into fight advanced
Polydamas, who Prothöenor pierced
Offspring of Areïlocus, and urged
Through his right shoulder sheer the stormy lance.
He prostrate, clench'd the dust, and with loud voice
Polydamas exulted at his fall.
Yon spear, methinks, hurl'd from the warlike hand
Of Panthus' noble son, flew not in vain,
But some Greek hath it, purposing, I judge,
To lean on it in his descent to hell.
So he, whose vaunt the Greeks indignant heard,
But most indignant, Ajax offspring bold
Of Telemon, to whom he nearest fell.
He, quick, at the retiring conqueror cast
His radiant spear; Polydamas the stroke
Shunn'd, starting sideward; but Antenor's son
Archilochus the mortal dint received,
Death-destined by the Gods; where neck and spine
Unite, both tendons he dissever'd wide,
And, ere his knees, his nostrils met the ground.

Then Ajax in his turn vaunting aloud
Against renown'd Polydamas, exclaim'd.
Speak now the truth, Polydamas, and weigh
My question well. His life whom I have slain
Makes it not compensation for the loss
Of Prothöenor's life? To me he seems
Nor base himself, nor yet of base descent,
But brother of Antenor steed-renown'd,
Or else perchance his son; for in my eyes
Antenor's lineage he resembles most.
So he, well knowing him, and sorrow seized
Each Trojan heart. Then Acamas around
His brother stalking, wounded with his spear
Bœotian Promachus, who by the feet
Dragg'd off the slain. Acamas in his fall
Aloud exulted with a boundless joy.
Vain-glorious Argives, archers inexpert!
War's toil and trouble are not ours alone,
But ye shall perish also; mark the man,—
How sound he sleeps tamed by my conquering arm,
Your fellow-warrior Promachus! the debt
Of vengeance on my brother's dear behalf
Demanded quick discharge; well may the wish
Of every dying warrior be to leave
A brother living to avenge his fall.
He ended, whom the Greeks indignant heard,
But chiefly brave Peneleus; swift he rush'd
On Acamas; but from before the force
Of King Peneleus Acamus retired,
And, in his stead, Ilioneus he pierced,
Offspring of Phorbas, rich in flocks, and blest
By Mercury with such abundant wealth
As other Trojan none, nor child to him
His spouse had borne, Ilioneus except.
Him close beneath the brow to his eye-roots
Piercing, he push'd the pupil from its seat,
And through his eye and through his poll the spear
Urged furious. He down-sitting on the earth
Both hands extended; but his glittering blade
Forth-drawn, Peneleus through his middle neck
Enforced it; head and helmet to the ground

He lopp'd together, with the lance infixt
Still in his eye; then like a poppy's head
The crimson trophy lifting, in the ears
He vaunted loud of Ilium's host, and cried.
Go, Trojans! be my messengers! Inform
The parents of Ilioneus the brave
That they may mourn their son through all their house,
For so the wife of Alegenor's son
Bœotian Promachus must him bewail,
Nor shall she welcome his return with smiles
Of joy affectionate, when from the shores
Of Troy the fleet shall bear us Grecians home.
He said; fear whiten'd every Trojan cheek,
And every Trojan eye with earnest look
Enquired a refuge from impending fate.
Say now, ye Muses, blest inhabitants
Of the Olympian realms! what Grecian first
Fill'd his victorious hand with armour stript
From slaughter'd Trojans, after Ocean's God
Had, interposing, changed the battle's course?
First, Telamonian Ajax Hyrtius slew,
Undaunted leader of the Mysian band.
Phalces and Mermerus their arms resign'd
To young Antilochus; Hyppotion fell
And Morys by Meriones; the shafts
Right-aim'd of Teucer to the shades dismiss'd
Prothöus and Periphetes, and the prince
Of Sparta, Menelaus, in his flank
Pierced Hyperenor; on his entrails prey'd
The hungry steel, and, through the gaping wound
Expell'd, his spirit flew; night veil'd his eyes.
But Ajax Oïliades the swift
Slew most; him none could equal in pursuit
Of tremblers scatter'd by the frown of Jove.

BOOK XV.

ARGUMENT.

Jove, awaking and seeing the Trojans routed, threatens Juno. He sends Iris to admonish Neptune to relinquish the battle, and Apollo to restore health to Hector. Apollo armed with the Ægis, puts to flight the Grecians; they are pursued home to their fleet, and Telamonian Ajax slays twelve Trojans bringing fire to burn it.

But when the flying Trojans had o'erpass'd
Both stakes and trench, and numerous slaughter'd lay
By Grecian hands, the remnant halted all
Beside their chariots, pale, discomfited.
Then was it that on Ida's summit Jove
At Juno's side awoke; starting, he stood
At once erect; Trojans and Greeks he saw,
These broken, those pursuing and led on
By Neptune; he beheld also remote
Encircled by his friends, and on the plain
Extended, Hector; there he panting lay,
Senseless, ejecting blood, bruised by a blow
From not the feeblest of the sons of Greece.
Touch'd with compassion at that sight, the Sire
Of Gods and men, frowning terrific, fix'd
His eyes on Juno, and her thus bespake.
No place for doubt remains. Oh, versed in wiles,
Juno! thy mischief-teeming mind perverse
Hath plotted this; thou hast contrived the hurt
Of Hector, and hast driven his host to flight.
I know not but thyself may'st chance to reap
The first-fruits of thy cunning, scourged[1] by me.

[1] The Translator seizes the opportunity afforded to him by this remarkable passage, to assure his readers, who are not readers of the original, that the discipline which Juno is here said to have suffered from the hands of Jove, is not of his own invention. He found it in the

Hast thou forgotten how I once aloft
Suspended thee, with anvils at thy feet,
And both thy wrists bound with a golden cord
Indissoluble? In the clouds of heaven
I hung thee, while from the Olympian heights
The Gods look'd mournful on, but of them all
None could deliver thee, for whom I seized,
Hurl'd through the gates of heaven on earth he fell,
Half-breathless. Neither so did I resign
My hot resentment of the Hero's wrongs
Immortal Hercules, whom thou by storms
Call'd from the North, with mischievous intent
Hadst driven far distant o'er the barren Deep
To populous Cos. Thence I deliver'd him,
And after numerous woes severe, he reach'd
The shores of fruitful Argos, saved by me.
I thus remind thee now, that thou may'st cease
Henceforth from artifice, and may'st be taught
How little all the dalliance and the love
Which, stealing down from heaven, thou hast by fraud
Obtain'd from me, shall profit thee at last.
He ended, whom imperial Juno heard
Shuddering, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
Be witness Earth, the boundless Heaven above,
And Styx beneath, whose stream the blessed Gods
Even tremble to adjure; be witness too
Thy sacred life, and our connubial bed,
Which by a false oath I will never wrong,
That by no art induced or plot of mine
Neptune, the shaker of the shores, inflicts
These harms on Hector and the Trojan host
Aiding the Grecians, but impell'd alone
By his own heart with pity moved at sight
Of the Achaians at the ships subdued.

original, and considering fidelity as his indispensable duty, has not attempted to soften or to refine away the matter. He begs that this observation may be adverted to as often as any passage shall occur, in which ancient practices or customs, not consonant to our own, either in point of delicacy or humanity, may be either expressed or alluded to.

He makes this request the rather, because on these occasions Mr. Pope has observed a different conduct, suppressing all such images as he had *reason to suppose might* be offensive.

But even Him, oh sovereign of the storms!
I am prepared to admonish that he quit
The battle, and retire where thou command'st.
So she; then smiled the Sire of Gods and men,
And in wing'd accents answer thus return'd.
Juno! wouldst thou on thy celestial throne
Assist my counsels, howsoe'er in heart
He differ now, Neptune should soon his will
Submissive bend to thy desires and mine.
But if sincerity be in thy words
Aud truth, repairing to the blest abodes
Send Iris hither, with the archer God
Apollo; that she, visiting the host
Of Greece, may bid the Sovereign of the Deep
Renounce the fight, and seek his proper home.
Apollo's part shall be to rouse again
Hector to battle, to inspire his soul
Afresh with courage, and all memory thence
To banish of the pangs which now he feels.
Apollo also shall again repulse
Achaia's host, which with base panic fill'd,
Shall even to Achilles' ships be driven.
Achilles shall his valiant friend exhort
Patroclus forth; him under Ilium's walls
Shall glorious Hector slay; but many a youth
Shall perish by Patroclus first, with whom,
My noble son Sarpedon. Peleus' son,
Resentful of Patroclus' death, shall slay
Hector, and I will urge ceaseless myself,
Thenceforth the routed Trojans back again,
Till by Minerva's aid the Greeks shall take
Ilium's proud city; till that day arrive
My wrath shall burn, nor will I one permit
Of all the Immortals to assist the Greeks,
But will perform Achilles' whole desire.
Such was my promise to him at the first,
Ratified by a nod that self-same day
When Thetis clasp'd my knees, begging revenge
And glory for her city-spoiler son.
He ended; nor his spouse white-arm'd refused
Obedience, but from the Idæan heights

ting, to the Olympian summit soar'd.
is the traveller's thought, who, many a land
sed, deliberates on his future course
ain, and his mind sends every way,
ft updarted Juno to the skies.
l on the Olympian heights, she found
ods assembled; they, at once, their seats
approach forsaking, with full cups
ming hail'd; heedless of all beside,
ok the cup from blooming Themis' hand,
e first flew to welcome her, and thus
nts wing'd of her return enquired.
Juno, why this sudden re-ascent?
eem'st dismay'd; hath Saturn's son, thy spouse,
thee affrighted to the skies again?
hom the white-arm'd Goddess thus replied.
divine, ask not. Full well thou know'st
arshly temper'd is the mind of Jove,
w untractable. Resume thy seat;
nquet calls thee; at our board preside.
halt be told, and all in heaven shall hear
lls he threatens; such as shall not leave
ds at ease, I judge, here or on earth,
r tranquil some and joyous now.
ake the aweful spouse of Jove, and sat.
ll alike, the Gods displeasure felt
hout the courts of Jove, but she, her lips
; with smiles from which her sable brows
ed, thus, indignant them address'd.
! how vain against the Thunderer's will
ger, and the hope to supersede
pose, by persuasion or by force!
ary sits, all unconcern'd
resentment, and himself proclaims
st and most to be revered in heaven.
nt, therefore, and let each endure
ls as Jove may send him. Mars, I ween,
hath his share; the warrior God
st Ascalaphus, of all mankind
st beloved, and whom he calls his own.
pake, *and with* expanded palms his thighs

Smiting, thus, sorrowful, the God exclaim'd.
Inhabitants of the Olympian heights!
Oh bear with me, if to avenge my son
I seek Achaia's fleet, although my doom
Be thunder-bolts from Jove, and with the dead
Outstretch'd to lie in carnage and in dust.
He spake, and bidding Horror and Dismay
Lead to the yoke his rapid steeds, put on
His all-refulgent armour. Then had wrath
More dreadful, some strange vengeance on the Gods
From Jove befallen, had not Minerva, touch'd
With timely fears for all, upstarting sprung
From where she sat, right through the vestibule.
She snatch'd the helmet from his brows, the shield
From his broad shoulder, and the brazen spear
Forced from his grasp into its place restored.
Then reprimanding Mars, she thus began.
Frantic, delirious! thou art lost for ever!
Is it in vain that thou hast ears to hear,
And hast thou neither shame nor reason left?
How? hear'st thou not the Goddess? the report
Of white-arm'd Juno from Olympian Jove
Return'd this moment? or preferr'st thou rather,
Plagued with a thousand woes, and under force
Of sad necessity to seek again
Olympus, and at thy return to prove
Author of countless miseries to us all?
For He at once Grecians and Trojans both
Abandoning, will hither haste prepared
To tempest[2] us in heaven, whom he will seize,
The guilty and the guiltless, all alike.
I bid thee, therefore, patient bear the death
Of thy Ascalaphus; braver than he
And abler have, ere now, in battle fallen,
And shall hereafter; arduous were the task
To rescue from the stroke of fate, the race

[2] *To tempest*—κυδοιμήσων—Milton uses *tempest* as a verb. Speaking of the fishes, he says

. . . . . part, huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean.

al men, with all their progeny.
ying, Minerva on his throne replaced
y Mars. Then, summoning abroad
rom within the hall of Jove,
is, swift embassadress of heaven,
ı wing'd accents Juno thus bespake.
bids you hence with undelaying speed
; in his presence once arrived,
: ye execute his whole command.
ying, the aweful Goddess to her throne
d and sat. They, cleaving swift the air,
l soon on Ida fountain-fed,
of savage kinds. High on the point
of Gargarus, and wrapt around
ıgrant clouds, they found Saturnian Jove
ınderer, and in his presence stood.
ght displeased that they his high command
h such readiness obey'd, his speech
first, in accents wing'd address'd.
Iris, haste—to royal Neptune bear
rge entire ; falsify not the word.
ı, relinquishing the fight, withdraw
o heaven, or to the boundless Deep.
uld he disobedient prove, and scorn
sage, let him, next, consider well
will bear, powerful as he is,
ıing. Me I boast superior far
', and elder-born ; yet deems he slight
ıger of comparison with me,
ı the terror of all heaven beside.
)ake, nor storm-wing'd Iris disobey'd,
vn from the Idæan summit stoop'd
ed Ilium. As when snow or hail
ifted by the cloud-dispelling North,
tly, wing'd with readiness of will,
)t the gulf between, and standing soon
.ous Neptune's side, him thus address'd.
ıee, O Neptune azure-hair'd! I come
dings charged from Ægis-bearing Jove.
ı thee cease from battle, and retire
to heaven, or to the boundless Deep.

But shouldst thou, disobedient, set at nought
His words, he threatens that himself will lie te
To fight against thee; but he bids thee shun
That strife with one superior far to thee,
And elder-born; yet deem'st thou slight, he saith,
The danger of comparison with Him,
Although the terror of all heaven beside.
  Her then the mighty shaker of the shores
Answer'd indignant. Great as is his power,
Yet he hath spoken proudly, threatening me
With force, high-born and glorious as himself.
We are three brothers; Saturn is our sire,
And Rhea brought us forth; first, Jove she bore;
Me next; then, Pluto, sovereign of the shades.
By distribution tripart we received
Each his peculiar honours; me the lots
Made Ruler of the hoary floods, and there
I dwell for ever. Pluto, for his part,
The regions took of darkness; and the heavens,
The clouds, and boundless æther, fell to Jove.
The Earth and the Olympian heights alike
Are common to the three. My life and being
I hold not, therefore, at his will, whose best
And safest course, with all his boasted power,
Were to possess in peace his proper Third.
Let him not seek to terrify with force
Me like a dastard; let him rather chide
His own-begotten; with big-sounding words
His sons and daughters govern, who perforce
Obey his voice, and shrink at his commands.
  To whom thus Iris tempest-wing'd replied.
Cærulean-tress'd Sovereign of the Deep!
Shall I report to Jove, harsh as it is,
Thy speech, or wilt thou soften it? The wise
Are flexible, and on the Elder born
Erynnis, with her vengeful sisters, waits.
  Her answer'd then the Shaker of the shores.
Prudent is thy advice, Iris divine!
Discretion in a messenger is good
At all times. But the cause that fires me thus,
And with resentment my whole heart and mind

esses, is the license that he claims
ex with provocation rude of speech
iis compeer, and by decree of Fate
trious as himself; yet, though incensed,
with just cause, I will not now persist.
near—for it is treasured in my heart
threat that my lips utter. If he still
lve to spare proud Ilium in despite
e, of Pallas, Goddess of the spoils,
mo, Mercury, and the King of fire,
will not overturn her lofty towers,
grant immortal glory to the Greeks,
tell him thus—Hostility shall burn,
wrath between us never to be quench'd.
saying, the Shaker of the shores forsook
Grecian host, and plunged into the Deep,
d by Achaia's heroes. Then, the cloud-
nbler God thus to Apollo spake.
:nce, my Apollo! to the Trojan Chief
or; for earth-encircler Neptune, awed
ar of my displeasure imminent,
sought the sacred Deep. Else, all the Gods
compass Saturn in the nether realms,
even there our contest heard, I ween,
heard it loudly. But that he retreats
ugh at first incensed, shunning my wrath,
lutary both for him and me,
se difference else had not been heal'd with ease.
thou my shaggy Ægis, and with force
ing it, terrify the Chiefs of Greece.
r illustrious Hector, him I give
ıy peculiar care; fail not to rouse
iercest courage, till he push the Grecks
ellespont, and to their ships again;
ceforth to yield to their afflicted host
: pause from toil, shall be my own concern.
: ended, nor Apollo disobey'd
ather's voice; from the Idæan heights,
as the swiftest of the fowls of air,
love-destroyer *falcon*, down he flew.
oble Hector, valiant Priam's son

He found, not now extended on the plain,
But seated; newly, as from death, awaked,
And conscious of his friends; freely he breathed
Nor sweated more, by Jove himself revived.
Apollo stood beside him, and began.
Say, Hector, Priam's son! why sittest here
Feeble and spiritless, and from thy host
Apart? what new disaster hath befall'n?
To whom with difficulty thus replied
The warlike Chief.—But tell me who art Thou,
Divine enquirer! best of powers above!
Know'st not that dauntless Ajax me his friends
Slaughtering at yonder ships, hath with a stone
Surceased from fight, smiting me on the breast?
I thought to have beheld, this day, the dead
In Ades, every breath so seem'd my last.
Then answer thus the Archer God return'd.
Courage this moment! such an helper Jove
From Ida sends thee at thy side to war
Continual, Phœbus of the golden sword,
Whose guardian aid both thee and lofty Troy
Hath succour'd many a time. Therefore arise!
Instant bid drive thy numerous charioteers
Their rapid steeds full on the Grecian fleet;
I, marching at their head, will smooth, myself,
The way before them, and will turn again
To flight the Heroes of the host of Greece.
He said, and with new strength the Chief inspired.
As some stall'd horse high-pamper'd, snapping short
His cord, beats under foot the sounding soil,
Accustom'd in smooth-sliding streams to lave
Exulting; high he bears his head, his mane
Wantons around his shoulders; pleased, he eyes
His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees
Soon finds the haunts where all his fellows graze;
So bounded Hector, and his agile joints
Plied lightly, quicken'd by the voice divine,
And gather'd fast his charioteers to battle.
But as when hounds and hunters through the woods
Rush in pursuit of stag or of wild goat,
He, in some cave with tangled boughs o'erhung

Lies safe conceal'd, no destined prey of theirs,
Till by their clamours roused, a lion grim
Starts forth to meet them; then, the boldest fly;
Such hot pursuit the Danaï, with swords
And spears of double edge long time maintain'd,
But seeing Hector in his ranks again
Occupied, felt at once their courage fall'n.
Then, Thoas them, Andræmon's son, address'd,
Foremost of the Ætolians, at the spear
Skilful, in stationary combat bold,
And when the sons of Greece held in dispute
The prize of eloquence, excelled by few.
Prudent advising them, he thus began.
Ye Gods! what prodigy do I behold?
Hath Hector, 'scaping death, risen again?
For him, with confident persuasion all
Believed by Telamonian Ajax slain.
But some Divinity hath interposed
To rescue and save Hector, who the joints
Hath stiffen'd of full many a valiant Greek,
As surely now he shall; for not without
The Thunderer's aid, he flames in front again.
But take ye all my counsel. Send we back
The multitude into the fleet, and first
Let us, who boast ourselves bravest in fight,
Stand, that encountering him with lifted spears,
We may attempt to give his rage a check.
To thrust himself into a band like ours
Will, doubtless, even in Hector move a fear.
He ceased, with whose advice all, glad, complied.
Then Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete.
Teucer, Meriones, and Meges fierce
As Mars in battle, summoning aloud
The noblest Greeks, in opposition firm
To Hector and his host their bands prepared,
While others all into the fleet retired.
Troy's crowded host[3] struck first. With awful strides
Came Hector foremost; him Apollo led,

[3] Τρῶες δὲ πρῶτυψαν ἀολλέες. The translation is literal, and affords one of *many instances in* which the Greek and English idiom correspond *exactly.*

His shoulders wrapt in clouds, and, on his arm,
The Ægis shagg'd terrific all around,
Tempestuous, dazzling-bright; it was a gift
To Jove from Vulcan, and design'd to appal,
And drive to flight the armies of the earth.
Arm'd with that shield Apollo led them on.
Firm stood the embodied Greeks; from either host
Shrill cries arose; the arrows from the nerve
Leap'd, and, by vigorous arms dismiss'd, the spears
Flew frequent; in the flesh some stood infixt
Of warlike youths, but many, ere they reach'd
The mark they coveted, unsated fell
Between the hosts, and rested in the soil.
Long as the God unagitated held
The dreadful disk, so long the vollied darts
Made mutual slaughter, and the people fell;
But when he look'd the Grecian charioteers
Full in the face and shook it, raising high
Himself the shout of battle, then he quell'd
Their spirits, then he struck from every mind
At once all memory of their might in arms.
As when two lions in the still dark night
An herd of beeves scatter or numerous flock
Suddenly, in the absence of the guard,
So fled the heartless Greeks, for Phœbus sent
Terrors among them, but renown conferr'd
And triumph proud on Hector and his host.
Then, in that foul disorder of the field,
Man singled man. Arcesilaüs died
By Hector's arm, and Stichius; one, a Chief[4]
Of the Bœotians brazen-mail'd, and one,
Menestheus' faithful follower to the fight.
Æneas Medon and Iäsus slew.
Medon was spurious offspring of divine
Oïleus Ajax' father, and abode
In Phylace; for he had slain a Chief
Brother of Eriopis the espoused
Of brave Oïleus; but Iäsus led
A phalanx of Athenians, and the son
Of Sphelus, son of Bucolus was deem'd.

[4] Arcesilaus.

Pierced by Polydamas Mecisteus fell.
Polites, in the van of battle, slew
Echion, and Agenor Clonius;
But Paris, while Deïochus to flight
Turn'd with the routed van, pierced him beneath
His shoulder-blade, and urged the weapon through.
While them the Trojans spoil'd, meantime the Greeks,
Entangled in the piles of the deep foss,
Fled every way, and through necessity
Repass'd the wall. Then Hector with a voice
Of loud command bade every Trojan cease
From spoil, and rush impetuous on the fleet.
[5]And whom I find far lingering from the ships
Wherever, there he dies; no funeral fires
Brother on him, or sister, shall bestow,
But dogs shall rend him in the sight of Troy.
So saying, he lash'd the shoulders of his steeds,
And through the ranks vociferating, call'd
His Trojans on; they, clamorous as he,
All lash'd their steeds, and menacing, advanced.
Before them with his feet Apollo push'd
The banks into the foss, bridging the gulf
With pass commodious, both in length and breadth
A lance's flight, for proof of vigour hurl'd.
There, phalanx after phalanx, they their host
Pour'd dense along, while Phœbus in the van
Display'd the awful ægis, and the wall
Levell'd with ease divine. As, on the shore
Some wanton boy with sand builds plaything walls,
Then, sportive, spreads them with his feet abroad,
So thou, shaft-arm'd Apollo! that huge work
Laborious of the Greeks didst turn with ease
To ruin, and themselves drovest all to flight.
They, thus enforced into the fleet, again
Stood fast, with mutual exhortation each
His friend encouraging, and all the Gods
With lifted hands soliciting aloud.
But, more than all, Gerenian Nestor pray'd
Fervent, Achaia's guardian, and with arms

[5] *This abruptness of transition from the third person to the first follows the original.*

Outstretch'd toward the starry skies, exclaim'd.
  Jove, Father! if in corn-clad Argos, one,
One Greek hath ever, burning at thy shrine
Fat thighs of sheep or oxen, ask'd from thee
A safe return, whom thou hast gracious heard,
Olympian King! and promised what he sought,
Now, in remembrance of it, give us help
In this disastrous day, nor thus permit
Their Trojan foes to tread the Grecians down!
  So Nestor pray'd, and Jove thunder'd aloud
Responsive to the old Neleïan's prayer.
But when that voice of ægis-bearing Jove
The Trojans heard, more furious on the Greeks
They sprang, all mindful of the fight. As when
A turgid billow of some spacious sea,
While the wind blows that heaves its highest, borne
Sheer o'er the vessel's side, rolls into her,
With such loud roar the Trojans pass'd the wall;
In rush'd the steeds, and at the ships they waged
Fierce battle hand to hand, from chariots, these,
With spears of double edge, those, from the decks
Of many a sable bark, with naval poles
Long, ponderous, shod with steel; for every ship
Had such, for conflict maritime prepared.
  While yet the battle raged only without
The wall, and from the ships apart, so long
Patroclus quiet in the tent and calm
Sat of Eurypylus, his generous friend
Consoling with sweet converse, and his wound
Sprinkling with drugs assuasive of his pains.
But soon as through the broken rampart borne
He saw the Trojans, and the clamour heard
And tumult of the flying Greeks, a voice
Of loud lament uttering, with open palms
His thighs he smote, and, sorrowful, exclaim'd.
  Eurypylus! although thy need be great,
No longer may I now sit at thy side,
Such contest hath arisen; thy servant's voice
Must soothe thee now, for I will to the tent
Haste of Achilles, and exhort him forth;
Who knows? if such the pleasure of the Gods,

I may prevail; friends rarely plead in vain.
So saying, he went. Meantime the Greeks endured
The Trojan onset, firm, yet from the ships
Repulsed them not, though fewer than themselves,
Nor could the host of Troy, breaking the ranks
Of Greece, mix either with the camp or fleet;
But as the line divides the plank aright,
Stretch'd by some naval architect, whose hand
Minerva hath accomplish'd in his art,
So stretched on them the cord of battle lay.
Others at other ships the conflict waged,
But Hector to the ship advanced direct
Of glorious Ajax; for one ship they strove;
Nor Hector, him dislodging thence, could fire
The fleet, nor Ajax from the fleet repulse
Hector, conducted thither by the Gods.
Then, noble Ajax with a spear the breast
Pierced of Caletor, son of Clytius, arm'd
With fire to burn his bark; sounding he fell,
And from his loosened grasp down dropp'd the brand.
But Hector seeing his own kinsman fallen
Béneath the sable bark, with mighty voice
Call'd on the hosts of Lycia and of Troy.
Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, within this narrow pass
Stand firm, retreat not, but redeem the son
Of Clytius, lest the Grecians of his arms
Despoil him slain in battle at the ships.
So saying, at Ajax his bright spear he cast.
Him pierced he not, but Lycophron the son
Of Mastor, a Cytherian, who had left
Cytheræ, fugitive for blood, and dwelt
With Ajax. Him standing at Ajax' side,
He pierced above his ear; down from the stern
Supine he fell, and in the dust expired.
Then, shuddering, Ajax to his brother spake.
Alas, my Teucer! we have lost our friend;
Mastorides is slain, whom we received
An inmate from Cytheræ, and with love
And reverence even filial, entertain'd;
By Hector pierced, he dies. Where are thy shafts

Death-wing'd, and bow, by gift from Phœbus thine?
He said, whom Teucer hearing, instant ran
With bow and well-stored quiver to his side,
Whence soon his arrows sought the Trojan host.
He struck Pisenor's son Clytus, the friend
And charioteer of brave Polydamas,
Offspring of Panthus, toiling with both hands
To rule his fiery steeds; for more to please
The Trojans and their Chief, where stormy most
He saw the battle, thither he had driven.
But sudden mischief, valiant as he was,
Found him, and such as none could waft aside,
For right into his neck the arrow plunged,
And down he fell; his startled coursers shook
Their trappings, and the empty chariot rang.
That sound alarm'd Polydamas; he turn'd,
And flying to their heads, consign'd them o'er
To Protiaön's son, Astynoüs,
Whom he enjoin'd to keep them in his view,
Then, turning, mingled with the van again.
But Teucer still another shaft produced
Design'd for valiant Hector, whose exploits
(Had that shaft reach'd him) at the ships of Greece
Had ceased for ever. But the eye of Jove,
Guardian of Hector's life, slept not; he took
From Telamonian Teucer that renown,
And while he stood straining the twisted nerve
Against the Trojan, snapp'd it. Devious flew
The steel-charged[6] arrow, and he dropp'd his bow.
Then, shuddering, to his brother thus he spake.
Ah! it is evident. Some Power divine
Makes fruitless all our efforts, who hath struck
My bow out of my hand, and snapt the cord
With which I strung it new at dawn of day,
That it might bear the bound of many a shaft.
To whom the towering son of Telamon.
Leave then thy bow, and let thine arrows rest,
Which envious of the Greeks, some God confounds

[6] The Translator hopes that his learned readers will pardon him, if sometimes, to avoid an irksome cacophony, he turns brass into steel. In fact, the arrow had not a point of steel, but a brazen one.

That thou may'st fight with spear and buckler arm'd,
And animate the rest. Such be our deeds
That, should they conquer us, our foes may find
Our ships, at least a prize not lightly won.
So Ajax spake; then Teucer, in his tent
The bow-replacing, slung his fourfold shield,
Settled on his illustrious brows his casque
With hair high-crested, waving, as he moved,
Terrible from above, took forth a spear
Tough-grain'd, acuminated sharp with brass,
And stood incontinent, at Ajax' side.
Hector perceived the change, and of the cause
Conscious, with echoing voice call'd to his host.
Trojans and Lycians and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, oh now, my friends, be men,
Now, wheresoever through the fleet dispersed,
Call into mind the fury of your might!
For I have seen, myself, Jove rendering vain
The arrows of their mightiest. Man may know
With ease the hand of interposing Jove,
Both whom to glory he ordains, and whom
He weakens and aids not; so now he leaves
The Grecians, but propitious smiles on us.
Therefore stand fast, and whosoever gall'd
By arrow or by spear, dies—Let him die;
It shall not shame him that he died to serve
His country, but his children, wife and home,
With all his heritage, shall be secure,
Drive but the Grecians from the shores of Troy.
So saying, he animated each. Meantime,
Ajax his fellow-warriors thus address'd.
Shame on you all! Now, Grecians, either die,
Or save at once your galley and yourselves.
Hope ye, that should your ships become the prize
Of warlike Hector, ye shall yet return
On foot? Or hear ye not the Chief aloud
Summoning all his host, and publishing
His own heart's wish to burn your fleet with fire?
Not to a dance, believe me, but to fight
He calls them; therefore wiser course for us
Is none, *than that* we mingle hands with hands

In contest obstinate, and force with force.
Better at once to perish, or at once
To rescue life, than to consume the time
Hour after hour in lingering conflict vain
Here at the ships, with an inferior foe.
He said, and by his words into all hearts
Fresh confidence infused. Then Hector smote
Schedius, a Chief of the Phocensian powers
And son of Perimedes; Ajax slew,
Meantime, a Chief of Trojan infantry,
Laodamas, Antenor's noble son,
While by Polydamas, a leader bold
Of the Epeans, and Phylides'[7] friend,
Cyllenian Otus died. Meges that sight
Viewing indignant on the conqueror sprang,
But, starting wide, Polydamas escaped,
Saved by Apollo, and his spear transpierced
The breast of Crœsmus; on his sounding shield
Prostrate he fell, and Meges stripp'd his arms.
Him so employ'd Dolops assail'd, brave son
Of Lampus, best of men and bold in fight,
Offspring of King Laomedon; he stood
Full near, and through his middle buckler struck
The son of Phyleus, but his corslet thick
With plates of scaly brass his life secured.
That corslet Phyleus on a time brought home
From Ephyre, where the Selleïs winds,
And it was given him for his life's defence
In furious battle by the King of men,
Euphetes. Many a time had it preserved
Unharm'd the sire, and now it saved the son.
Then Meges, rising with his pointed lance
The bushy crest of Dolops' helmet drove
Sheer from its base; new tinged with purple bright
Entire it fell and mingled with the dust.
While thus they strove, each hoping victory,
Came martial Menelaus to the aid
Of Meges; spear in hand apart he stood
By Dolops unperceived, through his back drove
And through his breast the spear, and far beyond,

[7] Meges.

down fell Dolops, forehead to the ground.
nce both flew to strip his radiant arms.
n, Hector summoning his kindred, call'd
n to his aid, and Melanippus first,
ıtrious Hicetaon's son, reproved.
yet the enemies of Troy arrived
n Percote fed his wandering beeves,
when the Danaï with all their fleet
ıe thither, then returning, he outshone
noblest Trojans, and at Priam's side
lling, was honour'd by him as a son.
Hector reprimanding, stern began.
re we thus slack? Can Melanippus view
ıoved a kinsman slain? Seest not the Greeks
busy there with Dolops and his arms?
ıe on. It is no time for distant war,
either our Achaian foes must bleed,
lium taken, from her topmost height
t stoop, and all her citizens be slain.
ɔ saying he went, whose steps the godlike Chief
nded, and the Telamonian, next,
e Ajax, animated thus the Greeks.
h friends, be men! Deep treasure in your hearts
ıonest shame, and, fighting bravely, fear
ı to incur the censure of the rest.
nen so minded more survive than die,
le dastards forfeit life and glory both.
ɔ moved he them, themselves already bent
:hase the Trojans; yet his word they bore
hful in mind, and with a wall of brass
:ed firm the fleet, while Jove impell'd the foe.
ı Menelaus, brave in fight, approach'd
lochus, and thus his courage roused.
ntilochus! in all the host is none
nger, or swifter, or of stronger limb
ı thou. Make trial, therefore, of thy might,
ng forth and prove it on some Chief of Troy.
e ended and retired, but him his praise
ctual animated; from the van
ting, he cast a wistful eye around
hurl'd his glittering spear; back fell the ranks

Of Troy appall'd; nor vain his weapon flew,
But Melanippus pierced heroic son
Of Hicetaon, coming forth to fight,
Full in the bosom, and with dreadful sound
Of all his batter'd armour down he fell.
Swift flew Antilochus as flies the hound
Some fawn to seize, which issuing from her lair
The hunter with his lance hath stricken dead,
So thee, O Melanippus! to despoil
Of thy bright arms valiant Antilochus
Sprang forth, but not unnoticed by the eye
Of noble Hector, who through all the war
Ran to encounter him; his dread approach
Antilochus, although expert in arms,
Stood not, but as some prowler of the wilds,
Conscious of injury that he hath done,
Slaying the watchful herdsman or his dog,
Escapes, ere yet the peasantry arise,
So fled the son of Nestor, after whom
The Trojans clamouring and Hector pour'd
Darts numberless; but at the front arrived
Of his own phalanx, there he turn'd and stood.
Then, eager as voracious lions, rush'd
The Trojans on the fleet of Greece, the mind
Of Jove accomplishing who them impell'd
Continual, calling all their courage forth,
While, every Grecian heart he tamed, and took
Their glory from them, strengthening Ilium's host.
For Jove's unalter'd purpose was to give
Success to Priameian Hector's arms,
That he might cast into the fleet of Greece
Devouring flames, and that no part might fail
Of Thetis' ruthless prayer; that sight alone
He watch'd to see, one galley in a blaze,
Ordaining foul repulse, thenceforth, and flight
To Ilium's host, but glory to the Greeks.
Such was the cause for which, at first, he moved
To that assault Hector, himself prepared
And ardent for the task; nor less he raged
Than Mars while fighting, or than flames that seize
Some forest on the mountain-tops; the foam

Hung at his lips, beneath his awful front
His keen eyes glisten'd, and his helmet mark'd
The agitation wild with which he fought.
For Jove omnipotent, himself, from heaven
Assisted Hector, and, although alone
With multitudes he strove, gave him to reach
The heights of glory, for that now his life
Waned fast, and, urged by Pallas on, his hour
To die by Peleus' mighty son approach'd.
He then, wherever richest arms he saw
And thickest throng, the warrior-ranks essay'd
To break, but broke them not, though fierce resolved,
In even square compact so firm they stood.
As some vast rock beside the hoary Deep
The stress endures of many a hollow wind,
And the huge billows tumbling at his base,
So stood the Danaï, nor fled nor fear'd.
But He, all-fiery bright in arms, the host
Assail'd on every side, and on the van
Fell, as a wave by wintry blasts upheaved
Falls ponderous on the ship; white clings the foam
Around her, in her sail shrill howls the storm,
And every seaman trembles at the view
Of thousand deaths from which he scarce escapes,
Such anguish rent the bosom of the Greeks.
[8]But He, as leaps a famish'd lion fell
On beeves that graze some marshy meadow's breadth
A countless herd, tended by one unskill'd
To cope with savage beasts in their defence,
Beside the foremost kine or with the last
He paces heedless, but the lion, borne
Impetuous on the midmost, one devours
And scatters all the rest, [8]so fled the Greeks,
Terrified from above, before the arm
Of Hector, and before the frown of Jove.
All fled, but of them all alone he slew
The Mycenæan Periphetes, son
Of Copreus custom'd messenger of King

[8] This termination of the period, so little consonant to the beginning of it, follows the original, where it is esteemed by commentators a great beauty.

Eurystheus to the might of Hercules.
From such a sire inglorious had arisen
A son far worthier, with all virtue graced,
Swift-footed, valiant, and by none excell'd
In wisdom of the Mycenæan name;
Yet all but served to ennoble Hector more.
For Periphetes, with a backward step
Retiring, on his buckler's border trod,
Which swept his heels; so check'd, he fell supine,
And dreadful rang the helmet on his brows.
Him Hector quick noticing, to his side
Hasted, and, planting in his breast a spear,
Slew him before the phalanx of his friends.
But they, although their fellow-warrior's fate
They mourn'd, no succour interposed, or could,
Themselves by noble Hector sore appall'd.
And now behind the ships (all that updrawn
Above the shore, stood foremost of the fleet)
The Greeks retired; in rush'd a flood of foes;
Then, through necessity, the ships in front
Abandoning, amid the tents they stood
Compact, not disarray'd, for shame and fear
Fast held them, and vociferating each
Aloud, call'd ceaseless on the rest to stand.
But earnest more than all, guardian of all,
Gerenian Nestor in their parents' name
Implored them, falling at the knees of each.
  Oh friends! be men. Now dearly prize your place
Each in the estimation of the rest.
Now call to memory your children, wives,
Possessions, parents; ye whose parents live,
And ye whose parents are not, all alike!
By them as if here present, I entreat
That ye stand fast,—Oh be not turn'd to flight!
  So saying he roused the courage of the Greeks;
Then, Pallas chased the cloud fall'n from above
On every eye; great light the plain illumed
On all sides, both toward the fleet, and where
The undiscriminating battle raged.
Then might be seen Hector and Hector's host
Distinct, as well the rearmost who the fight

l not, as those who waged it at the ships.
nd aloof where other Grecians stood
ıger now would satisfy the mind
ıx, but from deck to deck with strides
ıous marching, to and fro he swung
ıron studs emboss'd a battle-pole
ldy, twenty and two cubits long.
, expert to spring from horse to horse,
many steeds selecting four, toward
noble city drives them from the plain
the populous road; him many a youth
ıany a maiden eyes, while still secure
steed to steed he vaults; they rapid fly;
ıx o'er the decks of numerous ships
d striding large, and sent his voice to heaven.
ever clamouring, he bade the Greeks
both for camp and fleet. Nor could himself
r, contented, now, the battle wage
ı the multitude of Trojans more,
i the tawny eagle on full wing
ı the feather'd nations, geese or cranes
ans lithe-neck'd grazing the river's verge,
ctor at a galley sable-prow'd
l; for, from behind, Jove urged him on
mighty hand, and his host after him.
ow again the battle at the ships
furious; thou hadst deem'd them of a kind
l untameable, so fierce they strove,
triving, thus they thought. The Grecians judged
vain, and the whole host's destruction sure;
ıught expected every Trojan less
to consume the fleet with fire, and leave
ı's heroes lifeless on the field.
ıuch persuasion occupied, they fought.
n Hector seized the stern of a brave bark
ıuilt, sharp-keel'd, and of the swiftest sail,
ı had to Troy Protesiläus brought,
ıre him never thence. For that same ship
ıding, Greeks and Trojans hand to hand
slaughter mutual. Javelins now no more

Might serve them, or the arrow-starting bow,
But close conflicting and of one mind all
With bill and battle-axe, with ponderous swords
And with long lances double-edged they fought.
Many a black-hilted faulchion huge of haft
Fell to the ground, some from the grasp, and some
From shoulders of embattled warriors hewn,
And pools of blood soak'd all the sable glebe.
Hector that ship once grappled by the stern
Left not, but griping fast her upper edge
With both hands, to his Trojans call'd aloud.
Fire! Bring me fire! Stand fast and shout to heaven!
Jove gives us now a day worth all the past;
The ships are ours which, in the Gods' despite
Steer'd hither, such calamities to us
Have caused, for which our Seniors most I blame
Who me withheld from battle at the fleet
And check'd the people; but if then the hand
Of Thunderer Jove our better judgment marr'd,
Himself now urges and commands us—On.
He ceased; they still more violent assail'd
The Grecians. Even Ajax could endure,
Whelm'd under weapons numberless, that storm
No longer, but expecting death retired
Down from the decks to an inferior stand,
Where still he watch'd, and if a Trojan bore
Fire thither, he repulsed him with his spear,
Roaring continual to the host of Greece.
Friends! Grecian heroes! ministers of Mars!
Be men, my friends! now summon all your might!
Think we that we have thousands at our backs
To succour us, or yet some stronger wall
To guard our warriors from the battle's force?
Not so. No tower'd city is at hand,
None that presents us with a safe retreat
While others occupy our station here,
But from the shores of Argos far remote
Our camp is, where the Trojans arm'd complete
Swarm on the plain, and Ocean shuts us in.
Our hands must therefore save us, not our heels.

He said, and furious with his spear again
Press'd them, and whatsoever Trojan came,
Obsequious to the will of Hector, arm'd
With fire to burn the fleet, on his spear's point
Ajax receiving pierced him, till at length
Twelve in close fight fell by his single arm.

BOOK XVI.

ARGUMENT.

Achilles, at the suit of Patroclus, grants him his own armour, and permission to lead the Myrmidons to battle. They, sallying, repulse the Trojans. Patroclus slays Sarpedon, and Hector, when Apollo had first stripped off his armour and Euphorbus wounded him, slays Patroclus.

SUCH contest for that gallant bark they waged.
Meantime Patroclus, standing at the side
Of the illustrious Chief Achilles, wept
Fast as a crystal fountain from the height
Of some rude rock pours down its rapid[1] stream.
Divine Achilles with compassion moved
Mark'd him, and in wing'd accents thus began.
Why weeps Patroclus like an infant girl
Who, running at her mother's side, entreats
To be uplifted in her arms? She grasps
Her mantle, checks her haste, and looking up
With tearful eyes, pleads earnest to be borne;
So fall, Patroclus! thy unceasing tears.
Bring'st thou to me or to my people aught
Afflictive? Hast thou mournful tidings learn'd
From Phthia, trusted to thine ear alone?
Menœtius, son of Actor, as they say,
Still lives; still lives his Myrmidons among
Peleus Æacides; whom, were they dead,
With cause sufficient we should both deplore.
Or weep'st thou the Achaians at the ships
Perishing, for their outrage done to me?
Speak. Name thy trouble. I would learn the cause.
To whom, deep-sorrowing, thou didst reply,

[1] This translation of δνοφερον is warranted by the Scholiast, who paraphrases it thus:—
μετα δονησεως φερομενον. Iliad per Vill.

Patroclus! Oh Achilles, Peleus' son!
Noblest of all our host! bear with my grief,
Since such distress hath on the Grecians fallen.
The bravest of their ships disabled lie;
Some wounded from afar, some hand to hand.
Diomede, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds,
Gall'd by a shaft; Ulysses, glorious Chief,
And Agamemnon suffer by the spear,
And brave Eurypylus an arrow-point
Bears in his thigh. These all, are now the care
Of healing hands. Oh thou art pity-proof,
Achilles! be my bosom ever free
From anger such as harbour finds in thine,
Scorning all limits! whom, of men unborn,
Hereafter wilt thou save, from whom avert
Disgrace, if not from the Achaians now?
Ah ruthless! neither Peleus thee begat,
Nor Thetis bore, but rugged rocks sublime,
And roaring billows blue gave birth to thee,
Who bear'st a mind that knows not to relent.
But, if some prophecy alarm thy fears,
If from thy Goddess-mother thou have aught
Received, and with authority of Jove,
Me send at least, me quickly, and with me
The Myrmidons. A dawn of cheerful hope
Shall thence, it may be, on the Greeks arise.
Grant me thine armour also, that the foe
Thyself supposing present, may abstain
From battle, and the weary Greeks enjoy
Short respite; it is all that war allows.
We, fresh and vigorous, by our shouts alone
May easily repulse an army spent
With labour from the camp, and from the fleet.
  Such suit he made, alas! all unforewarn'd
That his own death should be the bitter fruit,
And thus Achilles, sorrowful, replied.
  Patroclus, noble friend! what hast thou spoken?
Me neither prophecy that I have heard
Holds in suspense, nor aught that I have learn'd
From Thetis with authority of Jove!
Hence *springs, and hence* alone, my grief of heart;

If one, in nought superior to myself
Save in his office only, should by force
Amerce me of my well-earn'd recompense—
How then? There lies the grief that stings my soul.
The virgin chosen for me by the sons
Of Greece, my just reward, by my own spear
Obtain'd when I Ἠëtion's city took,
Her, Agamemnon, leader of the host
From my possession wrung, as I had been
Some alien wretch, unhonour'd and unknown.
But let it pass; anger is not a flame
To feed for ever; I affirm'd, indeed,
Mine inextinguishable till the shout
Of battle should invade my proper barks;
But thou put on my glorious arms, lead forth
My valiant Myrmidons, since such a cloud,
So dark, of dire hostility surrounds
The fleet, and the Achaians, by the waves
Hemm'd in, are prison'd now in narrow space.
Because the Trojans meet not in the field
My dazzling helmet, therefore bolder grown
All Ilium comes abroad; but had I found
Kindness at royal Agamemnon's hands,
Soon had they fled, and with their bodies chok'd
The streams, from whom ourselves now suffer siege.
For in the hands of Diomede his spear
No longer rages rescuing from death
The afflicted Danaï, nor hear I more
The voice of Agamemnon issuing harsh
From his detested throat, but all around
The burst[2] of homicidal Hector's cries,
Calling his Trojans on; they loud insult
The vanquish'd Greeks, and claim the field their own.
Go therefore, my Patroclus; furious fall
On these assailants, even now preserve
From fire the only hope of our return.
But hear the sum of all; mark well my word;
So shalt thou glorify me in the eyes
Of all the Danaï, and they shall yield
Brisëis mine, with many a gift beside.

[2] περιάγνυται. A word of incomparable force, and that defies translation

The Trojans from the fleet expell'd, return.
Should Juno's awful spouse give thee to win
Victory, be content; seek not to press
The Trojans without me, for thou shalt add
Still more to the disgrace already mine.
Much less, by martial ardour urged, conduct
Thy slaughtering legions to the walls of Troy,
Lest some immortal power on her behalf
Descend, for much the Archer of the skies
Loves Ilium. No—the fleet once saved, lead back
Thy band, and leave the battle to themselves.
For oh, by all the powers of heaven I would
That not one Trojan might escape of all,
Nor yet a Grecian, but that we, from death
Ourselves escaping, might survive to spread
Troy's sacred bulwarks on the ground alone.
Thus they conferr'd. But Ajax overwhelm'd
Meantime with darts no longer could endure,
Quell'd both by Jupiter and by the spears
Of many a noble Trojan; hideous rang
His batter'd helmet bright, stroke after stroke
Sustaining on all sides, and his left arm
That had so long shifted from side to side
His restless shield, now fail'd; yet could not all
Displace him with united force, or move.
Quick pantings heaved his chest, copious the sweat
Trickled from all his limbs, nor found he time,
However short, to breathe again, so close
Evil on evil heap'd hemm'd him around.
Olympian Muses! now declare, how first
The fire was kindled in Achaia's fleet?
Hector the ashen lance of Ajax smote
With his broad faulchion, at the nether end,
And lopp'd it sheer. The Telamonian Chief
His mutilated beam brandish'd in vain,
And the bright point shrill-sounding fell remote.
Then Ajax in his noble mind perceived,
Shuddering with awe, the interposing power
Of heaven, and that, propitious to the arms
Of Troy, the Thunderer had ordain'd to mar
And *frustrate all the* counsels of the Greeks.

He left his stand; they fired the gallant bark;
Through all her length the conflagration ran
Incontinent, and wrapp'd her stern in flames.
Achilles saw them, smote his thighs, and said,
  Patroclus, noble charioteer, arise!
I see the rapid run of hostile fires
Already in the fleet—lest all be lost,
And our return impossible, arm, arm
This moment; I will call, myself, the band.
  Then put Patroclus on his radiant arms.
Around his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd,
With argent studs secured; the hauberk rich
Star-spangled to his breast he bound of swift
Æacides: he slung his brazen sword
With silver bright emboss'd, and his broad shield
Ponderous; on his noble head his casque
He settled elegant, whose lofty crest
Waved dreadful o'er his brows, and last he seized
Well fitted to his gripe two sturdy spears.
Of all Achilles' arms his spear alone
He took not; that huge beam, of bulk and length
Enormous, none, Æacides except,
In all Achaia's host had power to wield.
It was that Pelian ash which from the top
Of Pelion hewn that it might prove the death
Of heroes, Chiron had to Peleus given.
He bade Automedon his coursers bind
Speedily to the yoke, for him he loved
Next to Achilles most, as worthiest found
Of trust, what time the battle loudest roar'd.
Then led Automedon the fiery steeds
Swift as wing'd tempests to the chariot-yoke,
Xanthus and Balius. Then the harpy bore
Podarge, while in meadows green she fed
On Ocean's side, to Zephyrus the wind.
To these he added, at their side, a third
The noble Pedasus; him Peleus' son,
Eëtion's city taken, thence had brought,
Though mortal, yet a match for steeds divine.
Meantime from every tent Achilles call'd
And arm'd his Myrmidons. As wolves that gorge

prey yet panting, terrible in force,
ı on the mountains wild they have devour'd
ntler'd stag new-slain, with bloody jaws
ɔ all at once to some clear fountain, there
p with slender tongues the brimming wave;
ars have they, but at their ease eject
ı full maws flatulent the clotted gore;
seem'd the Myrmidon heroic Chiefs
nbling fast around the valiant friend
wift Æacides. Amid them stood
ike Achilles, the well-shielded ranks
rting, and the steeds, to glorious war.
e galleys by Achilles dear to Jove
nanded, when to Ilium's coast he steer'd,
fifty; fifty rowers sat in each,
five, in whom he trusted, o'er the rest
ıptains named, but ruled, himself, supreme.
band Menestheus swift in battle led,
ring of Sperchius heaven-descended stream.
Polydora, Peleus' daughter, bore
ver-flowing Sperchius, compress'd,
ɔugh a mortal woman, by a God.
ıis reputed father was the son
erieres, Borus, who with dower
ch'd, and made her openly his bride.
ike Eudorus led the second band.
Polymela, graceful in the dance,
daughter beautiful of Phylas, bore,
ɔther unsuspected of a child.
worshipping the golden-shafted Queen
a, in full choir, with song and dance,
valiant Argicide beheld and loved.
nding with her to an upper room,
ounteous Mercury clandestine there
raced her, who a noble son produced
ɔrus, swift to run, and bold in fight.
ooner Ilithya, arbitress
ıangs puerperal, had given him birth,
he beheld the beaming sun, than her
chleus, Actor's mighty son, enrich'd
countless dower, and led her to his home;

While ancient Phylas, cherishing her boy
With fond affection, reared him as his own.
The third brave troop warlike Pisander led,
Offspring of Maimalus; he far excell'd
In spear-fight every Myrmidon, the friend
Of Peleus' dauntless son alone except.
The hoary Phœnix of equestrian fame
The fourth band led to battle, and the fifth
Laërceus' offspring, bold Alcimedon.
Thus, all his bands beneath their proper Chiefs
Marshall'd, Achilles gave them strict command—
Myrmidons! all that vengeance now inflict,
Which in this fleet ye ceased not to denounce
Against the Trojans while my wrath endured.
Me censuring, ye have proclaim'd me oft
Obdurate. Oh Achilles! ye have said,
Thee not with milk thy mother but with bile
Suckled, who hold'st thy people here in camp
Thus long imprison'd. Unrelenting Chief!
Even let us hence in our sea-skimming barks
To Phthia, since thou can'st not be appeased—
Thus in full council have ye spoken oft.
Now, therefore, since a day of glorious toil
At last appears, such as ye have desired,
There lies the field—go—give your courage proof.
So them he roused, and they, their leader's voice
Hearing elate, to closest order drew.
As when an architect some palace wall
With shapely stones upbuilds, cementing close
A barrier against all the winds of heaven,
So wedged, the helmets and boss'd bucklers stood;
Shield, helmet, man, press'd helmet, man, and shield,
And every bright-arm'd warrior's bushy crest
Its fellow swept, so dense was their array.
In front of all, two Chiefs their station took,
Patroclus and Automedon; one mind
In both prevail'd, to combat in the van
Of all the Myrmidons. Achilles, then,
Retiring to his tent, displaced the lid
Of a capacious chest magnificent
By silver-footed Thetis stow'd on board

His bark, and fill'd with tunics, mantles warm,
And gorgeous arras; there he also kept
Secure a goblet exquisitely wrought,
Which never lip touch'd save his own, and whence
He offer'd only to the Sire of all.
That cup producing from the chest, he first
With sulphur fumed it, then with water rinsed
Pellucid of the running stream, and last
(His hands clean laved) he charged it high with wine.
And now, advancing to his middle court,
He pour'd libation, and with eyes to heaven
Uplifted pray'd, of Jove not unobserved.
  Pelasgian, Dodonæan Jove supreme,
Dwelling remote, who on Dodona's heights
Snow-clad reign'st Sovereign, by thy seers around
Compass'd the Selli, prophets vow-constrain'd
To unwash'd feet and slumbers on the ground!
Plain I behold my former prayer perform'd,
Myself exalted, and the Greeks abased.
Now also grant me, Jove, this my desire!
Here, in my fleet, I shall myself abide,
But lo! with all these Myrmidons I send
My friend to battle. Thunder-rolling Jove,
Send glory with him, make his courage firm!
That even Hector may himself be taught,
If my companion have a valiant heart
When he goes forth alone, or only then
The noble frenzy feels that Mars inspires
When I rush also to the glorious field.
But when he shall have driven the battle-shout
Once from the fleet, grant him with all his arms,
None lost, himself unhurt, and my whole band
Of dauntless warriors with him, safe return!
  Such prayer Achilles offer'd, and his suit
Jove hearing, part confirm'd, and part refused;
To chase the dreadful battle from the fleet
He gave him, but vouchsafed him no return.
Prayer and libation thus perform'd to Jove
The Sire of all, Achilles to his tent
Return'd, replaced the goblet in his chest,
And anxious still that conflict to behold

Between the hosts, stood forth before his tent.
Then rush'd the bands by brave Patroclus led,
Full on the Trojan host. As wasps forsake
Their home by the way-side, provoked by boys
Disturbing inconsiderate their abode,
Not without nuisance sore to all who pass,
For if, thenceforth, some traveller unaware
Annoy them, issuing one and all they swarm
Around him, fearless in their broods' defence,
So issued from their feet the Myrmidons
Undaunted; clamour infinite arose,
And thus Patroclus loud his host address'd.
Oh Myrmidons, attendants in the field
On Peleus' son, now be ye men, my friends!
Call now to mind the fury of your might;
That we, close-fighting servants of the Chief
Most excellent in all the camp of Greece,
May glory gain for Him, and that the wide-
Commanding Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
May learn his fault, that he dishonour'd foul
The prince in whom Achaia glories most.
So saying he fired their hearts, and on the van
Of Troy at once they fell; loud shouted all
The joyful Grecians, and the navy rang.
Then, soon as Ilium's host the valiant son
Saw of Menœtius and his charioteer
In dazzling armour clad, all courage lost,
Their closest ranks gave way, believing sure
That, wrath renounced, and terms of friendship chosen,
Achilles' self was there; thus thinking, each
Look'd every way for refuge from his fate.
Patroclus first, where thickest throng he saw
Gather'd tumultuous around the bark
Of brave Protesilaüs, hurl'd direct
At the whole multitude his glittering spear.
He smote Pyræchmes; he his horseman band
Pœonian led from Amydon, and from
Broad-flowing Axius. In his shoulder stood
The spear, and with loud groans supine he fell.
At once fled all his followers, on all sides
With consternation fill'd, seeing their Chief

their best warrior, by Patroclus slain.
ı from the fleet he drove them, quench'd the flames,
rescued half the ship. Then scatter'd fled
infinite uproar the host of Troy,
e from between their ships the Danaï
'd after them, and hideous rout ensued.
hen the king of lightnings, Jove, dispels
. some huge eminence a gloomy cloud,
groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights
: all, illumined from the boundless heaven,
hen the Danaï those hostile fires
from their fleet expell'd, awhile they breathed,
ound short respite, for the battle yet
:d not, nor fled the Trojans in all parts
, but still resisted, from the ships
ing through necessity alone.
, in that scatter'd warfare, every Chief
one. While Areïlochus his back
'd on Patroclus, sudden with a lance
high he pierced, and urged the weapon through
ring the bone; he headlong smote the ground.
Hero Menelaus, where he saw
breast of Thoas by his slanting shield
arded, struck and stretch'd him at his feet.
des[3], meeting with preventive spear
urious onset of Amphiclus, gash'd
g below the knee, where brawny most
nuscles swell in man; disparted wide
endons shrank, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
wo Nestoridæ slew each a Chief.
ese, Antilochus Atymnius pierced
. through his flank, and at his feet he fell.
fierce resentment fired Maris beheld
rother's fall, and guarding, spear in hand,
lain, impetuous on the conqueror flew;
odlike Thrasymedes[4] wounded first
, ere he Antilochus; he pierced
pper arm, and with the lance's point
off and stript the muscles to the bone.

[3] *Meges.* [4] Brother of Antilochus.

Sounding he fell, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
They thus, two brothers by two brothers slain,
Went down to Erebus, associates both
Of brave Sarpedon, and spear-practised sons
Of Amisodarus; of him who fed
Chimæra[5], monster, by whom many died.
Ajax the swift on Cleobulus sprang,
Whom while he toil'd entangled in the crowd,
He seized alive, but smote him where he stood
With his huge-hafted sword full on the neck;
The blood warm'd all his blade, and ruthless fate
Benighted dark the dying warrior's eyes.
Peneleus into close contention rush'd
And Lycon. Each had hurl'd his glittering spear,
But each in vain, and now with swords they met.
He smote Peneleus on the crested casque,
But snapp'd his faulchion; him Peneleus smote
Beneath his ear; the whole blade entering sank
Into his neck, and Lycon with his head
Depending by the skin alone, expired.
Meriones o'ertaking Acamas
Ere yet he could ascend his chariot, thrust
A lance into his shoulder; down he fell
In dreary death's eternal darkness whelm'd.
Idomeneus his ruthless spear enforced
Into the mouth of Erymas. The point
Stay'd not, but gliding close beneath the brain,
Transpierced his spine[6], and started forth beyond.
It wrench'd his teeth, and fill'd his eyes with blood;
Blood also blowing through his open mouth
And nostrils, to the realms of death he passed.
Thus slew these Grecian leaders, each, a foe.
Sudden as hungry wolves the kids purloin

[5] *ἀμαιμακέτην*—is a word which I can find nowhere satisfactorily derived. Perhaps it is expressive of great length, and I am the more inclined to that sense of it, because it is the epithet given to the mast on which Ulysses floated to Charybdis. We must in that case derive it from *ἀμα* and *μῆκος* Doricé, *μᾶκος*—longitudo. In this uncertainty I thought myself free to translate it as I have, by the word—monster.

[6] Apollonius says that the *στεα λευκα* here mean the *σπονδυλους*, or vertebræ of the neck.—See Villoisson.

Or lambs, which haply some unheeding swain
Hath left to roam at large the mountains wild;
They, seeing, snatch'd them from beside the dams,
And rend incontinent the feeble prey,
So swift the Danaï the host assail'd
Of Ilium; they, into tumultuous flight
Together driven, all hope, all courage lost.

Huge Ajax ceaseless sought his spear to cast
At Hector brazen-mail'd, who, not untaught
The warrior's art, with bull-hide buckler stood
Sheltering his ample shoulders, while he mark'd
The hiss of flying shafts and crash of spears.
Full sure he saw the shifting course of war
Now turn'd, but scorning flight, bent all his thoughts
To rescue yet the remnant of his friends.

As when the Thunderer spreads a sable storm
O'er ether, late serene, the cloud that wrapp'd
Olympus' head escapes into the skies,
So fled the Trojans from the fleet of Greece
Clamouring in their flight, nor pass'd the trench
In fair array; the coursers fleet indeed
Of Hector, Him bore safe with all his arms
Right through, but in the foss entangled foul
He left his host, and struggling to escape.
Then many a chariot-whirling steed, the pole
Broken at its extremity, forsook
His driver, while Patroclus with the shout
Of battle calling his Achaians on,
Destruction purposed to the powers of Troy.
They, once dispersed, with clamour and with flight
Fill'd all the ways, the dust beneath the clouds
Hung like a tempest, and the steeds firm-hoof'd
Whirl'd off at stretch the chariots to the town.
He, wheresoe'er most troubled he perceived
The routed host, loud-threatening thither drove,
While under his own axle many a Chief
Fell prone, and the o'ertumbled chariots rang.
Right o'er the hollow foss the coursers leap'd
Immortal, by the Gods to Peleus given,
Impatient for the plain, nor less desire
Felt he who drove to smite the Trojan Chief,

But him his fiery steeds caught swift away.
As when a tempest from autumnal skies
Floats all the fields, what time Jove heaviest pours
Impetuous rain, token of wrath divine
Against perverters of the laws by force,
Who drive forth justice, reckless of the Gods;
The rivers and the torrents, where they dwell,
Sweep many a green declivity away,
And plunge at length, groaning, into the Deep
From the hills headlong, leaving where they pass'd
No traces of the pleasant works of man,
So, in their flight, loud groan'd the steeds of Troy.
And now, their foremost intercepted all,
Patroclus back again toward the fleet
Drove them precipitate, nor the ascent
Permitted them to Troy for which they strove,
But in the midway space between the ships
The river and the lofty Trojan wall
Pursued them ardent, slaughtering whom he reach'd,
And vengeance took for many a Grecian slain.
First then, with glittering spear the breast he pierced
Of Pronöus, undefended by his shield,
And stretch'd him dead; loud rang his batter'd arms.
The son of Enops, Thestor next he smote.
He on his chariot-seat magnificent
Low-cowering sat, a fear-distracted form,
And from his palsied grasp the reins had fallen.
Then came Patroclus nigh, and through his cheek
His teeth transpiercing, drew him by his lance
Sheer o'er the chariot front. As when a man
On some projecting rock seated, with line
And splendid hook draws forth a sea-fish huge,
So him wide-gaping from his seat he drew
At his spear-point, then shook him to the ground
Prone on his face, where gasping he expired.
At Eryalus, next, advancing swift
He hurl'd a rock; full on the middle front
He smote him, and within the ponderous casque
His whole head open'd into equal halves.
With deadliest night surrounded, prone he fell.
Epaltes, Erymas, Amphoterus,

Echius, Tlepolemus Damastor's son,
Evippus, Ipheus, Pyres, Polymelus,
All these he on the champion, corse on corse
Promiscuous flung. Sarpedon, when he saw
Such havoc made of his uncinctured[7] friends
By Menœtiades, with sharp rebuke
His band of godlike Lycians loud address'd.
Shame on you, Lycians! whither would ye fly?
Now are ye swift indeed! I will oppose
Myself this conqueror, that I may learn
Who thus afflicts the Trojan host, of life
Bereaving numerous of their warriors bold.
He said, and with his arms leap'd to the ground.
On the other side, Patroclus at that sight
Sprang from his chariot. As two vultures clash
Bow-beak'd, crook-talon'd, on some lofty rock
Clamouring both, so they together rush'd
With clamours loud; whom when the son observed
Of wily Saturn, with compassion moved
His sister and his spouse he thus bespake.
Alas he falls! my most beloved of men
Sarpedon, vanquish'd by Patroclus falls!
So will the Fates. Yet, doubtful, much I muse
Whether to place him, snatch'd from furious fight,
In Lycia's wealthy realm, or to permit
His death by valiant Menœtiades.
To whom his awful spouse, displeased, replied.
How speaks the terrible Saturnian Jove?
Wouldst thou again from pangs of death exempt
A mortal man, destined long since to die?
Do it. But small thy praise shall be in heaven.
Mark thou my words, and in thy inmost breast
Treasure them. If thou send Sarpedon safe
To his own home, how many Gods *their* sons
May also send from battle? Weigh it well.
For under yon great city fight no few
Sprung from Immortals whom thou shalt provoke.

[7] Ἀμιτροχίτωνας is a word, according to Clarke, descriptive of their peculiar habit. Their corslet, and the mail worn under it, were of a piece, and put on together. To them therefore the cincture or belt of the Greeks was unnecessary.

But if thou love him, and thine heart his lot
Commiserate, leave him by the hands to fall
Of Menœtiades in conflict dire;
But give command to Death and gentle Sleep
That him of life bereft at once they bear
To Lycia's ample realm, where, with due rites
Funereal, his next kindred and his friends
Shall honour him, a pillar and a tomb
(The dead man's portion) rearing to his name.
She said, from whom the Sire of Gods and men
Dissented not, but on the earth distill'd
A sanguine shower in honour of a son
Dear to him, whom Patroclus on the field
Of fruitful Troy should slay, far from his home.
Opposite now, small interval between,
Those heroes stood. Patroclus at his waist
Pierced Thrasymelus the illustrious friend
Of King Sarpedon, and his charioteer.
Spear'd through the lower bowels, dead he fell.
Then hurl'd Sarpedon in his turn a lance,
But miss'd Patroclus and the shoulder pierced
Of Pedasus the horse; he groaning heaved
His spirit forth, and fallen on the field
In long loud moanings sorrowful expired.
Wide started the immortal pair; the yoke
Creak'd, and entanglement of reins ensued
To both, their fellow slaughtered at their side.
That mischief soon Automedon redress'd.
He rose, and from beside his sturdy thigh
Drawing his faulchion, with effectual stroke
Cut loose the side-horse; then the pair reduced
To order, in their traces stood composed,
And the two heroes fierce engaged again.
Again his radiant spear Sarpedon hurl'd,
But miss'd Patroclus; the innocuous point,
O'erflying his left shoulder, pass'd beyond.
Then with bright lance Patroclus in his turn
Assail'd Sarpedon, nor with erring course
The weapon sped or vain, but pierced profound
His chest, enclosure of the guarded heart.
As falls an oak, poplar, or lofty pine

With new-edged axes on the mountains hewn
Right through, for structure of some gallant bark,
So fell Sarpedon stretch'd his steeds before
And gnash'd his teeth and clutch'd the bloody dust.
And as a lion slays a tawny bull
Leader magnanimous of all the herd;
Beneath the lion's jaws groaning he dies;
So, leader of the shielded Lycians groan'd
Indignant, by Patroclus slain, the bold
Sarpedon, and his friend thus, sad, bespake.
Glaucus, my friend, among these warring Chiefs
Thyself a Chief illustrious! thou hast need
Of all thy valour now; now strenuous fight,
And, if thou bear within thee a brave mind,
Now make the war's calamities thy joy.
First, marching through the host of Lycia, rouse
Our Chiefs to combat for Sarpedon slain,
Then haste, thyself, to battle for thy friend.
For shame and foul dishonour which no time
Shall e'er obliterate, I must prove to thee,
Should the Achaians of my glorious arms
Despoil me in full prospect[8] of the fleet.
Fight, therefore, thou, and others urge to fight.
He said, and cover'd by the night of death,
Nor look'd nor breathed again; for on his chest
Implanting firm his heel, Patroclus drew

[8] Sarpedon certainly was not slain *in the fleet*, neither can the Greek expression *νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι* be with property interpreted—*in certamine de navibus*—as Clarke and Mme Dacier are inclined to render it. *Juvenum in certamine*, seems equally an improbable sense of it. Eustathius, indeed, and Terrasson, supposing Sarpedon to assert that he dies in the middle of the fleet, (which was false in fact,) are kind enough to vindicate Homer by pleading in his favour, that Sarpedon, being in the article of death, was delirious, and knew not, in reality, where he died. But Homer, however he may have been charged with now and then a nap, (a crime of which I am persuaded he is never guilty,) certainly does not slumber here, nor needs to be so defended. Ἀγῶν, in the 23d Iliad, means the *whole extensive area* in which the games were exhibited, and may therefore here, without any strain of the expression, be understood to signify the *whole range of shore* on which the ships were stationed. In which case Sarpedon represents the matter as it was, saying that he dies—*νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι*,—that is, in the neighbourhood of the ships, and in full prospect of them.

The Translator assumes not to himself the honour of this judicious remark. *It belongs to Mr. Fuseli.*

The spear enfolded with his vitals forth,
Weapon and life at once. Meantime his steeds
Snorted by Myrmidons detain'd, and, loosed
From their own master's chariot, foam'd to fly.
Terrible was the grief by Glaucus felt
Hearing that charge, and troubled was his heart
That all power fail'd him to protect the dead.
Compressing his own arm he stood, with pain
Extreme tormented which the shaft had caused
Of Teucer, who while Glaucus climb'd the wall,
Had pierced him from it in the fleet's defence.
Then, thus, to Phœbus, King shaft-arm'd, he pray'd.
Hear now, O King! For whether in the land
Of wealthy Lycia dwelling, or in Troy,
Thou hear'st in every place alike the prayer
Of the afflicted heart, and such is mine;
Behold my wound; it fills my useless hand
With anguish, neither can my blood be stay'd,
And all my shoulder suffers. I can grasp
A spear, or rush to conflict with the Greeks
No longer now; and we have also lost
Our noblest Chief, Sarpedon, son of Jove,
Who guards not his own son. But thou, O King!
Heal me, assuage my anguish, give me strength,
That I may animate the Lycian host
To fight, and may, myself, defend the dead!
Such prayer he offer'd, whom Apollo heard;
He eased at once his pain, his sable blood
Staunch'd, and his soul with vigour new inspired.
Then Glaucus in his heart that prayer perceived
Granted, and joyful for the sudden aid
Vouchsafed to him by Phœbus, first the lines
Of Lycia ranged, summoning every Chief
To fight for slain Sarpedon; striding next
With eager haste into the ranks of Troy,
Renown'd Agenor and the son he call'd
Of Panthus, brave Polydamas, with whom
Æneas also, and approaching last
To Hector brazen-mail'd him thus bespake.
Now, Hector! now, thou hast indeed resign'd
All care of thy allies, who, for thy sake,

)oth to friends and country, on these plains
ı, unaided and unmiss'd by thee.
don breathless lies, who led to fight
hielded bands, and from whose just control
ourage Lycia drew her chief defence.
)razen Mars hath by the spear subdued
:nœtiades. But stand ye firm!
dignation fire you, O my friends!
stripping him of his resplendent arms,
lyrmidons with foul dishonour shame
)dy, through resentment of the deaths
nerous Grecians slain by spears of ours.
ceased; then sorrow every Trojan heart
insupportable and that disdain'd
unds, for that, although a stranger born,
lon ever had a bulwark proved
)y, the leader of a numerous host,
f that host by none in fight excell'd.
on toward the Danaï they moved
t for battle all, and at their head
ed for slain Sarpedon, Hector came.
ime, stout-hearted[9] Chief, Patroclus roused
Grecians, and exhorting first (themselves
y prompt) the Ajaces, thus began.
oic pair! now make it all your joy
ıse the Trojan host, and such to prove
t, or even bolder, if ye may.
hief lies breathless who ascended first
all, Sarpedon. Let us bear him hence,
ınd dishonour him, and in the blood
protectors drench the ruthless spear.
Menœtiades his warriors urged,
elves courageous. Then the Lycian host
rojan here, and there the Myrmidons
ll the host of Greece, closing the ranks
l into furious contest for the dead,
ng tremendous; clang'd their brazen arms,
)ve with Night's pernicious shades o'erhung
oody field, so to enhance the more
toilsome strife for his own son. First then

[9] λασιον κηρ.

The Trojans from their place and order shock'd
The bright-eyed Grecians, slaying not the least
Nor worst among the Myrmidons, the brave
Epigeus, from renown'd Agacles sprung.
He, erst, in populous Budeum ruled,
But for a valiant kinsman of his own
Whom there he slew, had thence to Peleus fled
And to his silver-footed spouse divine,
Who with Achilles, phalanx-breaker Chief,
Sent him to fight beneath the walls of Troy.
Him seizing fast the body, with a stone
Illustrious Hector smote full on the front,
And his whole scull within the ponderous casque
Split sheer; he prostrate on the body fell
In shades of soul-divorcing death involved.
Patroclus, grieving for his slaughter'd friend,
Rush'd through the foremost warriors. As the hawk
Swift-wing'd before him starlings drives or daws,
So thou Patroclus, of equestrian fame!
Full on the Lycian ranks and Trojan drov'st
Resentful of thy fellow-warrior's fall.
At Stheneläus an huge stone he cast
Son of Ithæmenes, whom on the neck
He smote and burst the tendons; then the van
Of Ilium's host, with Hector, all retired.
Far as the slender javelin cuts the air
Hurl'd with collected force, or in the games,
Or even in battle at a desperate foe,
So far the Greeks repulsed the host of Troy.
Then Glaucus first, Chief of the shielded bands
Of Lycia, slew Bathycles, valiant son
Of Calchon; Hellas was his home, and far
He pass'd in riches all the Myrmidons.
Him chasing Glaucus whom he now attain'd,
The Lycian, turning sudden, with his lance
Pierced through the breast, and, sounding, down he fell.
Grief fill'd Achaia's sons for such a Chief
So slain, but joy the Trojans; thick they throng'd
The conqueror around, nor yet the Greeks
Forgat their force, but resolute advanced.
Then, by Merioues a Trojan died

Of noble rank, Laogonus, the son
Undaunted of Onetor great in Troy,
Priest of Idæan Jove. The ear and jaw
Between, he pierced him with a mortal force;
Swift flew the life, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Æneas, in return, his brazen spear
Hurl'd at Meriones with ardent hope
To pierce him, while, with nimble[10] steps and short
Behind his buckler made, he paced the field;
But, warn'd of its approach, Meriones
Bow'd low his head, shunning it, and the spear
Behind him pierced the soil; there quivering stood
The weapon, vain, though from a vigorous arm,
Till spent by slow degrees its fury slept.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *[11]

Indignant then Æneas thus exclaim'd.
Meriones! I sent thee such a spear
As, reaching thee, should have for ever marr'd
Thy step, accomplish'd dancer as thou art.
To whom Meriones spear-famed replied.
Æneas! thou wilt find the labour hard,
How great soe'er thy might, to quell the force
Of all opposers. Thou art also doom'd
Thyself to die; and may but spear of mine
Well-aim'd once strike thee full, what strength soe'er
Or magnanimity be thine to boast,
Thy glory in that moment thou resign'st
To me, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.

[10] Ὑπασπίδια προβιβῶντος. A similar expression occurs in Book XIII. 158. There we read ὑπασπίδια προποδίζων. Which is explained by the Scholiast in Villoisson to signify—advancing with quick short steps, and at the same time covering the feet with a shield. A practice which, unless they bore the ἀμφιβρότην ἄσπιδα, must necessarily leave the upper parts exposed.

It is not improbable, though the translation is not accommodated to that conjecture, that Æneas, in his following speech to Meriones, calls him, ὀρχηστήν, with a view to the agility with which he performed this particular step in battle.

[11] Two lines occurring here in the original which contain only the same matter as the two preceding, and which are found neither in the MSS. used by Barnes nor in the Harleian, the Translator has omitted them in his *version as interpolated* and superfluous.

He said, but him Patroclus sharp reproved.
Why speaks Meriones, although in fight
Approved thus proudly? Nay, my gallant friend!
The Trojans will not for reproach of ours
Renounce the body. Blood must first be spilt.
Tongues in debate, but hands in war decide;
Deeds therefore now, not wordy vaunts, we need.
So saying he led the way, whom follow'd close
Godlike Meriones. As from the depth
Of some lone wood that clothes the mountain's side
The fellers at their toil are heard remote,
So, from the face of Ilium's ample plain
Reverberated, was the din of brass
And of tough targets heard by faulchions huge
Hard smitten, and by spears of double-edge.
None then, no, not the quickest to discern,
Had known divine Sarpedon, from his head
To his foot-sole with mingled blood and dust
Polluted, and o'erwhelm'd with weapons. They
Around the body swarm'd. As hovel-flies
In spring time buzz around the brimming pails
With milk bedew'd, so they around the dead.
Nor Jove averted once his glorious eyes
From that dread contest, but with watchful note
Mark'd all, the future death in battle deep
Pondering of Patroclus, whether Him
Hector should even now slay on divine
Sarpedon, and despoil him of his arms,
Or he should still that arduous strife prolong.
This counsel gain'd as eligible most
At length his preference: that the valiant friend
Of Peleus' son should yet again compel
The Trojan host with Hector brazen-mail'd
To Ilium, slaughtering numerous by the way.
First then, with fears unmanly he possess'd
The heart of Hector; mounting to his seat
He turn'd to flight himself, and bade his host
Fly also: for he knew Jove's purpose[12] changed.
Thenceforth, no longer even Lycia's host

[12] *Ἰρὰ τάλαντα. Voluntatem Jovis cui cedendum.* —So it is interpreted in the Scholium MSS. Lipsiensis. —Vide Schaufelbergerus.

ed, but all fled scatter'd, seeing pierced
sovereign through his heart, and heap'd with dead;
umerous, while Saturnian Jove the fight
in suspense, had on his body fallen.
ce the Grecians of his dazzling arms
il'd Sarpedon, which the Myrmidons
der of Menœtius' valiant son
hence into the fleet. Meantime his will
'hunderer to Apollo thus express'd.
ebus, my son, delay not; from beneath
ill of weapons drawn cleanse from his blood
don's corse; then, bearing him remote,
him in waters of the running stream,
oils divine anoint, and in attire
rtal clothe him. Last, to Death and Sleep,
bearers both, twin-born, deliver him;
ence to Lycia's opulent abodes
shall transport him quickly, where, with rites
eal, his next kindred and his friends
honour him, a pillar and a tomb
lead man's portion) rearing to his name.
ceased; nor was Apollo slow to hear
ther's will, but from the Idæan heights
nding swift into the dreadful field,
ce Sarpedon's body from beneath
ill of weapons drew, which, borne remote,
red in waters of the running stream,
oils ambrosial bathed, and clothed in robes
rtal. Then to Death and gentle Sleep,
bearers both, twin-born, he gave the charge,
placed it soon in Lycia's wealthy realm.
antime Patroclus, calling to his steeds,
o Automedon, the Trojans chased
ycians, on his own destruction bent
ate; heedless of his charge received
Peleus' son, which, well perform'd, had saved
lero from his miserable doom.
ove's high purpose evermore prevails
st the thoughts of man; He turns to flight
ravest, and the victory takes with ease
rom the Chief whom he impels himself

To battle, as he now this Chief impell'd.
Who, then, Patroclus! first, who last by thee
Fell slain, what time thyself wast call'd to die?
Adrastus first, then Perimus he slew,
Offspring of Megas, then Autonoüs,
Echechlus, Melanippus, and Epistor,
Pylartes, Mulius, Elasus. All these
He slew, and from the field chased all beside.
Then, doubtless, had Achaia's sons prevail'd
To take proud-gated Troy, such havoc made
He with his spear, but that the son of Jove
Apollo, on a tower's conspicuous height
Station'd, devoted him for Ilium's sake.
Thrice on a buttress of the lofty wall
Patroclus mounted, and him thrice the God
With hands immortal his resplendent shield
Smiting, struck down again; but when he rush'd
A fourth time, demon-like, to the assault,
The King of radiant shafts him, stern, rebuked.
  Patroclus, warrior of renown, retire!
The fates ordain not that imperial Troy
Stoop to thy spear, nor to the spear itself
Of Peleus' son, though mightier far than thou.
  He said, and Menœtiades the wrath
Of shaft-arm'd Phœbus shunning, far retired.
But in the Scæan gate Hector his steeds
Detain'd, uncertain whether thence to drive
Amid the warring multitude again,
Or, loud commandment issuing, to collect
His host within the walls. Him musing long
Apollo, clad in semblance of a Chief
Youthful and valiant, join'd. Asius he seem'd
Equestrian Hector's uncle, brother born
Of Hecuba the queen, and Dymas' son,
Who on the Sangar's banks in Phrygia dwelt.
Apollo, so disguised, him thus bespake.
  Why, Hector, hast thou left the fight? this sloth
Not well befits thee. Oh that I as far
Thee pass'd in force as thou transcendest me,
Then, not unpunish'd long, should'st thou retire;
But haste, and with thy coursers solid-hoof'd

ɔut Patroclus, him perchance to slay,
d Phœbus have decreed that glory thine.
saying, Apollo join'd the host again.
noble Hector bade his charioteer
ıt Cebriones his coursers lash
into battle, while the God himself
ng the multitude confounded sore
rgives, victory conferring proud
lory on Hector and the host of Troy.
ector, leaving all beside unslain,
ıs impell'd his coursers solid-hoof'd
ɜt Patroclus; on the other side
:lus from his chariot to the ground
l ardent; in his left a spear he bore,
ı his right a marble fragment rough,
as his grasp. With full collected might
rl'd it; neither was the weapon slow
d whom he had mark'd, or sent in vain.
ıote the charioteer of Hector, bold
ınes, King Priam's spurious son,
n the forehead, while he sway'd the reins.
ɔne that force withstood not, but the rock
ragged points beset dash'd both his brows
ces, and his eyes fell at his feet.
ver-like, from his exalted stand
l the steeds pitch'd headlong, and expired;
'hom, Patroclus of equestrian fame!
didst exult with taunting speech severe.
Gods, with what agility he dives!
t were well if in the fishy Deep
nan were occupied; he might no few
ɔysters satisfy, although the waves
churlish, plunging headlong from his bark
ily as from his chariot here.
'n—in Troy, it seems, are divers too!
saying, on bold Cebriones he sprang
all a lion's force, who, while the folds
vages, is wounded in the breast,
victim of his own fierce courage, dies.
lst thou *spring*, Patroclus! to despoil
nes, and Hector opposite

Leap'd also to the ground. Then contest such
For dead Cebriones those two between
Arose, as in the lofty mountain-tops
Two lions wage, contending for a deer
New-slain, both hunger-pinch'd and haughty both.
So for Cebriones, alike in arms
Expert, brave Hector and Patroclus strove
To pierce each other with the ruthless spear.
First, Hector seized his head, nor loosed his hold,
Patroclus, next, his feet, while all beside
Of either host in furious battle join'd.
As when the East wind and the South contend
To shake some deep wood on the mountain's side,
Or beech, or ash, or rugged cornel old,
With stormy violence the mingled boughs
Smite and snap short each other, crashing loud;
So, Trojans and Achaians, mingling, slew
Mutual, while neither felt a wish to fly.
Around Cebriones stood many a spear,
And many a shaft sent smartly from the nerve
Implanted deep, and many a stone of grasp
Enormous sounded on their batter'd shields
Who fought to gain him. He, in eddies lost
Of sable dust, with his huge trunk huge space
O'erspread, nor steeds nor chariots heeded more.
While yet the sun ascending climb'd the heavens,
Their darts flew equal, and the people fell;
But when he westward journey'd, by a change
Surpassing hope the Grecians then prevail'd.
They drew Cebriones the Hero forth
From all those weapons, and his armour stripp'd
At leisure, distant from the battle's roar.
Then sprang Patroclus on the Trojan host;
Thrice, like another Mars, he sprang with shouts
Tremendous, and nine warriors thrice he slew.
But when the fourth time, dæmon-like, he rush'd
Against them, then, oh then, too manifest
The consummation of thy days approach'd
Patroclus! whom Apollo terror-clad
Met then in battle. He the coming God
Through all that multitude knew not, such gloom

Impenetrable him involved around.
Behind him close he stood, and with his palms
Expanded on the spine and shoulders broad
Smote him; his eyes swam dizzy at the stroke.
Then Phœbus from his head his helmet dash'd
To earth, sonorous at the feet it roll'd
Of many a prancing steed, and all the crest
Defilement gather'd gross of dust and blood,
Then first; till then, impossible; for how
Should dust the tresses of that helmet shame
With which Achilles fighting fenced his head
Illustrious, and his graceful brows divine?
But Jove now made it Hector's; he awhile
Bore it, himself to swift perdition doom'd.
His spear brass-mounted, ponderous, huge and long,
Fell shiver'd from his grasp. His shield that swept
His ancle, with its belt dropp'd from his arm,
And Phœbus loosed the corslet from his breast.
Confusion seized his brain; his noble limbs
Quaked under him, and panic-stunn'd he stood.
Then came a Dardan Chief, who from behind
Enforced a pointed lance into his back
Between the shoulders; Panthus' son was he,
Euphorbus, famous for equestrian skill,
For spearmanship, and in the rapid race
Past all of equal age. He twenty men
(Although a learner yet of martial feats,
And by his steeds then first to battle borne)
Dismounted. He, Patroclus, mighty Chief!
First threw a lance at thee, which yet thy life
Quell'd not; then snatching hasty from the wound
His ashen beam, he ran into the crowd,
Nor dared confront in fight even the unarm'd
Patroclus. But Patroclus, by the lance,
And by the stroke of an immortal hand
Subdued, fell back toward his ranks again.
Then, soon as Hector the retreat perceived
Of brave Patroclus wounded, issuing forth
From his own phalanx, he approach'd and drove
A spear right through his body at the waist.
Sounding he fell. Loud groan'd Achaia's host.

As when the lion and the sturdy boar
Contend in battle on the mountain-tops
For some scant rivulet, thirst-parch'd alike,
Ere long the lion quells the panting boar;
So Priameian Hector, spear in hand,
Slew Menœtiades the valiant slayer
Of multitudes, and thus in accents wing'd,
With fierce delight exulted in his fall.
It was thy thought, Patroclus, to have laid
Our city waste, and to have wafted hence
Our wives and daughters to thy native land,
Their day of liberty for ever set.
Fool! for their sakes the feet of Hector's steeds
Fly into battle, and myself excel,
For their sakes, all our bravest of the spear,
That I may turn from them that evil hour
Necessitous. But thou art vulture's food.
Unhappy youth! all valiant as he is,
Achilles hath no succour given to thee,
Who when he sent thee forth whither himself
Would not, thus doubtless gave thee oft in charge:
Ah, well beware, Patroclus, glorious Chief!
That thou revisit not these ships again,
Till first on Hero-slaughterer Hector's breast
Thou cleave his bloody corslet. So he spake,
And with vain words thee credulous beguiled.
To whom Patroclus, mighty Chief, with breath
Drawn faintly, and dying, thou didst thus reply.
Now Hector, boast! now glory, for the son
Of Saturn and Apollo, me with ease
Vanquishing, whom they had themselves disarm'd,
Have made the victory thine; else, twenty such
As thou, had fallen by my victorious spear.
Me Phœbus and my ruthless fate combined
To slay; these foremost; but of mortal men
Euphorbus, and thy praise is only third.
I tell thee also, and within thy heart
Repose it deep—Thou shalt not long survive;
But, even now, fate, and a violent death
Attend thee by Achilles' hands ordain'd
To perish, by Æcides the brave.

So saying, the shades of death him wrapp'd around.
Down into Ades from his limbs dismiss'd,
His spirit fled sorrowful, of youth's prime
And vigorous manhood suddenly bereft.
Then, him though dead, Hector again bespake.
Patroclus! these prophetic strains of death
At hand, and fate, why hast thou sung to me?
May not the son of Thetis azure-hair'd,
Achilles, perish first by spear of mine?
He said; then pressing with his heel the trunk
Supine, and backward thrusting it, he drew
His glittering weapon from the wound, nor stay'd,
But, lance in hand, the godlike charioteer
Pursued of swift Æcides, on fire
To smite Automedon; but him the steeds
Immortal, rapid, by the Gods conferr'd
(A glorious gift) on Peleus, snatch'd away.

BOOK XVII.

ARGUMENT.

Sharp contest ensues around the body of Patroclus. Hector puts on the armour of Achilles. Menelaus, having dispatched Antilochus to Achilles with news of the death of Patroclus, returns to the battle, and, together with Meriones, bears Patroclus off the field, while the Ajaces cover their retreat.

Nor Menelaus, Atreus' valiant son,
Knew not how Menœtiades had fallen
By Trojan hands in battle; forth he rush'd
All bright in burnish'd armour through his van,
And as some heifer with maternal fears
Now first acquainted, compasses around
Her young one murmuring, with tender moan,
So moved the Hero of the amber locks
Around Patroclus, before whom his spear
Advancing and broad shield, he death denounced
On all opposers; neither stood the son
Spear-famed of Panthus inattentive long
To slain Patroclus, but approach'd the dead,
And warlike Menelaus thus bespake.
Prince! Menelaus! Atreus' mighty son!
Yield. Leave the body and these gory spoils;
For of the Trojans or allies of Troy
None sooner made Patroclus bleed than I.
Seek not to rob me, therefore, of my praise
Among the Trojans, lest my spear assail
Thee also, and thou perish premature.
To whom, indignant, Atreus' son replied.
Self-praise, the Gods do know, is little worth.
But neither lion may in pride compare
Nor panther, nor the savage boar whose heart's
High temper flashes in his eyes, with these
The spear-accomplish'd youths of Panthus' house.

Yet Hyperenor of equestrian fame
Lived not his lusty manhood to enjoy,
Who scoffingly defied my force in arms,
And call'd me most contemptible in fight
Of all the Danaï. But him, I ween,
His feet bore never hence to cheer at home
His wife and parents with his glad return.
So also shall thy courage fierce be tamed,
If thou oppose me. I command thee, go—
Mix with the multitude; withstand not me,
Lest evil overtake thee! To be taught
By sufferings only, is the part of fools.
He said, but him sway'd not, who thus replied.
Now, even now, Atrides! thou shalt rue
My brother's blood which thou hast shed, and makest
His death thy boast. Thou hast his blooming bride
Widow'd, and thou hast fill'd his parents' hearts
With anguish of unutterable woe;
But bearing hence thy armour and thy head
To Troy, and casting them at Panthus' feet,
And at the feet of Phrontis, his espoused,
I shall console the miserable pair.
Nor will I leave that service unessay'd
Longer, nor will I fail through want of force,
Of courage, or of terrible address.
He ceased, and smote his shield, nor pierced the disk,
But bent his point against the stubborn brass.
Then Menelaus, prayer preferring first
To Jove, assail'd Euphorbus in his turn,
Whom pacing backward in the throat he struck,
And with both hands and his full force the spear
Impelling, urged it through his neck behind.
Sounding he fell; loud rang his batter'd arms.
His locks, which even the Graces might have own'd,
Blood-sullied, and his ringlets wound about
With twine of gold and silver, swept the dust.
As the luxuriant olive by a swain
Rear'd in some solitude where rills abound,
Puts forth her buds, and fann'd by genial airs
On all sides, hangs her boughs with whitest flowers,
But by a sudden whirlwind from its trench

Uptorn, it lies extended on the field;
Such, Panthus' warlike son Euphorbus seem'd,
By Menelaus, son of Atreus, slain
Suddenly, and of all his arms despoil'd.
But as the lion on the mountains bred,
Glorious in strength, when he hath seized the best
And fairest of the herd, with savage fangs
First breaks her neck, then laps the bloody paunch
Torn wide; meantime, around him, but remote,
Dogs stand and swains clamouring, yet by fear
Repress'd, annoy him not or dare approach;
So there all wanted courage to oppose
The force of Menelaus, glorious Chief.
Then, easily had Menelaus borne
The armour of the son of Panthus thence,
But that Apollo the illustrious prize
Denied him, who in semblance of the Chief
Of the Ciconians, Mentes, prompted forth
Against him Hector terrible as Mars,
Whose spirit thus in accents wing'd he roused.
Hector! the chase is vain; here thou pursuest
The horses of Æacides the brave,
Which thou shalt never win, for they are steeds
Of fiery nature, such as ill endure
To draw or carry mortal man, himself
Except, whom an immortal mother bore.
Meantime, bold Menelaus, in defence
Of dead Patroclus, hath a Trojan slain
Of highest note, Euphorbus, Panthus' son,
And hath his might in arms for ever quell'd.
So spake the God and to the fight return'd.
But grief intolerable at that word
Seized Hector; darting through the ranks his eye,
He knew at once who stripp'd Euphorbus' arms,
And him knew also lying on the field,
And from his wide wound bleeding copious still.
Then dazzling bright in arms, through all the van
He flew, shrill-shouting, fierce as Vulcan's fire
Unquenchable; nor were his shouts unheard
By Atreus' son, who with his noble mind
Conferring sad, thus to himself began.

Alas! if I forsake these gorgeous spoils,
And leave Patroclus for my glory slain,
I fear lest the Achaians at that sight
Incensed, reproach me; and if, urged by shame,
I fight with Hector and his host, alone,
Lest, hemm'd around by multitudes, I fall;
For Hector, by his whole imbattled force
Attended, comes. But whither turn my thoughts?
No man may combat with another fenced
By power divine and whom the Gods exalt,
But he must draw down woe on his own head.
Me, therefore, none of all Achaia's host
Will blame indignant, seeing my retreat
From Hector, whom themselves the Gods assist.
But might the battle-shout of Ajax once
Reach me, with force united we would strive,
Even in opposition to a God,
To rescue for Achilles' sake, his friend.
Task arduous! but less arduous than this.
While he thus meditated, swift advanced
The Trojan ranks, with Hector at their head.
He then, retiring slow, and turning oft,
Forsook the body. As by dogs and swains
With clamours loud and spears driven from the stalls
A bearded lion goes, his noble heart
Abhors retreat, and slow he quits the prey;
So Menelaus with slow steps forsook
Patroclus, and arrived in front, at length,
Of his own phalanx, stood, with sharpen'd eyes
Seeking vast Ajax, son of Telamon.
Him leftward, soon, of all the field he mark'd
Encouraging aloud his band, whose hearts
With terrors irresistible himself
Phœbus had fill'd. He ran, and at his side
Standing, incontinent, him thus bespake.
My gallant Ajax, haste—come quickly—strive
With me to rescue for Achilles' sake
His friend, though bare, for Hector hath his arms.
He said, and by his words the noble mind
Of Ajax roused; issuing through the van
He went, and Menelaus at his side.

Hector the body of Patroclus dragg'd,
Stript of his arms, with faulchion keen erelong
Purposing to strike off his head, and cast
His trunk, drawn distant, to the dogs of Troy.
But Ajax, with broad shield tower-like, approach'd.
Then Hector, to his bands retreating, sprang
Into his chariot, and to others gave
The splendid arms in charge, who into Troy
Should bear the destined trophy of his praise.
But Ajax with his broad shield guarding stood
Slain Menœtiades, as for his whelps
The lion stands; him through some forest drear
Leading his little ones, the hunters meet;
Fire glimmers in his looks, and down he draws
His whole brow into frowns, covering his eyes;
So, guarding slain Patroclus, Ajax lour'd.
On the other side, with tender grief oppress'd
Unspeakable, brave Menelaus stood.
But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian band,
Son of Hippolochus, in bitter terms
Indignant, reprimanded Hector thus.
  Ah, Hector, Chieftain of excelling form,
But all unfurnish'd with a warrior's heart!
Unwarranted I deem thy great renown
Who art to flight addicted. Think, henceforth,
How ye shall save city and citadel
Thou and thy people born in Troy, alone.
No Lycian shall, at least, in your defence
Fight with the Grecians, for our ceaseless toil
In arms, hath ever been a thankless task.
Inglorious Chief! how wilt thou save a worse
From warring crowds, who hast Sarpedon left
Thy guest, thy friend, to be a spoil, a prey
To yonder Argives? While he lived he much
Thee and thy city profited, whom dead
Thou fear'st to rescue even from the dogs.
Now, therefore, may but my advice prevail,
Back to your country, Lycians! so, at once,
Shall remediless ruin fall on Troy.
For had the Trojans now a daring heart
Intrepid, such as in the breast resides

Of labourers in their country's dear behalf,
We soon should drag Patroclus into Troy;
And were his body, from the battle drawn,
In Priam's royal city once secured,
As soon, the Argives would in ransom give
Sarpedon's body with his splendid arms
To be conducted safe into the town.
For when Patroclus fell, the friend was slain
Of such a Chief as is not in the fleet
For valour, and his bands are dauntless all.
But thou, at the first glimpse of Ajax' eye
Confounded, hast not dared in arms to face
That warrior bold, superior far to thee.
To whom brave Hector, frowning stern, replied.
Why, Glaucus! should a Chief like thee his tongue
Presume to employ thus haughtily? My friend!
I thee accounted wisest, once, of all
Who dwell in fruitful Lycia, but thy speech
Now utter'd altogether merits blame,
In which thou tell'st me that I fear to stand
Against vast Ajax. Know that I from fight
Shrink not, nor yet from sound of prancing steeds;
But Jove's high purpose evermore prevails
Against the thoughts of man; he turns to flight
The bravest, and the victory takes with ease
Even from those whom once he favour'd most.
But hither, friend! stand with me; mark my deed;
Prove me, if I be found, as thou hast said,
An idler all the day, or if by force
I not compel some Grecian to renounce
Patroclus, even the boldest of them all.
He ceased, and to his host exclaim'd aloud.
Trojans, and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus, oh be ye men, my friends!
Now summon all your fortitude, while I
Put on the armour of Achilles, won
From the renown'd Patroclus slain by me.
So saying, illustrious Hector from the clash
Of spears withdrew, and with his swiftest pace
Departing, overtook, not far remote,
The bearers of Achilles' arms to Troy.

Apart from all the horrors of the field
Standing, he changed his armour; gave his own
To be by them to sacred Ilium borne,
And the immortal arms of Peleus' son
Achilles, by the ever-living Gods
To Peleus given, put on. Those arms the Sire,
Now old himself, had on his son conferr'd,
But in those arms his son grew never old.
Him, therefore, soon as cloud-assembler Jove
Saw glittering in divine Achilles' arms,
Contemplative he shook his brows, and said.
Ah hapless Chief! thy death, although at hand,
Nought troubles thee. Thou wear'st his heavenly arms,
Who all excels, terror of Ilium's host.
His friend, though bold yet gentle, thou hast slain,
And hast the brows and bosom of the dead
Unseemly bared: yet, bright success awhile
I give thee; so compensating thy lot,
From whom Andromache shall ne'er receive
Those glorious arms, for thou shalt ne'er return.
So spake the Thunderer, and his sable brows
Shaking, confirm'd the word. But Hector found
The armour apt; the God of war his soul
With fury fill'd, he felt his limbs afresh
Invigorated, and with loudest shouts
Return'd to his illustrious allies.
To them he seem'd, clad in those radiant arms,
Himself Achilles; rank by rank he pass'd
Through all the host, exhorting every Chief,
Asteropæus, Mesthles, Phorcys, Medon,
Thersilochus, Deisenor, augur Ennomus,
Chromius, Hippothoüs; all these he roused
To battle, and in accents wing'd began.
Hear me, ye myriads, neighbours and allies!
For not through fond desire to fill the plain
With multitudes, have I convened you here
Each from his city, but that well-inclined
To Ilium, ye might help to guard our wives
And little ones against the host of Greece.
Therefore it is that forage large and gifts
Providing for you, I exhaust the stores

Of Troy, and drain our people for your sake.
Turn then direct against them, and his life
Save each, or lose; it is the course of war.
Him who shall drag, though dead, Patroclus home
Into the host of Troy, and shall repulse
Ajax, I will reward with half the spoils,
And half shall be my own; glory and praise
Shall also be his meed, equal to mine.
He ended; they compact with lifted spears
Bore on the Danaï, conceiving each
Warm expectation in his heart to wrest
From Ajax son of Telamon, the dead.
Vain hope! he many a lifeless Trojan heap'd
On slain Patroclus, but at length his speech
To warlike Menelaus thus address'd.
Ah, Menelaus, valiant friend! I hope
No longer, now, that even we shall 'scape
Ourselves from fight; nor fear I so the loss
Of dead Patroclus, who shall soon the dogs
Of Ilium, and the fowls sate with his flesh,
As for my life I tremble and for thine,
That cloud of battle, Hector, such a gloom
Sheds all around; death manifest impends.
Haste—call our best, if even they can hear.
He spake, nor Menelaus not complied,
But call'd aloud on all the Chiefs of Greece.
Friends, senators, and leaders of the powers
Of Argos! who with Agamemnon drink
And Menelaus at the public feast,
Each bearing rule o'er many, by the will
Of Jove advanced to honour and renown!
The task were difficult to single out
Chief after Chief by name amid the blaze
Of such contention; but oh come yourselves
Indignant forth, nor let the dogs of Troy
Patroclus rend, and gambol with his bones!
He ceased, whom Oïliades the swift
Hearing incontinent, of all the Chiefs
Ran foremost, after whom Idomeneus
Approach'd, and dread as homicidal Mars
Meriones. But never mind of man

Could even in silent recollection name
The whole vast multitude who, following these,
Renew'd the battle on the part of Greece.
The Trojans first, with Hector at their head,
Wedged in close phalanx, rush'd to the assault.
As when within some rapid river's mouth
The billows and stream clash, on either shore[1]
Loud sounds the roar[1] of waves ejected wide,
Such seem'd the clamours of the Trojan host.
But the Achaians, one in heart, around
Patroclus stood, bulwark'd with shields of brass,
And over all their glittering helmets Jove
Darkness diffused, for he had loved Patroclus
While yet he lived friend of Æacides,
And, now, abhorring that the dogs of Troy
Should eat him, urged the Greeks to his defence.
The host of Troy first shook the Grecian host;
The body left, they fled; yet of them all,
The Trojan powers, determined as they were,
Slew none, but dragg'd the body. Neither stood
The Greeks long time aloof, soon as repulsed
Again led on by Ajax, who in form
And in exploits all others far excell'd,
Peerless Æacides alone except.
Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd,
In force resembling most some savage boar
That in the mountains bursting through the brakes,
The swains disperses and their hounds with ease;
Like him, illustrious Ajax, mighty son
Of Telamon, at his assault dispersed
With ease the close imbattled ranks, who fought
Around Patroclus' body, strong in hope
To achieve it, and to make the glory theirs.
Hippothoüs, a youth of high renown,
Son of Pelasgian Lethus, by a noose
Around his ancle cast dragg'd through the fight
Patroclus, so to gratify the host

1 There is no word in our language expressive of loud sound at all comparable in effect to the Greek *Bo-o-osin*. I have therefore endeavoured by the juxtaposition of two words similar in sound, to palliate in some degree a defect which it was not in my power to cure.

Of Ilium and their Chief; but evil him
Reach'd suddenly, by none of all his friends
(Though numerous wish'd to save him) turn'd aside.
For swift advancing on him through the crowd
The son of Telamon pierced, spear in hand,
His helmet brazen-cheek'd; the crested casque,
So smitten, open'd wide, for huge the hand
And ponderous was the spear that gave the blow,
And all around its neck, mingled with blood
Gush'd forth the brain. There, lifeless, down he sank,
Let fall the Hero's foot, and fell himself
Prone on the dead, never to see again
Deep-soil'd Larissa, never to requite
Their kind solicitudes who gave him birth,
In bloom of life by dauntless Ajax slain.
Then, Hector hurl'd at Ajax his bright spear,
But he, forewarn'd of its approach, escaped
Narrowly, and it pierced Schedius instead,
Brave son of Iphitus; he, noblest Chief
Of the Phocensians, over many reign'd,
Dwelling in Panopeus the far-renown'd.
Entering beneath the clavicle[2] the point
Right through his shoulder's summit pass'd behind,
And on his loud-resounding arms he fell.
But Ajax at his waist wounded the son
Of Phœnops, valiant Phorcys, while he stood
Guarding Hippothöus; through his hollow mail
Enforced the weapon drank his inmost life,
And in his palm, supine, he clench'd the dust.
Then, Hector with the foremost Chiefs of Troy
Fell back; the Argives sent a shout to heaven,
And dragging Phorcys and Hippothöus thence
Stripp'd both. In that bright moment Ilium's host
Fear-quell'd before Achaia's warlike sons
Had Troy re-enter'd, and the host of Greece
By matchless might and fortitude their own
Had snatch'd a victory from the grasp of Fate,
But that, himself, the King of radiant shafts
Æneas roused; Epytis' son he seem'd
Periphas, ancient in the service grown

[2] Or collar-bone.

Of old Anchises whom he dearly loved;
His form assumed, Apollo thus began.
How could ye save, Æneas, were the Gods
Your enemies, the towers of lofty Troy?
As I have others seen, warriors who would,
Men fill'd with might and valour, firm themselves
And Chiefs of multitudes disdaining fear.
But Jove to us the victory far more
Than to the Grecians wills; therefore the fault
Is yours, who tremble and refuse the fight.
He ended, whom Æneas marking, knew
At once the glorious Archer of the skies,
And thus to distant Hector call'd aloud.
Oh, Hector, and ye other Chiefs of Troy
And of her brave confederates! Shame it were
Should we re-enter Ilium, driven to flight
By dastard fear before the host of Greece.
A God assured me even now, that Jove,
Supreme in battle, gives his aid to Troy.
Rush, therefore, on the Danaï direct,
Nor let them, safe at least and unannoy'd,
Bear hence Patroclus' body to the fleet.
He spake, and starting far into the van
Stood foremost forth; they, wheeling, faced the Greeks.
Then, spear in hand, Æneas smote the friend
Of Lycomedes, brave Leocritus,
Son of Arisbas. Lycomedes saw
Compassionate his death, and drawing nigh
First stood, then hurling his resplendent lance,
Right through the liver Apisaon pierced
Offspring of Hippasus, his chest beneath,
And, lifeless, instant, on the field he fell.
He from Pæonia the deep-soil'd to Troy
Came forth, Asteropæus sole except,
Bravest of all Pæonia's band in arms.
Asteropæus saw, and to the van
Sprang forth for furious combat well prepared,
But room for fight found none, so thick a fence
Of shields and ported spears fronted secure
The phalanx guarding Menœtiades.
For Ajax ranging all the ranks, aloud

Admonish'd them that no man yielding ground
Should leave Patroclus, or advance before
The rest, but all alike fight and stand fast.
Such order gave huge Ajax; purple gore
Drench'd all the ground; in slaughter'd heaps they fell,
Trojans and Trojan aids of dauntless hearts
And Grecians; for not even they the fight
Waged bloodless, though with far less cost of blood,
Each mindful to avert his fellow's fate.
Thus burn'd the battle; neither hadst thou deem'd
The sun himself in heaven unquench'd, or moon,
Beneath a cope so dense of darkness strove
Unceasing all the most renown'd in arms
For Menœtiades. Meantime the war,
Wherever else, the bright-arm'd Grecians waged
And Trojans under skies serene. The sun
On them his radiance darted; not a cloud,
From mountain or from vale rising, allay'd
His fervour; there at distance due they fought
And paused by turns, and shunn'd the cruel dart.
But in the middle field not war alone
They suffer'd, but night also; ruthless raged
The iron storm, and all the mightiest bled.
Two glorious Chiefs, the while, Antilochus
And Thrasymedes, had no tidings heard
Of brave Patroclus slain, but deem'd him still
Living, and troubling still the host of Troy;
For watchful[3] only to prevent the flight
Or slaughter of their fellow-warriors, they
Maintain'd a distant station, so enjoin'd
By Nestor when he sent them to the field.
But fiery conflict arduous employ'd
The rest all day continual; knees and legs,
Feet, hands, and eyes of those who fought to guard
The valiant friend of swift Æacides

[3] The proper meaning of ἐπιοσσομένω—is not simply *looking on*, but *providing against*. And thus their ignorance of the death of Patroclus is accounted for. They were ordered by Nestor to a post in which they should have little to do themselves, except to superintend others, and were consequently too remote from Patroclus to see him fall, or even to hear that he had fallen.—See Villoisson.

Sweat gather'd foul and dust. As when a man
An huge ox-hide drunken with slippery lard
Gives to be stretch'd, his servants all around
Disposed, just intervals between, the task
Ply strenuous, and while many straining hard
Extend it equal on all sides, it sweats
The moisture out, and drinks the unction in,
So they, in narrow space struggling, the dead
Dragg'd every way, warm hope conceiving, these
To drag him thence to Troy, those, to the ships.
Wild tumult raged around him; neither Mars,
Gatherer of hosts to battle, nor herself
Pallas, however angry, had beheld
That conflict with disdain, Jove to such length
Protracted on that day the bloody toil
Of steeds and men for Menœtiades.
Nor knew divine Achilles or had aught
Heard of Patroclus slain, for from the ships
Remote they fought, beneath the walls of Troy.
He, therefore, fear'd not for his death, but hope
Indulged much rather, that, the battle push'd
To Ilium's gates, he should return alive.
For that his friend, unaided by himself
Or even aided, should prevail to lay
Troy waste, he nought supposed; by Thetis warn'd
In secret conference oft, he better knew
Jove's purpose; yet not even she had borne
Those dreadful tidings to his ear, the loss
Immeasurable of his dearest friend.
They all around the dead fought spear in hand
With mutual slaughter ceaseless, and amid
Achaia's host thus spake a Chief mail-arm'd.
Shame were it, Grecians! should we seek by flight
Our galleys now; yawn earth our feet beneath
And here ingulf us rather! Better far
Than to permit the steed-famed host of Troy
To drag Patroclus hence into the town,
And make the glory of this conflict theirs.
Thus also of the dauntless Trojans spake
A certain warrior. Oh, my friends! although
The fates ordain us, one and all, to die

d this body, stand! quit not the field.
ıpake the warrior prompting into act
ıurage of his friends, and such they strove
:h sides; high into the vault of heaven
ɔn din pass'd through the desert air.
ime the horses of Æacides
fight withdrawn, soon as they understood
:harioteer fallen in the dust beneath
m of homicidal Hector, wept.
oft with hasty lash Diores' son
edon impatient smote, full oft
oked them gently, and as oft he chode[4];
ither to the fleet ranged on the shore
cious Hellespont would they return,
ıth the Grecians seek the fight, but stood
:pulchral pillar stands, unmoved
:n their traces; to the earth they hung
ıeads, with plenteous tears their driver mourn'd,
ingled their dishevell'd manes with dust.
ıw their grief with pity, and his brows
ıg, within himself thus, pensive, said.
hapless pair! Wherefore by gift divine
ye to Peleus given, a mortal king,
lves immortal and from age exempt?
that ye might share in human woes?
all things that breathe or creep the earth,
ature lives so mere a wretch as man.
all not Priameian Hector ride
ɔhant, drawn by you. Myself forbid.
it that he boasts vain-gloriously
arms his own. Your spirit and your limbs
invigorate, that ye may bear
ence Automedon into the fleet.
ɔrdain the Trojans still to spread
ge around victorious, till they reach
ıllant barks, and till the sun at length
ıding, sacred darkness cover all.
ɜaid, and with new might the steeds inspired.

s is the proper imperfect of the verb *chide*, though modern usage
ɔstituted *chid*, a word of mean and awkward sound, in the place

They, shaking from their hair profuse the dust,
Between the van of either army whirl'd
The rapid chariot. Fighting as he pass'd,
Though fill'd with sorrow for his slaughter'd friend,
Automedon high-mounted swept the field
Impetuous as a vulture scattering geese;
Now would he vanish, and now turn'd again,
Chase through a multitude his trembling foe;
But whomsoe'er he follow'd, none he slew,
Nor was the task possible to a Chief
Sole in the sacred chariot, both to aim
The spear aright and guide the fiery steeds.
At length Alcimedon, his friend in arms,
Son of Laerceus son of Æmon, him
Observing, from behind the chariot hail'd
The flying warrior, whom he thus bespake.
What power, Automedon! hath ta'en away
Thy better judgment, and thy breast inspired
With this vain purpose to assail alone
The Trojan van? Thy partner in the fight
Is slain and Hector on his shoulders bears,
Elate, the armour of Æacides.
Then, answer thus Automedon return'd,
Son of Diores. Who of all our host
Was ever skill'd, Alcimedon! as thou
To rule the fire of these immortal steeds,
Save only while he lived, peer of the Gods
In that great art, Patroclus, now no more?
Thou, therefore, the resplendent reins receive
And scourge, while I, dismounting, wage the fight.
He ceased; Alcimedon without delay
The battle-chariot mounting, seized at once
The lash and reins, and from his seat down leap'd
Automedon. Them noble Hector mark'd,
And to Æneas at his side began.
Illustrious Chief of Trojans brazen-mail'd
Æneas! I have noticed yonder steeds
Of swift Achilles rushing into fight
Conspicuous, but under sway of hands
Unskilful; whence arises a fair hope
That we might seize them, wert thou so inclined;

ıever would those two dare to oppose
ttle an assault dreadful as ours.
ended, nor the valiant son refused
d Anchises, but with targets firm
ason'd hide brass-plated thrown athwart
shoulders, both advanced direct, with whom
dlike form Aretus also went
Chromius. Ardent hope they all conceived
ıy those Chiefs, and from the field to drive
les' lofty steeds. Vain hope! for them
oodless strife awaited with the force
ave Automedon; he, prayer to Jove
offering, felt his angry soul with might
c fill'd, and thus his faithful friend
edon, incontinent, address'd.
imedon! hold not the steeds remote
reathing on my back; for I expect
never Priameïan Hector's rage
limit know, or pause, till, slaying us,
ıall himself the coursers ample-maned
t of Achilles, and to flight compel
ırgive host, or perish in the van.
saying, he call'd aloud on Menelaus
either Ajax. Oh, illustrious Chiefs
gos, Menelaus, and ye bold
s![5] leaving all your best to cope
Ilium's powers and to protect the dead,
friends still living ward the bitter day.
ither borne, two Chiefs, bravest of all
rojans, Hector and Æneas rush
through the battle. The events of war
n orders; therefore even I will give
ear its flight, and Jove dispose the rest!
said, and brandishing his massy spear
ss'd it at Aretus; full he smote
nple shield, nor stay'd the pointed brass,
enetrating sheer the disk, his belt
d also, and stood planted in his waist.
ıen some vigorous youth with sharpen'd axe

ıe Latin *plural of Ajax* is sometimes necessary, because the English *-Ajaxes—would be* insupportable.

A pastured bullock smites behind the horns
And hews the muscle through; he, at the stroke
Springs forth and falls, so sprang Aretus forth,
Then fell supine, and in his bowels stood
The keen-edged lance still quivering till he died.
Then Hector, in return, his radiant spear
Hurl'd at Automedon, who of its flight
Forewarn'd, his body bowing prone, the stroke
Eluded, and the spear piercing the soil
Behind him, shook to its superior end,
Till, spent by slow degrees, its fury slept.
And now, with hand to hilt, for closer war
Both stood prepared, when through the multitude
Advancing at their fellow-warrior's call,
The Ajaces suddenly their combat fierce
Prevented. Awed at once by their approach
Hector retired, with whom Æneas went
Also and godlike Chromius, leaving there
Aretus with his vitals torn, whose arms,
Fierce as the God of war Automedon
Stripp'd off, and thus exulted o'er the slain.
My soul some portion of her grief resigns
Consoled, although by slaughter of a worse,
For loss of valiant Menœtiades.
So saying, within his chariot he disposed
The gory spoils, then mounted it himself
With hands and feet purpled, as from a bull
His bloody prey, some lion newly-gorged.
And now around Patroclus raged again
Dread strife deplorable; for from the skies
Descending at the Thunderer's command
Whose purpose now was to assist the Greeks,
Pallas enhanced the fury of the fight.
As when from heaven, in view of mortals, Jove
Exhibits bright his bow, a sign ordain'd
Of war, or numbing frost which all the works
Suspends of man and saddens all the flocks;
So she, all mantled with a radiant cloud
Entering Achaia's host, fired every breast.
But meeting Menelaus first, brave son
Of Atreus, in the form and with the voice

œnix, him she thus bespake.
ıelaus, shall to thee redound
reproach, should dogs devour
'riend of Peleus' noble son
battlements; but stand, thyself,
ınd encourage all the host.
he son of Atreus bold in arms.
friend revered, ancient and sage!
give me might and from the dint
dart and spear, with willing mind
ıd Patroclus, for his death
me deep. But Hector with the rage
ıuming fire, nor to his spear
for him Jove leads to victory.
whom Pallas, Goddess azure-eyed
ıced that of the heavenly powers
ed *her* foremost to his aid.
with new might, and limbs she fill'd,
ıng boldness to his breast
:h as prompts the fly, which oft
man repulsed, her purpose yet
fast, resolved on human blood.
ɔsom with such courage fill'd
Patroclus he approach'd
ncontinent, his glittering spear.
Trojan Chief, Podes by name,
ı, valorous and rich;
citizens him Hector most
convivial pleasures sweet
ɔmpanion. As he sprang to flight,
he golden locks his belt
'ull force and sent the weapon through.
fell, and from the Trojan ranks
;'d the body to his own.
pollo near to Hector's side,
ɔrm of Phœnops, Asius' son,
eign guests at Hector's board
most, the hero thus address'd.
f of all the Grecians shall henceforth
who from Menelaus shrinks
effeminate, but dragging now

The body of thy valiant friend approved
Whom he hath slain, Podes, Eëtion's son?
He spake, and at his words grief like a cloud
Involved the mind of Hector dark around;
Right through the foremost combatants he rush'd
All clad in dazzling brass. Then, lifting high
His tassel'd ægis radiant, Jove with storms
Enveloped Ida; flash'd his lightnings, roar'd
His thunders, and the mountain shook throughout.
Troy's host he prosper'd, and the Greeks dispersed.
First fled Peneleus, the Bœotian Chief,
Whom facing firm the foe Polydamas
Struck on his shoulder's summit with a lance
Hurl'd nigh at hand, which slight inscribed the bone.
[6] Leïtus also, son of the renown'd
Alectryon, pierced by Hector in the wrist,
Disabled left the fight; trembling he fled
And peering narrowly around, nor hoped
To lift a spear against the Trojans more.
Hector, pursuing Leïtus, the point
Encounter'd of the brave Idomeneus
Full on his chest; but in his mail the lance
Snapp'd, and the Trojans shouted to the skies.
He, in his turn, cast at Deucalion's son
Idomeneus, who in that moment gain'd[7]
A chariot-seat; but him the erring spear
Attain'd not, piercing Cœranus instead
The friend and follower of Meriones
From wealthy Lyctus, and his charioteer.
For when he left, that day, the gallant barks
Idomeneus had sought the field on foot,
And triumph proud, full sure, to Ilium's host
Had yielded now, but that with rapid haste

[6] Leïtus was another Chief of the Bœotians.

[7] Δίφρῳ ἐφεσταότος.—Yet we learn soon after that he fought on foot. But the Scholiast explains the expression thus—νεωστὶ τῷ δίφρῳ ἐπιβαντος. The fact was that Idomeneus had left the camp on foot, and was on foot when Hector prepared to throw at him. But Cœranus, charioteer of Meriones, observing his danger, drove instantly to his aid. Idomeneus had just time to mount, and the spear designed for him, struck Cœranus. —For a right understanding of this very intricate and difficult passage, I am altogether indebted to the Scholiast as quoted by Villoisson.

ınus drove to his relief, from him
fate averting which himself incurr'd
m of Hector's homicidal arm.
Hector smiting between ear and jaw,
'd from their sockets with the lance's point
irm-set teeth, and sever'd sheer his tongue.
ıounted down he fell, and from his hand
lide the flowing reins, which, to the earth
ɔing, Meriones in haste resumed,
briefly thus Idomeneus address'd.
ɔw drive, and cease not, to the fleet of Greece!
elf see'st victory no longer ours.
said; Idomeneus whom, now, dismay
d also, with his lash plying severe
:oursers ample-maned, flew to the fleet.
Ajax, dauntless hero, not perceived,
Menelaus, by the sway of Jove
'ictory inclining fast to Troy,
thus the Telamonian Chief began.
! who can be so blind as not to see
'ternal Father, now, with his own hand
ding glory to the Trojan host,
ıe every spear flies, instant, to the mark
forth by brave or base? Jove guides them all;
:, ineffectual, ours fall to the ground.
ıaste, devise we of ourselves the means
likeliest we may bear Patroclus hence,
gladden, safe returning, all our friends,
hither looking anxious, hope have none
we shall longer check the unconquer'd force
:ro-slaughtering Hector, but expect
ee him soon amid the fleet of Greece.
r some Grecian now to carry swift
idings to Achilles' ear, untaught,
:onjecture, yet, the doleful news
s Patroclus slain! but no such Greek
I discern, such universal gloom

ıe Translator here follows the interpretation preferred by the
ast. The original expression is ambiguous, and may signify, either,
e shall perish in the fleet ourselves, or that Hector will soon be in
lst of it. Vide Villoisson *in loco.*

Both men and steeds envelops all around.
Father of heaven and earth! deliver thou
Achaia's host from darkness; clear the skies;
Give day; and (since thy sovereign will is such)
Destruction with it—but oh give us day!
He spake, whose tears Jove saw with pity moved,
And chased the untimely shades; bright beam'd the sun
And the whole battle was display'd. Then spake
The hero thus to Atreus' mighty son.
Now noble Menelaus! looking forth,
See if Antilochus be yet alive,
Brave son of Nestor, whom exhort to fly
With tidings to Achilles, of the friend
Whom most he loved, of his Patroclus slain.
He ceased, nor Menelaus, dauntless Chief,
That task refused, but went; yet neither swift
Nor willing. As a lion leaves the stalls
Wearied himself with harassing the guard,
Who, interdicting him his purposed prey,
Watch all the night; he famish'd, yet again
Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof
By spears from daring hands dismiss'd, but more
By flash of torches which, though fierce, he dreads,
Till at the dawn, sullen he stalks away;
So from Patroclus Menelaus went
Heroic Chief! reluctant; for he fear'd
Lest the Achaians should resign the dead,
Through consternation, to the host of Troy.
Departing, therefore, he admonish'd oft
Meriones and the Ajaces, thus.
Ye two brave leaders of the Argive host,
And thou, Meriones! now recollect
The gentle manners of Patroclus fallen
Hapless in battle, who by carriage mild
Well understood, while yet he lived, to engage
All hearts, though prisoner now of death and fate.
So saying, the Hero amber-hair'd his steps
Turn'd thence, the field exploring with an eye
Sharp as the eagle's, of all fowls beneath
The azure heavens for keenest sight renown'd,
Whom, though he soar sublime, the leveret

oadest leaves conceal'd 'scapes not, but swift
nding, even her he makes his prey;
oble Menelaus! were thine eyes
d into every quarter of the host
ırch of Nestor's son, if still he lived.
soon, encouraging his band to fight,
›ticed on the left of all the field,
udden standing at his side, began.
:ilochus! oh hear me, noble friend!
hou shalt learn tidings of such a deed
st had never been. Thou know'st, I judge,
ıast already seen, how Jove exalts
:tory the Trojan host, and rolls
ss on ours; but ah! Patroclus lies,
hief Achaian, slain, whose loss the Greeks
vith regret. Haste, therefore, to the fleet,
n Achilles; bid him haste to save,
e he can, the body of his friend;
n no more, for Hector hath his arms.
ceased. Antilochus with horror heard
tidings; mute long time he stood, his eyes
tearful, and his voice, sonorous erst,
l utterance none. Yet even so distress'd,
t the more neglected the command
nelaus. Setting forth to run,
ve his armour to his noble friend
cus, who thither turn'd his steeds,
weeping as he went, on rapid feet
to Achilles with that tale of woe.
could the noble Menelaus stay
e the weary Pylian band, bereft
ir beloved Antilochus, his aid,
aving them to Thrasymedes' care,
w to Menœtiades again,
he Ajaces, thus, instant bespake.
goes. I have dispatch'd him to the fleet
:k Achilles; but his coming nought
t I now, although with rage he burn
st illustrious Hector; for what fight
e, unarm'd, against the Trojans wage?
rating, therefore, frame we means

How best to save Patroclus, and to 'scape
Ourselves unslain from this disastrous field.
  Whom answer'd the vast son of Telamon.
Most noble Menelaus! good is all
Which thou hast spoken. Lift ye from the earth
Thou and Meriones, at once, and bear
The dead Patroclus from the bloody field.
To cope meantime with Hector and his host
Shall be our task, who, one in name, nor less
In spirit one, already have the brunt
Of much sharp conflict, side by side, sustain'd.
  He ended; they enfolding in their arms
The dead, upbore him high above the ground
With force united; after whom the host
Of Troy, seeing the body borne away,
Shouted, and with impetuous onset all
Follow'd them. As the hounds, urged from behind
By youthful hunters, on the wounded boar
Make fierce assault; awhile at utmost speed
They stretch toward him, hungering for the prey,
But oft as, turning sudden, the stout brawn
Faces them, scatter'd on all sides escape;
The Trojans so, thick thronging in the rear,
Ceaseless with faulchions and spears double-edged
Annoy'd them sore, but oft as in retreat
The dauntless Heroes, the Ajaces turn'd
To face them, deadly wan grew every cheek,
And not a Trojan dared with onset rude
Molest them more in conflict for the dead.
  Thus they, laborious, forth from battle bore
Patroclus to the fleet, tempestuous war
Their steps attending, rapid as the flames
Which, kindled suddenly, some city waste;
Consumed amid the blaze house after house
Sinks, and the wind, meantime, roars through the fire;
So them a deafening tumult as they went
Pursued, of horses and of men spear-arm'd.
And as two mules with strength for toil endued,
Draw through rough ways down from the distant hills
Huge timber, beam or mast; sweating they go,
And overlabour'd to faint weariness;

So they the body bore, while, turning oft,
The Ajaces check'd the Trojans. As a mound
Planted with trees and stretch'd athwart the mead
Repels an overflow; the torrents loud
Baffling, it sends them far away to float
The level land, nor can they with the force
Of all their waters burst a passage through;
So the Ajaces, constant, in the rear
Repress'd the Trojans; but the Trojans them
Attended still, of whom Æneas most
Troubled them, and the glorious Chief of Troy.
They as a cloud of starlings or of daws
Fly screaming shrill, warn'd timely of the kite
Or hawk, devourers of the smaller kinds,
So they shrill-clamouring toward the fleet,
Hasted before Æneas and the might
Of Hector, nor the battle heeded more.
Much radiant armour round about the foss
Fell of the flying Grecians, or within
Lay scatter'd, and no pause of war they found.

BOOK XVIII.

ARGUMENT.

Achilles, by command of Juno, shows himself to the Trojans, who fly at his appearance; Vulcan, at the instance of Thetis, forges for him a suit of armour.

THUS burn'd the battle like devouring fire.
Meantime, Antilochus with rapid steps
Came to Achilles. Him he found before
His lofty barks, occupied, as he stood,
With boding fears of all that had befall'n.
He groan'd, and to his noble self he said,
Ah! woe is me—why falls Achaia's host,
With such disorder foul, back on the fleet?
I tremble lest the Gods my anxious thoughts
Accomplish and my mother's words, who erst
Hath warn'd me, that the bravest and the best
Of all my Myrmidons, while yet I live,
Slain under Troy, must view the sun no more.
Brave Menœtiades is, doubtless, slain.
Unhappy friend! I bade thee oft, our barks
Deliver'd once from hostile fires, not seek
To cope in arms with Hector, but return.
While musing thus he stood, the son approach'd
Of noble Nestor, and with tears his cheeks
Bedewing copious, his sad message told.
Oh son of warlike Peleus! thou shalt hear
Tidings of deeds which best had never been.
Patroclus is no more. The Grecians fight
For his bare corse, and Hector hath his arms.
Then clouds of sorrow fell on Peleus' son,
And, grasping with both hands the ashes, down
He pour'd them on his head, his graceful brows
Dishonouring, and thick the sooty shower
Descending settled on his fragrant vest.

Then, stretch'd in ashes, at the vast extent
Of his whole length he lay, disordering wild
With his own hands, and rending off his hair.
The maidens, captived by himself in war
And by Patroclus, shrieking from the tent
Ran forth, and hemm'd the glorious Chief around.
All smote their bosoms, and all, fainting, fell.
On the other side, Antilochus the hands
Held of Achilles, mourning and deep groans
Uttering from his noble heart, through fear
Lest Peleus' son should perish self-destroy'd.
Loud groan'd the Hero, whose loud groans within
The gulfs of ocean, where she sat beside
Her ancient Sire, his Goddess-mother heard,
And hearing shriek'd; around, her at the voice
Assembled all the Nereids of the Deep.
Cymodoce, Thalia, Glauca came,
Nissæa, Spio, Thoa, and with eyes
Protuberant beauteous Halia; came with these
Cymothöe, and Actæ, and the nymph
Of marshes, Limnorea, nor delay'd
Agave, nor Amphithöe the swift,
Iæra, Doto, Melita, nor thence
Was absent Proto or Dynamene,
Callianira, Doris, Panope,
Pherusa or Amphinome, or fair
Dexamene, or Galatea praised
For matchless form divine; Nemertes pure
Came also, with Apseudes chrystal-bright,
Callianassa, Mæra, Clymene,
Janeira and Janassa, sister pair,
And Orithya, and with azure locks
Luxuriant, Amathea; nor alone
Came these, but every ocean-nymph beside.
The silver cave was fill'd; each smote her breast,
And Thetis, loud lamenting, thus began.
Ye sister Nereids, hear! that ye may all
From my own lips my boundless sorrow learn.
Ah me forlorn! ah me, parent in vain
Of an illustrious birth! who, having borne
A noble son magnanimous, the chief

Of Heroes, saw him like a thriving plant
Shoot vigorous under my maternal care,
And sent him early in his gallant fleet
Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy.
But him from fight return'd I shall receive
Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more;
And while he lives, and on the sun his eyes
Opens, he mourns, nor, going, can I aught
Assist him; yet I go, that I may see
My darling son, and from his lips be taught
What grief hath now befallen him, who close
Abiding in his tent shares not the war.
So saying she left the cave, whom all her nymphs
Attended weeping, and where'er they pass'd
The breaking billows open'd wide a way.
At fruitful Troy arrived, in order fair
They climb'd the beach, where by his numerous barks
Encompass'd, swift Achilles sighing lay.
Then, drawing nigh to her afflicted son,
The Goddess-mother press'd between her palms
His temples, and in accents wing'd enquired.
Why weeps my son? what sorrow wrings thy soul?
Speak, hide it not. Jove hath fulfill'd the prayer
Which erst with lifted hands thou didst prefer,
That all Achaia's host, wanting thy aid,
Might be compell'd into the fleet, and foul
Disgrace incur, there prison'd for thy sake.
To whom Achilles, groaning deep, replied.
My mother! it is true; Olympian Jove
That prayer fulfils; but thence, what joy to me,
Patroclus slain? the friend of all my friends
Whom most I loved, dear to me as my life—
Him I have lost. Slain and despoil'd he lies
By Hector of his glorious armour bright
The wonder of all eyes, a matchless gift
Given by the Gods to Peleus on that day
When thee they doom'd into a mortal's arms.
Oh that with these thy deathless ocean-nymphs
Dwelling content, thou hadst my father left
To espouse a mortal bride, so hadst thou 'scaped
Pangs numberless which thou must now endure

For thy son's death, whom thou shalt never meet
From Troy return'd, in Peleus' mansion more!
For life I covet not, nor longer wish
To mix with human kind, unless my spear
May find out Hector, and atonement take
By slaying Him, for my Patroclus slain.
To whom, with streaming tears, Thetis replied.
Swift comes thy destiny as thou hast said,
For after Hector's death thine next ensues.
Then answer, thus, indignant he return'd.
Death seize me now! since when my friend was slain,
My doom was, not to succour him. He died
From home remote, and wanting me to save him.
Now, therefore, since I neither visit more
My native land, nor, present here, have aught
Avail'd Patroclus or my many friends
Whom noble Hector hath in battle slain,
But here I sit unprofitable grown,
Earth's burden, though of such heroic note,
If not in council foremost (for I yield
That prize to others) yet in feats of arms,
Such as none other in Achaia's host,
May fierce contention from among the Gods
Perish, and from among the human race,
With wrath, which sets the wisest hearts on fire;
Sweeter than dropping honey to the taste,
But in the bosom of mankind, a smoke!
Such was my wrath which Agamemnon roused,
The king of men. But since the past is fled
Irrevocable, howsoe'er distress'd,
Renounce we now vain musings on the past,
Content through sad necessity. I go
In quest of noble Hector, who hath slain
My loved Patroclus, and such death will take,
As Jove ordains me and the Powers of Heaven
At their own season, send it when they may.
For neither might the force of Hercules,
Although high-favour'd of Saturnian Jove,
From death escape, but Fate and the revenge
Restless of Juno vanquish'd even Him.
I also, if a destiny like his

Await me, shall, like him, find rest in death;
But glory calls me now; now will I make
Some Trojan wife or Dardan with both hands
Wipe her soft cheeks, and utter many a groan.
Long time have I been absent from the field,
And they shall know it. Love me as thou may'st,
Yet thwart me not, for I am fixt to go.
Whom Thetis answer'd, Goddess of the Deep.
Thou hast well said, my son! it is no blame
To save from threaten'd death our suffering friends.
But thy magnificent and dazzling arms
Are now in Trojan hands; them Hector wears
Exulting, but ordain'd not long to exult,
So habited; his death is also nigh.
But thou with yonder warring multitudes
Mix not, till thou behold me here again;
For with the rising sun I will return
To-morrow, and will bring thee glorious arms,
By Vulcan forged himself, the king of fire.
She said, and turning from her son aside,
The sisterhood of Ocean thus address'd.
Plunge ye again into the briny Deep,
And to the hoary Sovereign of the floods
Report as ye have heard. I to the heights
Olympian haste, that I may there obtain
From Vulcan, glorious artist of the skies,
Arms of excelling beauty for my son.
She said; they plunged into the waves again,
And silver-footed Thetis, to the heights
Olympian soaring swiftly to obtain
Arms for renown'd Achilles, disappear'd.
Meantime, with infinite uproar the Greeks
From Hector's hero-slaying arm had fled
Home to their galleys station'd on the banks
Of Hellespont. Nor yet Achaia's sons
Had borne the body of Patroclus clear
From flight of darts away, but still again
The multitude of warriors and of steeds
Came on, by Priameian Hector led
Rapid as fire. Thrice, noble Hector seized
His ancles from behind, ardent to drag

ɔclus, calling to his host the while;
thrice, the two Ajaces, clothed with might,
k'd and repulsed him reeling. He with force
l indefatigable, through his ranks
ng, by turns assail'd them, and by turns
l clamouring, yet not a step retired:
as the hinds deter not from his prey
ny lion by keen hunger urged,
ɔuld not both Ajaces, warriors bold,
ıidate and from the body drive
or; and he had dragg'd him thence and won
ortal glory, but that Iris, sent
en by Jove and by the Powers of heaven,
ı Juno, to Achilles brought command
he should show himself. Full near she drew,
in wing'd accents thus the Chief address'd.
:ro! most terrible of men, arise!
:ct Patroclus, for whose sake the war
ls at the fleet of Greece. Mutual prevails
ılaughter, these the dead defending, those
lute hence to drag him to the gates
ind-swept Ilium. But beyond them all
:rious Hector obstinate is bent
in him, purposing to lop his head,
to exhibit it impaled on high.
. then arise, nor longer on the ground
tretch'd inactive; let the thought with shame
h thee, of thy Patroclus made the sport
rojan dogs, whose corse, if it return
ɔnour'd home, brings with it thy reproach.
whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
livine! of all the Gods who sent thee?
ıen, thus, the swift ambassadress of heaven.
uno sent I come, consort of Jove.
knows Saturnian Jove high-throned, himself,
light, or any of the Immortal Powers,
nts of the Olympian heights snow-crown'd.
:r answer'd then Pelides, glorious Chief.
shall I seek the fight? they have my arms.
nother charged me also to abstain
ı battle, till she bring me armour new

Which she hath promised me from Vulcan's hand.
Meantime, whose armour else might serve my need
I know not, save perhaps alone the shield
Of Telamonian Ajax, whom I deem
Himself now busied in the stormy van,
Slaying the Trojans in my friend's defence.
To whom the swift-wing'd messenger of heaven.
Full well we know thine armour Hector's prize.
Yet, issuing to the margin of the foss,
Show thyself only. Panic-seized, perchance,
The Trojans shall from fight desist, and yield
To the o'ertoil'd though dauntless sons of Greece
Short respite; it is all that war allows.
So saying, the storm-wing'd Iris disappear'd.
Then rose at once Achilles dear to Jove,
Athwart whose shoulders broad Minerva cast
Her Ægis fringed terrific, and his brows
Encircled with a golden cloud that shot
Fires insupportable to sight abroad.
As when some island, situate afar
On the wide waves, invested all the day
By cruel foes from their own city pour'd,
Upsends a smoke to heaven, and torches shows
On all her turrets at the close of eve
Which flash against the clouds, kindled in hope
Of aid from neighbour maritime allies,
So from Achilles' head light flash'd to heaven.
Issuing through the wall, beside the foss
He stood, but mix'd not with Achaia's host,
Obedient to his mother's wise command.
He stood and shouted; Pallas also raised
A dreadful shout, and tumult infinite
Excited throughout all the host of Troy.
Clear as the trumpet's note when it proclaims
A numerous host approaching to invest
Some city close around, so clear the voice
Rang of Æacides, and tumult-toss'd
Was every soul that heard the brazen tone.
With swift recoil the long-maned coursers thrust
The chariots back, all boding woe at hand,
And every charioteer astonish'd saw

Fires, that fail'd not, illumining the brows
Of Peleus' son, by Pallas kindled there.
Thrice, o'er the trench Achilles sent his voice
Sonorous, and confusion at the sound
Thrice seized the Trojans, and their famed allies.
Twelve, in that moment of their noblest died
By their own spears and chariots, and with joy
The Grecians from beneath an hill of darts
Dragging Patroclus, placed him on his bier.
Around him throng'd his fellow-warriors bold,
All weeping, after whom Achilles went
Fast-weeping also at the doleful sight
Of his true friend on his funereal bed
Extended, gash'd with many a mortal wound,
Whom he had sent into the fight with steeds
And chariot, but received him thence no more.
And now majestic Juno sent the sun,
Unwearied minister of light, although
Reluctant, down into the Ocean stream.
So the sun sank, and the Achaians ceased
From the all-wasting labours of the war.
On the other side, the Trojans, from the fight
Retiring, loosed their steeds, but ere they took
Thought of refreshment, in full council met.
It was a council at which no man sat,
Or dared; all stood; such terror had on all
Fallen, for that Achilles had appear'd,
After long pause from battle's arduous toil.
First rose Polydamas the prudent son
Of Panthus, above all the Trojans skill'd
Both in futurity and in the past.
He was the friend of Hector, and one night
Gave birth to both. In council one excell'd,
And one still more in feats of high renown.
Thus then, admonishing them, he began.
My friends! weigh well the occasion. Back to Troy
By my advice, nor wait the sacred morn
Here, on the plain, from Ilium's walls remote.
So long as yet the anger of this Chief
'Gainst noble Agamemnon burn'd, so long
We found the Greeks less formidable foes,

And I rejoiced, myself, spending the night
Beside their oary barks, for that I hoped
To seize them; but I now tremble at thought
Of Peleus' rapid son again in arms.
A spirit proud as his will scorn to fight
Here, on the plain, where Greeks and Trojans take
Their common share of danger and of toil,
And will at once strike at your citadel,
Impatient till he make your wives his prey.
Haste—let us home—else thus shall it befall;
Night's balmy influence in his tent detains
Achilles now, but rushing arm'd abroad
To-morrow, should he find us lingering here,
None shall mistake him then; happy the man
Who soonest, then, shall scape to sacred Troy!
Then, dogs shall make and vultures on our flesh
Plenteous repast. Oh spare mine ears the tale!
But if, though troubled, ye can yet receive
My counsel, thus assembled we will keep
Strict guard to-night; meantime, her gates and tow(
With all their mass of solid timbers, smooth
And cramp'd with bolts of steel, will keep the town.
But early on the morrow we will stand
All arm'd on Ilium's towers. Then, if he choose,
His galleys left, to compass Troy about,
He shall be task'd enough; his lofty steeds
Shall have their fill of coursing to and fro
Beneath, and gladly shall to camp return.
But waste the town he shall not, nor attempt
With all the utmost valour that he boasts
To force a pass; dogs shall devour him first.
  To whom brave Hector louring, and in wrath.
Polydamas, I like not thy advice
Who bidd'st us in our city skulk, again
Imprison'd there. Are ye not yet content?
Wish ye for durance still in your own towers?
Time was, when in all regions under heaven
Men praised the wealth of Priam's city stored
With gold and brass; but all our houses now
Stand emptied of their hidden treasures rare.
Jove in his wrath hath scatter'd them; our wealth

etted, and Phrygia hath a part
ed, and part Mæonia's lovely land.
:e the son of wily Saturn old
ven me glory now, and to enclose
:cians in their fleet hemm'd by the sea,
iint not with such talk the public mind.
a Trojan here will thy advice
or shall; it hath not my consent.
s I counsel. Let us, band by band,
hout the host take supper, and let each,
l against nocturnal danger, watch.
a Trojan here be rack'd in mind
i possessions perish, let him cast
den heaps into the public maw,[1]
ter so consumed than by the Greeks.
vith the morrow's dawn, all fair array'd
e, we will give them at their fleet
)nset, and if Peleus' noble son
sen indeed to conflict for the ships,
rse for him. I shall not for his sake
he deep-toned battle, but will firm
his utmost. Either he shall gain
reat glory. Mars his favours deals
al, and the slayer oft is slain.
)unsell'd Hector, whom with shouts of praise
)jans answer'd:—fools, and by the power
is of all sober thought bereft!
applauded Hector, who had given
pernicious, and Polydamas,
counsel was discreet and wholesome, none.
i they took repast. But all night long
·ccians o'er Patroclus wept aloud,
standing in the midst, Pelides led
nentation, heaving many a groan,
the bosom of his breathless friend
ig, sad, his homicidal hands.
grim lion, from whose gloomy lair
thick trees the hunter hath his whelps
'd, too late returning mourns his loss,
ip and down, the length of many a vale

[1] Καταδημοβορῆσαι.

Courses, exploring fierce the robber's foot,
Incensed as he, and with a sigh deep-drawn
Thus to his Myrmidons Achilles spake.
How vain, alas! my word spoken that day
At random, when to soothe the Hero's fears
Menœtius, then our guest, I promised him
His noble son at Opoeis again,
Living and laden with the spoils of Troy!
But Jove performs not all the thoughts of man,
For we were both destined to tinge the soil
Of Ilium with our blood, nor I shall see,
Myself, my father in his mansion more
Or Thetis, but must find my burial here.
Yet, my Patroclus! since the earth expects
Me next, I will not thy funereal rights
Finish, till I shall bring both head and arms
Of that bold Chief who slew thee, to my tent.
I also will smite off, before thy pile,
The heads of twelve illustrious sons of Troy,
Resentful of thy death. Meantime, among
My lofty galleys thou shalt lie, with tears
Mourn'd day and night by Trojan captives fair
And Dardan compassing thy bier around,
Whom we, at price of labour hard, ourselves
With massy spears toiling in battle took
From many an opulent city, now no more.
So saying, he bade his train surround with fire
A tripod huge, that they might quickly cleanse
Patroclus from all stain of clotted gore.
They on the blazing hearth a tripod placed
Capacious, fill'd with water its wide womb,
And thrust dry wood beneath, till, fierce, the flames
Embraced it round, and warm'd the flood within.
Soon as the water in the singing brass
Simmer'd, they bathed him, and with limpid oil
Anointed; filling, next, his ruddy wounds
With unguent mellow'd by nine circling years,
They stretch'd him on his bed, then cover'd him
From head to feet with linen texture light,
And with a wide unsullied mantle, last.
All night the Myrmidons around the swift

chilles stood, deploring loud his friend,
nd Jove his spouse and sister thus bespake.
So then, Imperial Juno! not in vain
hou hast the swift Achilles sought to rouse
gain to battle; the Achaians, sure,
re thy own children, thou hast borne them all.
To whom the aweful Goddess ample-eyed.
hat word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove, most severe?
man, though mortal merely, and to me
ferior in device, might have achieved
nat labour easily. Can I who boast
yself the Chief of Goddesses, and such
ot by birth only, but as thine espoused,
ho art thyself Sovereign of all the Gods,
n I with anger burn against the house
' Priam, and want means of just revenge?
Thus they in heaven their mutual conference held.
eantime, the silver-footed Thetis reach'd
ie starr'd abode eternal, brazen-wall'd
' Vulcan, by the builder lame himself
rear'd, a wonder even in eyes divine.
ie found him sweating, at his bellows huge
iling industrious; tripods bright he form'd
venty at once, his palace-wall to grace
nged in harmonious order. Under each
vo golden wheels he set, on which (a sight
arvellous!) into council they should roll
lf-moved, and to his house, self-moved, return.
us far the work was finish'd, but not yet
eir ears of exquisite design affixt,
r them he stood fashioning, and prepared
ie rivets. While he thus his matchless skill
nploy'd laborious, to his palace-gate
ie silver-footed Thetis now advanced,
hom Charis, Vulcan's well-attired spouse,
holding from the palace portal, flew
seize the Goddess' hand, and thus enquired.
Why, Thetis! worthy of all reverence
d of all love, comest thou to our abode,
frequent here? But enter, and accept
ch welcome as to such a guest is due.

So saying, she introduced and to a seat
Led her with argent studs border'd around
And foot-stool'd sumptuously; then, calling forth
Her spouse, the glorious artist, thus she said.
Haste, Vulcan! Thetis wants thee; linger not.
To whom the artist of the skies replied.
A Goddess then, whom with much cause I love
And venerate is here, who when I fell
Saved me, what time my shameless mother sought
To cast me, because lame, out of all sight;
Then had I been indeed forlorn, had not
Eurynome the daughter of the Deep
And Thetis in their laps received me fallen.
Nine years with them residing, for their use
I form'd nice trinkets, clasps, rings, pipes, and chains,
While loud around our hollow cavern roar'd
The surge of the vast Deep, nor God nor man,
Save Thetis and Eurynome, my life's
Preservers, knew where I was kept conceal'd.
Since, therefore, she is come, I cannot less
Than recompense to Thetis amber-hair'd
With readiness the boon of life preserved.
Haste, then, and hospitably spread the board
For her regale, while with my best dispatch
I lay my bellows and my tools aside.
He spake, and vast in bulk and hot with toil
Rose limping from beside his anvil-stock
Upborne with pain on legs tortuous and weak.
First, from the forge dislodged he thrust apart
His bellows, and his tools collecting all
Bestow'd them, careful, in a silver chest,
Then all around with a wet sponge he wiped
His visage, and his arms and brawny neck
Purified, and his shaggy breast from smutch;
Last, putting on his vest, he took in hand
His sturdy staff, and shuffled through the door.
Beside the King of fire two golden forms
Majestic moved, that served him in the place
Of handmaids; young they seem'd, and seem'd alive,
Nor want they intellect, or speech, or force,
Or prompt dexterity by the Gods inspired.

These his supporters were, and at his side
Attended diligent, while He, with gait
Uncouth, approaching Thetis where she sat
On a bright throne, seized fast her hand and said.
Why, Thetis! worthy as thou art of love
And of all reverence, hast thou arrived,
Unfrequent here? Speak—tell me thy desire,
Nor doubt my services, if thou demand
Things possible, and possible to me.
Then Thetis, weeping plenteously, replied.
Oh Vulcan! Is there on Olympus' heights
A Goddess with such load of sorrow oppress'd
As, in peculiar, Jove assigns to me?
Me only, of all ocean-nymphs, he made
Spouse to a man, Peleus Æacides,
Whose bed, although reluctant and perforce,
I yet endured to share. He now, the prey
Of cheerless age, decrepid lies, and Jove
Still other woes heaps on my wretched head.
He gave me to bring forth, gave me to rear
A son illustrious, valiant, and the chief
Of heroes; he, like a luxuriant plant
Upran[2] to manhood, while his lusty growth
I nourish'd as the husbandman his vine
Set in a fruitful field, and being grown
I sent him early in his gallant fleet
Embark'd, to combat with the sons of Troy;
But him from fight return'd I shall receive,
Beneath the roof of Peleus, never more,
And while he lives and on the sun his eyes
Opens, affliction is his certain doom,
Nor aid resides or remedy in me.
The virgin, his own portion of the spoils,
Allotted to him by the Grecians—Her
Atrides, King of Men, resumed, and grief
Devour'd Achilles' spirit for her sake.
Meantime, the Trojans shutting close within
Their camp the Grecians, have forbidden them
All egress, and the senators of Greece
Have sought with splendid gifts to soothe my son.

[2] Ἀνεδραμε.

He, indisposed to rescue them himself
From ruin, sent, instead, Patroclus forth
Clad in his own resplendent armour, Chief
Of the whole host of Myrmidons. Before
The Scæan gate from morn to eve they fought,
And on that self-same day had Ilium fallen,
But that Apollo, to advance the fame
Of Hector, slew Menœtius' noble son
Full-flush'd with victory. Therefore at thy knees
Suppliant I fall, imploring from thine art
A shield and helmet, greaves of shapely form
With clasps secured, and corslet for my son.
For those, once his, his faithful friend hath lost,
Slain by the Trojans, and Achilles lies,
Himself, extended mournful on the ground.
  Her answer'd then the artist of the skies.
Courage! Perplex not with these cares thy soul.
I would that when his fatal hour shall come,
I could as sure secrete him from the stroke
Of destiny, as he shall soon have arms
Illustrious, such as each particular man
Of thousands, seeing them, shall wish his own.
  He said, and to his bellows quick repair'd,
Which turning to the fire he bade them heave.
Full twenty bellows working all at once
Breathed on the furnace, blowing easy and free
The managed winds, now forcible, as best
Suited dispatch, now gentle, if the will
Of Vulcan and his labour so required.
Impenetrable brass, tin, silver, gold,
He cast into the forge, then, settling firm
His ponderous anvil on the block, one hand
With his huge hammer fill'd, one with the tongs.
  He fashion'd first a shield massy and broad
Of labour exquisite, for which he form'd
A triple border beauteous, dazzling bright,
And loop'd it with a silver brace behind.
The shield itself with five strong folds he forged,
And with devices multiform the disk
Capacious charged, toiling with skill divine.
  There he described the earth, the heaven, the sea,

The sun that rests not, and the moon full-orb'd.
There also, all the stars which round about
As with a radiant frontlet bind the skies,
The Pleiads and the Hyads, and the might
Of huge Orion, with Him Ursa call'd,
Known also by his popular name, the Wain,
That spins around the pole looking toward
Orion, only star of these denied
To slake his beams in Ocean's briny baths.
Two splendid cities also there he form'd
Such as men build. In one were to be seen
Rites matrimonial solemnized with pomp
Of sumptuous banquets; from their chambers forth
Leading the brides they usher'd them along
With torches through the streets, and sweet was heard
The voice around of Hymenæal song.
Here striplings danced in circles to the sound
Of pipe and harp, while in the portals stood
Women, admiring, all, the gallant show.
Elsewhere was to be seen in council met
The close-throng'd multitude. There strife arose.
Two citizens contended for a mulct
The price of blood. This man affirm'd the fine
All paid, haranguing vehement the crowd,
That man denied that he had aught received,
And to the judges each made his appeal
Eager for their reward. Meantime the people,
As favour sway'd them, clamour'd loud for each.
The heralds quell'd the tumult; reverend sat
On polish'd stones the Elders in a ring,
Each with an herald's sceptre in his hand,
Which holding they arose, and all in turn
Gave sentence. In the midst two talents lay
Of gold, his destined recompense whose voice
Decisive should pronounce the best award.
The other city by two glittering hosts
Invested stood, and a dispute arose
Between the hosts, whether to burn the town
And lay all waste, or to divide the spoil.
Meantime, the citizens, still undismay'd,
Surrender'd not the town, but taking arms

Secretly, set the ambush in array,
And on the walls their wives and children kept
Vigilant guard, with all the ancient men.
They sallied; at their head Pallas and Mars
Both golden and in golden vests attired
Advanced, proportion each showing divine,
Large, prominent, and such as Gods beseem'd.
Not such the people, but of humbler size.
Arriving at the spot for ambush chosen,
A river's side, where cattle of each kind
Drank, down they sat, all arm'd in dazzling brass.
Apart from all the rest sat also down
Two spies, both looking for the flocks and herds.
Soon they appear'd, and at their side were seen
Two shepherd swains, each playing on his pipe
Careless, and of the danger nought apprized.
Swift ran the spies, perceiving their approach,
And intercepting suddenly the herds
And flocks of silver fleece, slew also those
Who fed them. The besiegers, at that time
In council, by the sound alarm'd, their steeds
Mounted, and hasted, instant, to the place;
Then, standing on the river's brink they fought
And push'd each other with the brazen lance.
There Discord raged, there Tumult, and the force
Of ruthless Destiny; she now a Chief
Seized newly wounded, and now captive held
Another yet unhurt, and now a third
Dragg'd breathless through the battle by his feet,
And all her garb was dappled thick with blood.
Like living men they traversed and they strove,
And dragg'd by turns the bodies of the slain.
He also graved on it a fallow field
Rich, spacious, and well till'd. Ploughers not few,
There driving to and fro their sturdy teams,
Labour'd the land; and oft as in their course
They came to the field's bourn, so oft a man
Met them, who in their hands a goblet placed
Charged with delicious wine. They, turning, wrought
Each his own furrow, and impatient seem'd
To reach the border of the tilth, which black

behind them as a glebe new-turn'd,
olden. Sight to be admired by all!
oo he form'd the likeness of a field
with corn, in which the reapers toil'd
ı a sharp-tooth'd sickle in his hand.
furrow here, the harvest fell
nt handfulls, there, they bound the sheaves.
ders of the sheaves their sultry task
industrious, and behind them boys
filling with the corn their arms
ing still their bundles to be bound.
m, staff in hand, the master stood
ılting, while beneath an oak
ȝ heralds busily prepared
uet, dressing a well-thriven ox
ı, and the attendant maidens mix'd
)per for the hinds of whitest flour.
lso, laden with its fruit he form'd
'd all of gold; purple he made
ers, and the vines supported stood
of silver set in even rows.
:h he colour'd sable, and around
with tin. One only path it show'd
the gatherers when they stripp'd the vines
d repass'd. There, youths and maidens blithe
of wicker bore the luscious fruit,
the midst, a boy on his shrill harp
)us play'd, still as he struck the chord
to it with a slender voice.
)te the ground together, and with song
ghtly reed came dancing on behind.
too an herd he fashion'd of tall beeves
l, part tin. They, lowing, from the stalls
)rth to pasture by a river-side
)morous, fringed with whispering reeds.
den herdsmen drove the kine a-field
swift dogs attended. Dreadful sprang
s forth, and of the foremost herd
st a bull. Him bellowing they dragg'd,
)gs and peasants all flew to his aid.
s tore the hide of the huge prey

And lapped his entrails and his blood. Meantime
The herdsmen, troubling them in vain, their hounds
Encouraged; but no tooth for lions' flesh
Found they, and therefore stood aside and bark'd.
There also, the illustrious smith divine
Amidst a pleasant grove a pasture form'd
Spacious, and sprinkled o'er with silver sheep
Numerous, and stalls and huts and shepherds' tents.
To these the glorious Artist added next,
With various skill delineated exact,
A labyrinth for the dance, such as of old
In Crete's broad island Dædalus composed
For bright-hair'd Ariadne. There the youths
And youth-alluring maidens, hand in hand,
Danced jocund, every maiden, neat-attired
In finest linen, and the youths in vests
Well-woven, glossy as the glaze of oil.
These all wore garlands, and bright faulchions, those,
Of burnish'd gold in silver trappings hung:—
They with well-tutor'd step, now, nimbly ran
The circle, swift, as when, before his wheel
Seated, the potter twirls it with both hands
For trial of its speed, now crossing quick
They pass'd at once into each other's place.
On either side spectators numerous stood
Delighted, and two tumblers roll'd themselves
Between the dancers, singing as they roll'd.
Last, with the might of Ocean's boundless flood
He fill'd the border of the wonderous shield.
When thus the massy shield magnificent
He had accomplish'd, for the hero next
He forged, more ardent than the blaze of fire,
A corslet; then, a ponderous helmet bright
Well fitted to his brows, crested with gold,
And with laborious art divine adorn'd.
He also made him greaves of molten tin.
The armour finish'd, bearing in his hand
The whole, he set it down at Thetis' feet.
She, like a falcon, from the snowy top
Stoop'd of Olympus, bearing to the earth
The dazzling wonder fresh from Vulcan's hand.

BOOK XIX.

ARGUMENT

Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, and clothed in new armour forged by Vulcan, leads out the Myrmidons to battle.

Now rose the morn in saffron vest attired
From Ocean, with new day for Gods and men,
When Thetis at the fleet of Greece arrived,
Bearing that gift divine. She found her son
All tears, and close enfolding in his arms
Patroclus, while his Myrmidons around
Wept also; she amid them, graceful stood,
And seizing fast his hand, him thus bespake.
Although our loss be great, yet, oh my son!
Leave we Patroclus lying on the bier
To which the Gods ordain'd him from the first.
Receive from Vulcan's hands these glorious arms,
Such as no mortal shoulders ever bore.
So saying, she placed the armour on the ground
Before him, and the whole bright treasure rang.
A tremor shook the Myrmidons; none dared
Look on it, but all fled. Not so himself.
In him fresh vengeance kindled at the view,
And, while he gazed, a splendour as of fire
Flash'd from his eyes. Delighted, in his hand
He held the glorious bounty of the God,
And, wondering at those strokes of art divine,
His eager speech thus to his mother turn'd.
The God, my mother! hath bestow'd in truth
Such armour on me as demanded skill
Like his, surpassing far all power of man.
Now, therefore, I will arm. But anxious fears
Trouble me, lest intrusive flies, meantime,
Breed worms within the spear-inflicted wounds
Of Menœtiades, and fill with taint

Of putrefaction his whole breathless form.
But him the silver-footed Goddess fair
Thus answer'd. Oh, my son! chase from thy mind
All such concern. I will myself, essay
To drive the noisome swarms which on the slain
In battle feed voracious. Should he lie
The year complete, his flesh shall yet be found
Untainted, and, it may be, fragrant too.
But thou the Heroes of Achaia's host
Convening, in their ears thy wrath renounce
Against the King of men, then, instant, arm
For battle, and put on thy glorious might.
So saying, the Goddess raised his courage high.
Then, through the nostrils of the dead she pour'd
Ambrosia, and the ruddy juice divine
Of nectar, antidotes against decay.
And now forth went Achilles by the side
Of Ocean, calling with a dreadful shout
To council all the Heroes of the host.
Then, even they who in the fleet before
Constant abode, helmsmen and those who held
In stewardship the food and public stores,
All flock'd to council, for that now at length
After long abstinence from dread exploits
Of war, Achilles had once more appear'd.
Two went together, halting on the spear,
(For still they felt the anguish of their wounds)
Noble Ulysses and brave Diomede,
And took an early seat; whom follow'd last
The King of men, by Coön in the field
Of furious battle wounded with a lance.
The Grecians all assembled, in the midst
Upstood the swift Achilles, and began.
Atrides! we had doubtless better sped
Both thou and I, thus doing, when at first
With cruel rage we burn'd, a girl the cause.
I would that Dian's shaft had in the fleet
Slain her that self-same day when I destroy'd
Lyrnessus, and by conquest made her mine!
Then had not many a Grecian lifeless now,
Clench'd with his teeth the ground, victim, slain!

Of my revenge; whence triumph hath accrued
To Hector and his host, while ours have cause
For long remembrance of our mutual strife.
But evils past let pass, yielding perforce
To sad necessity. My wrath shall cease
Now; I resign it; it hath burn'd too long.
Thou therefore summon forth the host to fight,
That I may learn, meeting them in the field,
If still the Trojans purpose at our fleet
To watch us this night also. But I judge
That driven by my spear to rapid flight,
They shall escape with weary limbs[1] at least.
He ended, and the Grecians brazen-greaved
Rejoiced that Peleus' mighty son had cast
His wrath aside. Then not into the midst
Proceeding, but at his own seat, upstood
King Agamemnon, and them thus bespake.
Friends! Grecian Heroes! Ministers of Mars!
Arise who may to speak, he claims your ear;
All interruption wrongs him, and distracts,
Howe'er expert the speaker. Who can hear
Amid the roar of tumult, or who speak?
The clearest voice, best utterance, both are vain.
I shall address Achilles. Hear my speech
Ye Argives, and with understanding mark.
I hear not now the voice of your reproach[2]
First; ye have oft condemn'd me. Yet the blame
Rests not with me; Jove, Destiny, and she
Who roams the shades, Erynnis, caused the offence.
She fill'd my soul with fury on that day
In council, when I seized Achilles' prize.
For what could I? All things obey the Gods.
Ate, pernicious Power, daughter of Jove,
By whom all suffer, challenges from all
Reverence and fear. Delicate are her feet
Which scorn the ground, and over human heads
She glides, injurious to the race of man,

[1] Ἀσπασιως γονυ καμψειν—Shall be glad to bend their knee, i. e. to sit and repose themselves.

[2] Τυτον μυθον.—*He seems* to intend the reproaches sounded in his ear *from all quarters, and* which he had repeatedly heard before.

Of Two who strive, at least entangling One.
She injured, on a day, dread Jove himself
Most excellent of all in earth or heaven,
When Juno, although female, him deceived,
What time Alcmena should have brought to light
In bulwark'd Thebes the force of Hercules.
Then Jove, among the gods glorying, spake.
  Hear all! both Gods and Goddesses, attend!
That I may make my purpose known. This day
Birth-pang-dispensing Ilithya brings
An Hero forth to light, who, sprung from those
That sprang from me, his empire shall extend
Over all kingdoms bordering on his own.
  To whom, designing fraud, Juno replied.
Thou wilt be found false, and this word of thine
Shall want performance. But Olympian Jove!
Swear now the inviolable oath, that He
Who shall, this day, fall from between the feet
Of woman, drawing his descent from thee,
Shall rule all kingdoms bordering on his own.
  She said, and Jove, suspecting nought her wiles,
The great oath swore, to his own grief and wrong.
At once from the Olympian summit flew
Juno, and to Achaian Argos borne,
There sought the noble wife[3] of Sthenelus,
Offspring of Perseus. Pregnant with a son
Six months, she now the seventh saw at hand,
But him the Goddess premature produced,
And check'd Alcmena's pangs already due.
Then joyful to have so prevail'd, she bore
Herself the tidings to Saturnian Jove.
  Lord of the candent lightnings! Sire of all!
I bring thee tidings. The great prince, ordain'd
To rule the Argive race, this day is born,
Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the son
Of Perseus; therefore he derives from thee,
Nor shall the throne of Argos shame his birth.
  She spake; then anguish stung the heart of Jove
Deeply, and seizing by her glossy locks
The Goddess Ate, in his wrath he swore

[3] By some called Antibia, by others, Nicippe.

That never to the starry skies again
And the Olympian heights he would permit
The universal mischief to return.
Then, whirling her around, he cast her down
To earth. She, mingling with all works of men,
Caused many a pang to Jove, who saw his son
Laborious tasks servile, and of his birth
Unworthy, at Eurystheus' will enjoin'd.
So when the Hero Hector at our ships
Slew us, I then regretted my offence
Which Ate first impell'd me to commit.
But since, infatuated by the Gods
I err'd, behold me ready to appease
With gifts of price immense whom I have wrong'd.
Thou, then, arise to battle, and the host
Rouse also. Not a promise yesternight
Was made thee by Ulysses in thy tent
On my behalf, but shall be well perform'd.
Or if it please thee, though impatient, wait
Short season, and my train shall bring the gifts
Even now; that thou may'st understand and know
That my peace-offerings are indeed sincere.
To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
Atrides! Agamemnon! passing all
In glory! King of men! recompense just
By gifts to make me, or to make me none,
That rests with thee. But let us to the fight
Incontinent. It is no time to play
The game of rhetoric, and to waste the hours
In speeches. Much remains yet unperform'd.
Achilles must go forth. He must be seen
Once more in front of battle, wasting wide
With brazen spear, the crowded ranks of Troy.
Mark Him—and as He fights, fight also ye.
To whom Ulysses ever-wise replied.
Nay—Urge not, valiant as thou art thyself,
Achaia's sons up to the battlements
Of Ilium, by repast yet unrefresh'd,
Godlike Achilles!—For when phalanx once
Shall clash with phalanx, and the Gods with rage
Both hosts inspire, the contest shall not then

Prove short. Bid rather the Achaians take
Both food and wine, for they are strength and might.
To stand all day till sunset to a foe
Opposed in battle, fasting, were a task
Might foil the best; for though his will be prompt
To combat, yet the power must by degrees
Forsake him; thirst and hunger he must feel,
And his limbs failing him at every step.
But he who hath his vigour to the full
Fed with due nourishment, although he fight
All day, yet feels his courage unimpair'd,
Nor weariness perceives till all retire.
Come then—dismiss the people with command
That each prepare replenishment. Meantime
Let Agamemnon, King of men, his gifts
In presence here of the assembled Greeks
Produce, that all may view them, and that thou
May'st feel thine own heart gladden'd at the sight.
Let the King also, standing in the midst,
Swear to thee, that he renders back the maid
A virgin still, and strange to his embrace,
And let thy own composure prove, the while,
That thou art satisfied. Last, let him spread
A princely banquet for thee in his tent,
That thou may'st want no part of just amends.
Thou too, Atrides, shalt hereafter prove
More just to others; for himself, a King,
Stoops not too low, soothing whom he hath wrong'd.
Him Agamemnon answer'd King of men.
Thou hast arranged wisely the whole concern,
O Laertiades, and I have heard
Thy speech, both words and method with delight.
Willing I am, yea more, I wish to swear
As thou hast said, for by the Gods I can
Most truly. Let Achilles, though of pause
Impatient, suffer yet a short delay
With all assembled here, till from my tent
The gifts arrive, and oaths of peace be sworn.
To thee I give it in peculiar charge
That choosing forth the most illustrious youths
Of all Achaia, thou produce the gifts

ıy own ship, all those which yesternight
mised, nor the women leave behind.
Talthybius throughout all the camp
Achaians, instant, seek a boar
rifice to Jove and to the Sun.
thus Achilles matchless in the race.
! most illustrious! King of men!
'nce bids us to these cares attend
er, when some pause, perchance, of fight
ıppen, and the martial rage which fires
om now, shall somewhat less be felt.
'nds by Priameian Hector slain,
'ew the field mangled, for him hath Jove
high, and given him great renown.
te, now take refreshment; though, in truth,
direct, the host should by all means
o battle, and at set of sun
together, this affront revenged.
'or me, no drop shall pass my lips
ıel, whose companion lies with feet
to the vestibule, pierced by the spear,
npass'd by my weeping train around.
t of food feel I. My wishes call
ıage, blood, and agonies and groans.
Iim, excelling in all wisdom, thus
answer'd. Oh Achilles! son
ıs! bravest far of all our host!
no scanty measure, thou excell'st
g the spear, and thee in prudence, I
. For I am elder, and have learn'd
ıou hast yet to learn. Bid then thine heart
with patience to be taught by me.
ıtiate soon with battle, loathe the field
ch the most abundant harvest falls,
by the sword; and when the hand of Jove,
ıer of the great events of war,
ınce the scale, then, farewell every hope
e than scanty gleanings. Shall the Greeks
from sustenance for all who die?
ere indeed severe, since day by day
expire, and respite could be none.

The dead, die whoso may, should be inhumed.
This, duty bids, but bids us also deem
One day sufficient for our sighs and tears.
Ourselves, all we who still survive the war,
Have need of sustenance, that we may bear
The lengthen'd conflict with recruited might,
Cased in enduring brass.—Ye all have heard
Your call to battle; let none lingering stand
In expectation of a farther call,
Which if it sound, shall thunder prove to him
Who lurks among the ships. No. Rush we all
Together forth, for contest sharp, prepared,
And persevering with the host of Troy.
So saying, the sons of Nestor, glorious Chief,
He chose, with Meges Phyleus' noble son,
Thoas, Meriones, and Melanippus
And Lycomedes. These, together, sought
The tent of Agamemnon, King of men.
They ask'd, and they received. Soon they produced
The seven promised tripods from the tent,
Twice ten bright cauldrons, twelve high-mettled steeds,
Seven lovely captives skilled alike in arts
Domestic, of unblemish'd beauty rare,
And last, Brisëis with the blooming cheeks.
Before them went Ulysses, bearing weigh'd
Ten golden talents, whom the chosen Greeks
Attended laden with the remnant gifts.
Full in the midst they placed them. Then arose
King Agamemnon, and Talthybius
The herald, clear in utterance as a God,
Beside him stood, holding the victim boar.
Atrides, drawing forth his dagger bright,
Appendant ever to his sword's huge sheath,
Sever'd the bristly forelock of the boar,
A previous offering. Next, with lifted hands
To Jove he pray'd, while, all around, the Greeks
Sat listening silent to the Sovereign's voice.
He look'd to the wide heaven, and thus he pray'd.
First, Jove be witness! of all Powers above
Best and supreme; Earth next, and next the Sun!
And last, who under earth the guilt avenge
Of oaths sworn falsely, let the Furies hear!

For no respect of amorous desire
Or other purpose, have I laid mine hand
On fair Briseïs, but within my tent
Untouch'd, immaculate she hath remain'd.
And if I falsely swear, then may the Gods
The many woes with which they mark the crime
Of men forsworn, pour also down on me!
So saying, he pierced the victim in his throat,
And, whirling him around, Talthybius, next,
Cast him into the ocean, fishes' food.
Then, in the centre of Achaia's sons
Uprose Achilles, and thus spake again.
Jove! Father! dire calamities, effects
Of thy appointment, fall on human-kind.
Never had Agamemnon in my breast
Such anger kindled, never had he seized,
Blinded by wrath, and torn my prize away,
But that the slaughter of our numerous friends
Which thence ensued, thou hadst, thyself, ordain'd.
Now go, ye Grecians, eat, and then to battle.
So saying, Achilles suddenly dissolved
The hasty council, and all flew dispersed
To their own ships. Then took the Myrmidons
Those splendid gifts which in the tent they lodged
Of swift Achilles, and the damsels led
Each to a seat, while others of his train
Drove forth the steeds to pasture with his herd.
But when Briseïs, bright as Venus, saw
Patroclus lying mangled by the spear,
Enfolding him around, she shriek'd and tore
Her bosom, her smooth neck and beauteous cheeks.
Then thus, divinely fair, with tears she said:
Ah, my Patroclus! dearest friend of all
To hapless me, departing from this tent
I left thee living, and now, generous Chief!
Restored to it again, here find thee dead.
How rapid in succession are my woes!
I saw, myself, the valiant prince to whom
My parents had betroth'd me, slain before
Our city walls; and my three brothers, sons
Of *my own mother*, whom with long regret

I mourn, fell also in that dreadful field.
But when the swift Achilles slew the prince
Design'd my spouse, and the fair city sack'd
Of noble Mynes, thou by every art
Of tender friendship didst forbid my tears,
Promising oft that thou would'st make me bride
Of Peleus' godlike son, that thy own ship
Should waft me hence to Phthia, and that thyself
Would'st furnish forth among the Myrmidons
Our nuptial feast. Therefore thy death I mourn
Ceaseless, for thou wast ever kind to me.
She spake, and all her fellow-captives heaved
Responsive sighs, deploring each, in show,
The dead Patroclus, but, in truth, herself.
Then the Achaian Chiefs gather'd around
Achilles, wooing him to eat, but He
Groan'd, and still resolute, their suit refused—
If I have here a friend on whom by prayers
I may prevail, I pray that ye desist,
Nor longer press me, mourner as I am,
To eat or drink, for till the sun go down
I am inflexible, and *will* abstain.
So saying, the other princes he dismiss'd
Impatient, but the sons of Atreus both
Ulysses, Nestor, and Idomeneus,
With Phœnix, hoary warrior, in his tent
Abiding still, with cheerful converse kind
Essay'd to soothe him, whose afflicted soul
All soothing scorn'd till he should once again
Rush on the ravening edge of bloody war.
Then, mindful of his friend, groaning he said.
Time was, unhappiest, dearest of my friends!
When even thou, with diligent dispatch,
Thyself, hast spread a table in my tent,
The hour of battle drawing nigh between
The Greeks and warlike Trojans. But there lies
Thy body now, gored by the ruthless steel,
And for thy sake I neither eat nor drink,
Though dearth be none, conscious that other woe
Surpassing this I can have none to fear.
No, not if tidings of my father's death

Should reach me, who, this moment, weeps, perhaps,
In Phthia tears of tenderest regret
For such a son; while I, remote from home,
Fight for detested Helen under Troy.
Nor even were *He* dead, whom, if he live,
I rear in Scyros, my own darling son,
My Neoptolemus of form divine.
For still this hope I cherish'd in my breast
Till now, that, of us two, myself alone
Should fall at Ilium, and that thou, restored
To Phthia, should'st have wafted o'er the waves
My son from Scyros to his native home,
That thou might'st show him all his heritage,
My train of menials, and my fair abode.
For either dead already I account
Peleus, or doubt not that his residue
Of miserable life shall soon be spent,
Through stress of age and expectation sad
That tidings of my death shall, next, arrive.
So spake Achilles weeping, around whom
The Chiefs all sigh'd, each with remembrance pain'd
Of some loved object left at home. Meantime
Jove, with compassion moved, their sorrow saw,
And in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake.
Daughter! thou hast abandon'd, as it seems,
Yon virtuous Chief for ever; shall no care
Thy mind engage of brave Achilles more?
Before his gallant fleet mourning he sits
His friend, disconsolate; the other Greeks
Eat and are satisfied; he only fasts.
Go, then—instil nectar into his breast,
And sweets ambrosial, that he hunger not.
So saying, he urged Minerva prompt before.
In form a shrill-voiced harpy of long wing
Through ether down she darted, while the Greeks
In all their camp for instant battle arm'd.
Ambrosial sweets and nectar she instill'd
Into his breast, lest he should suffer loss
Of strength through abstinence, then soar'd again
To her great Sire's unperishing abode.
And now the Grecians from their gallant fleet

All pour'd themselves abroad. As when thick snow
From Jove descends, driven by impetuous gusts
Of the cloud-scattering North, so frequent shone
Issuing from the fleet the dazzling casques,
Boss'd bucklers, hauberks strong, and ashen spears.
Upwent the flash to heaven; wide all around
The champaign laugh'd with beamy brass illumed,
And tramplings of the warriors on all sides
Resounded, amidst whom Achilles arm'd.
He gnash'd his teeth, fire glimmer'd in his eyes,
Anguish intolerable wrung his heart
And fury against Troy, while he put on
His glorious arms, the labour of a God.
First, to his legs his polish'd greaves he clasp'd
Studded with silver, then his corslet bright
Braced to his bosom, his huge sword of brass
Athwart his shoulder slung, and his broad shield
Uplifted last, luminous as the moon.
Such as to mariners a fire appears,
Kindled by shepherds on the distant top
Of some lone hill; they, driven by stormy winds,
Reluctant roam far off the fishy Deep,
Such from Achilles' burning shield divine
A lustre struck the skies; his ponderous helm
He lifted to his brows; starlike it shone,
And shook its curling crest of bushy gold,
By Vulcan taught to wave profuse around.
So clad, godlike Achilles trial made
If his arms fitted him, and gave free scope
To his proportion'd limbs; buoyant they proved
As wings, and high upbore his airy tread.
He drew his father's spear forth from its case,
Heavy and huge and long. That spear, of all
Achaia's sons, none else had power to wield;
Achilles only could the Pelian spear
Brandish, by Chiron for his father hewn
From Pelion's top for slaughter of the brave.
His coursers, then, Automedon prepared
And Alcimus, adjusting diligent
The fair caparisons; they thrust the bits
Into their mouths, and to the chariot seat

Extended and made fast the reins behind.
The splendid scourge commodious to the grasp
Seizing, at once Automedon upsprang
Into his place; behind him, arm'd complete
Achilles mounted, as the orient sun
All dazzling, and with aweful tone his speech
Directed to the coursers of his Sire.
Xanthus, and Balius of Podarges' blood
Illustrious! see ye that, the battle done,
Ye bring whom now ye bear back to the host
Of the Achaians in far other sort,
Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, dead.
Him then his steed unconquer'd in the race,
Xanthus, thus answer'd from beneath his yoke,
But, hanging low his head, and with his mane
Dishevell'd all, and streaming to the ground.
Him Juno vocal made, Goddess white-arm'd.
And doubtless so we will. This day at least
We bear thee safe from battle, stormy Chief!
But thee the hour of thy destruction swift
Approaches, hasten'd by no fault of ours,
But by the force of fate and power divine.
For not through sloth or tardiness on us
Aught chargeable, have Ilium's sons thine arms
Stript from Patroclus' shoulders, but a God
Matchless in battle, offspring of bright-hair'd
Latona, him contending in the van
Slew, for the glory of the Chief of Troy.
We, Zephyrus himself, though by report
Swiftest of all the winds of heaven, in speed
Could equal, but the Fates thee also doom
By human hands to fall, and hands divine.
The interposing Furies at that word
Suppress'd his utterance, and indignant, thus,
Achilles, swiftest of the swift, replied.
Why, Xanthus, prophesiest thou my death?
It ill beseems thee. I already know
That from my parents far remote my doom
Appoints me here to die; yet not the more
Cease I from feats of arms, till Ilium's host
Shall have received, at length, their fill of war.
He said, and with a shout drove forth to battle.

BOOK XX.

ARGUMENT.

By permission of Jupiter the Gods descend into the battle, and range themselves on either side respectively. Neptune rescues Æneas from death by the hand of Achilles, from whom Apollo, soon after, rescues Hector. Achilles slays many Trojans.

THE Grecians, thus, before their lofty ships
Stood arm'd around Achilles, glorious Chief
Insatiable with war, and opposite
The Trojans on the rising-ground appear'd.
Meantime, Jove order'd Themis, from the head
Of the deep-fork'd Olympian to convene
The Gods in council. She to every part
Proceeding, bade them to the courts of Jove.
Nor of the Floods was any absent thence
Oceanus except, or of the Nymphs
Who haunt the pleasant groves, or dwell beside
Stream-feeding fountains, or in meadows green.
Within the courts of cloud-assembler Jove
Arrived, on pillar'd thrones radiant they sat,
With ingenuity divine contrived
By Vulcan for the mighty Sire of all.
Thus they within the Thunderer's palace sat
Assembled; nor was Neptune slow to hear
The voice of Themis, but (the billows left)
Came also; in the midst his seat he took,
And ask'd, incontinent, the mind of Jove.
  King of the lightnings! wherefore hast thou call'd
The Gods to council? Hast thou aught at heart
Important to the hosts of Greece and Troy?
For on the battle's fiery edge they stand.
  To whom replied Jove, Sovereign of the storms.
Thou know'st my counsel, Shaker of the shores!
And wherefore ye are call'd. Although ordain'd

So soon to die, they interest me still.
Myself, here seated on Olympus' top,
With contemplation will my mind indulge
Of yon great spectacle; but ye, the rest,
Descend into the field, Trojan or Greek
Each to assist, as each shall most incline.
For should Achilles in the field no foe
Find save the Trojans, quickly should they fly
Before the rapid force of Peleus' son.
They trembled ever at his look, and since
Such fury for his friend hath fired his heart,
I fear lest he anticipate the will
Of Fate, and Ilium perish premature.
So spake the son of Saturn, kindling war
Inevitable, and the Gods to fight
'Gan move with minds discordant. Juno sought
And Pallas, with the earth-encircling Power
Neptune, the Grecian fleet, with whom were join'd
Mercury, teacher of all useful arts,
And Vulcan, rolling on all sides his eyes
Tremendous, but on disproportion'd legs,
Not without labour hard, halting uncouth.
Mars, warrior-God, on Ilium's part appear'd
With Phœbus never-shorn, Dian shaft-arm'd,
Xanthus, Latona, and the Queen of smiles,
Venus. So long as the Immortal Gods
Mix'd not with either host, Achaia's sons
Exulted, seeing, after tedious pause,
Achilles in the field, and terror shook
The knees of every Trojan, at the sight
Of swift Achilles like another Mars
Panting for blood, and bright in arms again.
But when the Olympian Powers had enter'd once
The multitude, then Discord, at whose voice
The million maddens, vehement arose;
Then, Pallas at the trench without the wall
By turns stood shouting, and by turns a shout
Sent terrible along the sounding shore.
While, gloomy as a tempest, opposite,
Mars from the lofty citadel of Troy
Now yell'd aloud, now running o'er the hill

Callicolone, on the Simois' side.
Thus the Immortals, ever-blest, impell'd
Both hosts to battle, and dire inroad caused
Of strife among them. Sudden from on high
The Sire of Gods and men thunder'd; meantime,
Neptune the earth and the high mountains shook;
Through all her base and to her topmost peak
Ida spring-fed the agitation felt
Reeling, all Ilium and the fleet of Greece.
Upstarted from his throne, appall'd, the King
Of Erebus, and with a cry his fears
Through hell proclaim'd, lest Neptune, o'er his head
Shattering the vaulted earth, should wide disclose
To mortal and immortal eyes his realm
Terrible, squalid, to the Gods themselves
A dreaded spectacle; with such a sound
The Powers eternal into battle rush'd.
Opposed to Neptune, King of the vast Deep,
Apollo stood with his wing'd arrows arm'd;
Pallas to Mars; Diana shaft-expert,
Sister of Phœbus, in her golden bow
Rejoicing, with whose shouts the forests ring,
To Juno; Mercury, for useful arts
Famed, to Latona; and to Vulcan's force
The eddied River broad by mortal men
Scamander call'd, but Xanthus by the Gods.
So Gods encounter'd Gods. But most desire
Achilles felt, breaking the ranks, to rush
On Priameian Hector, with whose blood
Chiefly his fury prompted him to sate
The indefatigable God of war.
But, the encourager of Ilium's host
Apollo, urged Æneas to assail
The son of Peleus, with heroic might
Inspiring his bold heart. He feign'd the voice
Of Priam's son Lycaon, and his form
Assuming, thus the Trojan Chief address'd.
Æneas! Trojan leader! where are now
Thy vaunts, which, banquetting erewhile among
Our princes, o'er thy brimming cups thou mad'st,
That thou would'st fight, thyself, with Peleus' son?

To whom Æneas answer thus returned.
Offspring of Priam! why enjoin'st thou me
Not so inclined, that arduous task, to cope
With the unmatch'd Achilles? I have proved
His force already, when he chased me down
From Ida with his spear, what time he made
Seizure of all our cattle, and destroy'd
Pedasus and Lyrnessus; but I 'scaped
Unslain, by Jove himself empower'd to fly.
Else had I fallen by Achilles' hand,
And by the hand of Pallas, who his steps
Conducted, and exhorted him to slay
Us and the Leleges. Vain, therefore, proves
All mortal force to Peleus' son opposed;
For one, at least, of the Immortals stands
Ever beside him, guardian of his life,
And, of himself, he hath an arm that sends
His rapid spear unerring to the mark.
Yet, would the Gods more equal sway the scales
Of battle, not with ease should he subdue
Me, though he boast a panoply of brass.
Him, then, Apollo answer'd, son of Jove.
Hero! prefer to the Immortal Gods
Thy prayer, for thee men rumour Venus' son,
Daughter of Jove, and Peleus' son his birth
Drew from a Goddess of inferior note.
Thy mother is from Jove; the offspring, his,
Less noble of the hoary Ocean old.
Go, therefore, and thy conquering spear uplift
Against him, nor let aught his sounding words
Appal thee, or his threats turn thee away.
So saying, with martial force the chief he fill'd,
Who through the foremost combatants advanced
Radiant in arms. Nor pass'd Anchises' son
Unseen of Juno, through the crowded ranks
Seeking Achilles, but the Powers of heaven
Convened by her command, she thus address'd.
Neptune, and thou, Minerva! with mature
Deliberation, ponder the event.
Yon Chief, Æneas, dazzling bright in arms,
Goes to withstand Achilles, and he goes

Sent by Apollo; in despite of whom
Be it our task to give him quick repulse,
Or, of ourselves, let some propitious Power
Strengthen Achilles with a mind exempt
From terror, and with force invincible.
So shall he know that of the Gods above
The mightiest are his friends, with whom compared
The favourers of Ilium in time past,
Who stood her guardians in the bloody strife,
Are empty boasters all, and nothing worth.
For therefore came we down, that we may share
This fight, and that Achilles suffer nought
Fatal to-day, though suffer all he must
Hereafter, with his thread of life entwined
By Destiny, the day when he was born.
But should Achilles unapprized remain
Of such advantage by a voice divine,
When he shall meet some Deity in the field,
Fear then will seize him, for celestial forms
Unveil'd are terrible to mortal eyes.
To whom replied the Shaker of the shores.
Juno! thy hot impatience needs control;
It ill befits thee. No desire I feel
To force into contention with ourselves
Gods, our inferiors. No. Let us, retired
To yonder hill, distant from all resort,
There sit, while these the battle wage alone.
But if Apollo, or if Mars the fight
Entering, begin, themselves, to interfere
Against Achilles, then will we at once
To battle also; and, I much misdeem,
Or glad they shall be soon to mix again
Among the Gods on the Olympian heights,
By strong coercion of our arms subdued.
So saying, the God of Ocean azure-hair'd
Moved foremost to the lofty mound earth-built
Of noble Hercules, by Pallas raised
And by the Trojans for his safe escape,
What time the monster of the Deep pursued
The Hero from the sea-bank o'er the plain.
There Neptune sat, and his confederate Gods,

Their shoulders with impenetrable clouds
Pervantled, while the city-spoiler Mars
Sat with Apollo opposite on the hill
Pallicolone, with their aids divine.
So, Gods to Gods in opposite aspect
Sat ruminating, and alike the work
All fearing to begin of arduous war,
While from his seat sublime Jove urged them on.
The champaign all was fill'd, and with the blaze
Illumined wide of men and steeds brass-arm'd,
And the incumber'd earth jarr'd under foot
Of the encountering hosts. Then, two, the rest
Surpassing far, into the midst advanced
Impatient for the fight, Anchises' son
Æneas, and Achilles, glorious Chief!
Æneas first, under his ponderous casque
Nodding and menacing, advanced; before
His breast he held the well-conducted orb
Of his broad shield, and shook his brazen spear.
On the other side, Achilles to the fight
Flew like a ravening lion, on whose death
Resolved the peasants from all quarters meet;
He, viewing with disdain the foremost, stalks
Right on, but smitten by some dauntless youth
Writhes himself, and discloses his huge fangs
Hung with white foam; then, growling for revenge,
Lashes himself to battle with his tail,
Till with a burning eye and a bold heart
He springs to slaughter, or himself is slain;
So, by his valour and his noble mind
Impell'd, renown'd Achilles moved toward
Æneas, and, small interval between,
Thus spake the Hero matchless in the race.
  Why stand'st thou here, Æneas! thy own band
Left at such distance? Is it that thine heart
Glows with ambition to contend with me
In hope of Priam's honours, and to fill
His throne hereafter in Troy steed-renown'd?
But shouldst thou slay me, not for that exploit
Would Priam such large recompense bestow,
For he hath sons, and hath, beside, a mind

And disposition not so lightly changed.
Or have the Trojans of their richest soil
For vineyard apt or plough assign'd thee part
If thou shalt slay me? Difficult, I hope,
At least, thou shalt experience that emprize.
For, as I think, I have already chased
Thee with my spear. Forgettest thou the day
When, finding thee alone, I drove thee down
Headlong from Ida, and, thy cattle left
Afar, thou didst not dare in all thy flight
Turn once, till at Lyrnessus safe arrived,
Which city by Jove's aid and by the aid
Of Pallas I destroy'd, and captive led
Their women? Thee, indeed, the Gods preserved,
But they shall not preserve thee, as thou dream'st,
Now also. Back into thy host again;
Hence, I command thee, nor oppose in fight
My force, lest evil find thee. To be taught
By sufferings only is the part of fools.
To whom Æneas answer thus return'd.
Pelides! hope not, as I were a boy,
With words to scare me. I have also taunts
At my command, and could be sharp as thou.
By such report as from the lips of men
We oft have heard, each other's birth we know
And parents; but my parents to behold
Was ne'er thy lot, nor have I thine beheld.
Thee men proclaim from noble Peleus sprung
And Thetis, bright-hair'd Goddess of the Deep;
I boast myself of lovely Venus born
To brave Anchises, and his son this day
In battle slain thy Sire shall mourn, or mine;
For I expect not that we shall depart
Like children, satisfied with words alone.
But if it please thee more at large to learn
My lineage (thousands can attest it true)
Know this. Jove, Sovereign of the storms, begat
Dardanus, and ere yet the sacred walls
Of Ilium rose, the glory of this plain,
He built Dardania; for at Ida's foot
Dwelt our progenitors in ancient days.

ius was the father of a son,
Ericthonius, wealthiest of mankind.
thousand mares of his the marish grazed,
uckling with delight her tender foal.
, enamour'd of no few of these,
ısture sought, and covered them in form
teed azure-maned. They, pregnant thence,
foals produced, and all so light of foot,
hen they wanton'd in the fruitful field
wept, and snapp'd it not, the golden ear,
hen they wanton'd on the boundless Deep,
kimm'd the green wave's frothy ridge, secure.
Ericthonius sprang Tros, King of Troy,
ros was father of three famous sons,
ssaracus, and Ganymede
st of human-kind, whom for his charms
ods caught up to heaven, there to abide
he Immortals, cup-bearer of Jove.
gat Laomedon, and he
ns, Tithonus, Priam, Clytius,
ıs, and Hicetaon, branch of Mars.
cus a son begat, by name
and Capys in due time his son
e Anchises, and Anchises me.
iam is the noble Hector's sire.
s my lineage, and such blood I boast;
lour is from Jove; He, as he wills,
ses or reduces it in man,
is Lord of all. Therefore enough—
ng like children we have stood, the time
ming here, while battle roars around.
ich is cheap. Easily might we cast
at each other, till a ship that asks
ndred oars should sink beneath the load.
ngue of man is voluble, hath words
ery theme, nor wants wide field and long,
he speaks so shall he hear again.
—why should we wrangle, and with taunts
each other, as the practice is
men, who with heart-devouring strife
, start forth into the public way

To mock each other, uttering, as may chance,
Much truth, much falsehood, as their anger bids!
The ardour of my courage will not slack
For all thy speeches; we must combat first;
Now, therefore, without more delay, begin,
That we may taste each other's force in arms.
So spake Æneas, and his brazen lance
Hurl'd with full force against the dreadful shield.
Loud roar'd its ample concave at the blow.
Not unalarm'd Pelides his broad disk
Thrust farther from him, deeming that the force
Of such an arm should pierce his guard with ease.
Vain fear! he recollected not that arms
Glorious as his, gifts of the Immortal Gods,
Yield not so quickly to the force of man.
The stormy spear by brave Æneas sent,
No passage found; the golden plate divine
Repress'd its vehemence; two folds it pierced,
But three were still behind, for with five folds
Vulcan had fortified it; two were brass;
The two interior, tin; the midmost gold;
And at the golden one the weapon stood[1].
Achilles, next, hurl'd his long shadow'd spear,
And struck Æneas on the utmost verge
Of his broad shield, where thinnest lay the brass,
And thinnest the ox-hide. The Pelian ash
Started right through the buckler, and it rang.
Æneas crouch'd terrified, and his shield
Thrust farther from him; but the rapid beam
Bursting both borders of the ample disk,
Glanced o'er his back, and plunged into the soil.
He 'scaped it, and he stood; but, as he stood,
With horror infinite the weapon saw

[1] Some commentators, supposing the golden plate the outermost as the most ornamental, have perplexed themselves much with this passage, for how, say they, could two folds be pierced and the spear be stopped by the gold, if the gold lay on the surface? But to avoid the difficulty, we need only suppose that the gold was inserted between the two plates of brass and the two of tin, Vulcan, in this particular, having attended less to ornament than to security.

See the Scholiast in Villoisson, who argues at large in favour of this opinion.

Planted so near him. Then, Achilles drew
His faulchion keen, and with a deafening shout
Sprang on him; but Æneas seized a stone
Heavy and huge, a weight to overcharge
Two men (such men as are accounted strong
Now), but He wielded it with ease, alone.
Then had Æneas, as Achilles came
Impetuous on, smitten, although in vain,
His helmet or his shield, and Peleus' son
Had with his faulchion him stretch'd at his feet,
But that the God of Ocean quick perceived
His peril, and the Immortals thus bespake.
I pity brave Æneas, who shall soon,
Slain by Achilles, see the realms below,
By smooth suggestions of Apollo lured
To danger, such as He can ne'er avert.
But wherefore should the Chief, guiltless himself,
Die for the fault of others? at no time
His gifts have fail'd, grateful to all in heaven.
Come, therefore, and let us from death ourselves
Rescue Him, lest if by Achilles' arm
This Hero perish, Jove himself be wroth;
For he is destined to survive, lest all
The house of Dardanus (whom Jove beyond
All others loved, his sons of woman born)
Fail with Æneas, and be found no more.
Saturnian Jove hath hated now long time
The family of Priam, and henceforth
Æneas and his son, and his sons' sons,
Shall sway the sceptre o'er the race of Troy.
To whom, majestic thus the spouse of Jove.
Neptune! deliberate thyself, and choose
Whether to save Æneas, or to leave
The Hero victim of Achilles' ire.
For Pallas and myself ofttimes have sworn
In full assembly of the Gods, to aid
Troy never, never to avert the day
Of her distress, not even when the flames
Kindled by the heroic sons of Greece
Shall climb with fury to her topmost towers.
She spake; then Neptune, instant, through the throng

Of battle flying, and the clash of spears,
Came where Achilles and Æneas fought.
At once with shadows dim he blurr'd the sight
Of Peleus' son, and from the shield, himself,
Of brave Æneas the bright-pointed ash
Retracting, placed it at Achilles' feet.
Then, lifting high Æneas from the ground,
He heaved him far remote; o'er many a rank
Of Heroes and of bounding steeds he flew,
Launch'd into air from the expanded palm
Of Neptune, and alighted in the rear
Of all the battle where the Caucons stood.
Neptune approach'd him there, and at his side
Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus bespake.
What God, Æneas! tempted thee to cope
Thus inconsiderately with the son
Of Peleus, both more excellent in fight
Than thou, and more the favourite of the skies?
From him retire hereafter, or expect
A premature descent into the shades.
But when Achilles shall have once fulfill'd
His destiny, in battle slain, then fight
Fearless, for thou canst fall by none beside.
So saying, he left the well-admonish'd Chief,
And from Achilles' eyes scatter'd the gloom
Shed o'er them by himself. The Hero saw
Clearly, and with his noble heart, incensed
By disappointment, thus conferring, said.
Gods! I behold a prodigy. My spear
Lies at my foot, and He at whom I cast
The weapon with such deadly force, is gone!
Æneas therefore, as it seems, himself
Interests the Immortal Gods, although
I deem'd his boast of their protection vain.
I reck not. Let him go. So gladly 'scaped
From slaughter now, he shall not soon again
Feel an ambition to contend with me.
Now will I rouse the Danaï, and prove
The force in fight of many a Trojan more.
He said, and sprang to battle with loud voice,
Calling the Grecians after him.—Ye sons

the Achaians! stand not now aloof,
noble friends! but foot to foot let each
on courageous, and desire the fight.
task were difficult for me alone,
re as I boast myself, to chase a foe
umerous, and to combat with them all.
Mars himself, immortal though he be,
Pallas, could with all the ranks contend
his vast multitude, and drive the whole.
hands, with feet, with spirit and with might,
hat I can I will; right through I go,
not a Trojan who shall chance within
ar's reach of me, shall, as I judge, rejoice.
hus he the Greeks exhorted. Opposite,
ntime, illustrious Hector to his host
iferated, his design to oppose
illes publishing in every ear.
ear not, ye valiant men of Troy! fear not
son of Peleus. In a war of words
uld, myself, cope even with the Gods;
not with spears; there they excel us all.
shall Achilles full performance give
all his vaunts, but, if he some fulfil,
ll others leave mutilate in the midst.
ill encounter him, though his hands be fire,
ugh fire his hands, and his heart hammer'd steel.
o spake he them exhorting. At his word
ose the Trojan spears, thick intermixt
battle join'd, and clamour loud began.
n thus, approaching Hector, Phœbus spake.
ceforth, advance not Hector! in the front
king Achilles, but retired within
stormy multitude his coming wait,
t his spear reach thee, or his glittering sword.
[e said, and Hector far into his host
hdrew, admonish'd by the voice divine.
n, shouting terrible, and clothed with might,
illes sprang to battle. First, he slew
valiant Chief Iphition, whom a band
nerous obey'd. Otrynteus was his Sire.
to Otrynteus, city-waster Chief,

A Naiad under snowy Tmolus bore
In fruitful Hyda. Right into his front
As he advanced, Achilles drove his spear,
And rived his skull; with thundering sound he fell,
And thus the conqueror gloried in his fall.
Ah Otryntides! thou art slain. Here lies
The terrible in arms, who born beside
The broad Gygæan lake, where Hyllus flows
And Hermus, call'd the fertile soil his own.
Thus gloried he. Meantime the shades of death
Cover'd Iphition, and Achaian wheels
And horses ground his body in the van.
Demoleon next, Antenor's son, a brave
Defender of the walls of Troy, he slew.
Into his temples through his brazen casque
He thrust the Pelian ash, nor could the brass
Such force resist, but the huge weapon drove
The shatter'd bone into his inmost brain,
And his fierce onset at a stroke repress'd.
Hippodamas his weapon next received
Within his spine, while with a leap he left
His steeds and fled. He, panting forth his life,
Moan'd like a bull, by consecrated youths
Dragg'd round the Heliconian King[2], who views
That victim with delight. So, with loud moans
The noble warrior sigh'd his soul away.
Then, spear in hand, against the godlike son
Of Priam, Polydorus, he advanced.
Not yet his father had to him indulged
A warrior's place, for that of all his sons
He was the youngest-born, his hoary Sire's
Chief darling, and in speed surpass'd them all.
Then also, in the vanity of youth,
For show of nimbleness, he started oft
Into the vaward, till at last he fell.
Him gliding swiftly by, swifter than he
Achilles with a javelin reached; he struck
His belt behind him, where the golden clasps

[2] Neptune. So called, either because he was worshipped of Helicon, a mountain of Bœotia, or from Helice, an island of Achaia, where he had a temple.

nd the double hauberk interposed.
ɔint transpierced his bowels, and sprang through
vel; screaming, on his knees he fell,
shadows dimm'd his eyes, and with both hands,
ng, he press'd his gather'd bowels back.
ɔble Hector, soon as he beheld
other Polydorus to the earth
ɔd, and with his bowels in his hands,
ɔss well-nigh with anguish could endure
ger to remain aloof; flame-like
rst abroad, and shaking his sharp spear,
ɔed to meet Achilles, whose approach
, Achilles bounded with delight,
ıus, exulting, to himself he said.
he approaches, who hath stung my soul
ɪt, the slayer of whom most I loved!
., we meet! Caution is at an end,
mid skulking in the walks of war.
ɔeased, and with a brow knit into frowns,
to illustrious Hector. Haste, approach,
may quick dispatch thee to the shades.
ɔm answer'd warlike Hector nought appall'd.
ı! hope not, as I were a boy,
vords to scare me. I have also taunts
command, and can be sharp as thou.
ɾ thee valiant, and myself I know
r far; yet, whether thou shalt slay
, inferior as I am, be slain
, is at the pleasure of the Gods,
wield also not a pointless beam.
ıaid, and, brandishing it, hurl'd his spear,
Pallas, breathing softly, wafted back
ɔhe renown'd Achilles, and it fell
sless at illustrious Hector's feet.
all on fire to slay him, with a shout
ent the air Achilles rapid flew
l him, but him wrapt in clouds opaque
caught with ease divine away.
, swift Achilles sprang to the assault
ıous, *thrice the* pitchy cloud he smote,
his fourth assault, godlike in act,

And terrible in utterance, thus exclaim'd.
Dog! thou art safe, and hast escaped again;
But narrowly, and by the aid once more
Of Phœbus, without previous suit to whom
Thou venturest never where the javelin sings.
But when we next encounter, then expect,
If one of all in heaven aid also me,
To close thy proud career. Meantime I seek
Some other, and assail e'en whom I may.
So saying, he pierced the neck of Dryops through,
And at his feet he fell. Him there he left,
And turning on a valiant warrior huge,
Philetor's son, Demuchus, in the knee
Pierced, and detain'd him by the planted spear,
Till with his sword he smote him, and he died.
Laogonus and Dardanus he next
Assaulted, sons of Bias; to the ground
Dismounting both, one with his spear he slew,
The other with his faulchion at a blow.
Tros too, Alastor's son—He suppliant clasp'd
Achilles' knees, and for his pity sued,
Pleading equality of years, in hope
That he would spare, and send him thence alive.
Ah dreamer! ignorant how much in vain
That suit he urged; for not of milky mind,
Or placable in temper was the Chief
To whom he sued, but fiery. With both hands
His knees he clasp'd importunate, and he
Fast by the liver gash'd him with his sword.
His liver falling forth, with sable blood
His bosom fill'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
Then, drawing close to Mulius, in his ear
He set the pointed brass, and at a thrust
Sent it, next moment, through his ear beyond.
Then, through the forehead of Agenor's son
Echechlus, his huge-hafted blade he drove,
And death and fate for ever veil'd his eyes.
Next, where the tendons of the elbow meet,
Striking Deucalion, through his wrist he urged
The brazen point; he all defenceless stood,
Expecting death; down came Achilles' blade

ull on his neck: away went head and casque
ogether; from his spine the marrow sprang,
nd at his length outstretch'd he press'd the plain.
rom him to Rhigmus, Pireus' noble son,
e flew, a warrior from the fields of Thrace.
im through the loins he pierced, and with the beam
ixt in his bowels, to the earth he fell;
hen piercing, as he turn'd to flight, the spine
f Areithöus his charioteer,
e thrust him from his seat; wild with dismay
ack flew the fiery coursers at his fall.
s a devouring fire within the glens
f some dry mountain ravages the trees,
hile, blown around, the flames roll to all sides,
), on all sides, terrible as a God,
chilles drove the death-devoted host
? Ilium, and the champaign ran with blood.
s when the peasant his yoked steers employs
) tread his barley, the broad-fronted pair
ith ponderous hoofs trample it out with ease,
), by magnanimous Achilles driven,
s coursers solid-hoof'd stamp'd as they ran
ie shields, at once, and bodies of the slain;
ood spatter'd all his axle, and with blood
om the horse-hoofs and from the fellied wheels
s chariot redden'd, while himself, athirst
r glory, his unconquerable hands
filed with mingled carnage, sweat, and dust.

BOOK XXI.

ARGUMENT.

Achilles having separated the Trojans, and driven one part of them to the city and the other into the Scamander, takes twelve young men alive, his intended victims to the manes of Patroclus. The river overflowing his banks with purpose to overwhelm him, is opposed by Vulcan, and gladly relinquishes the attempt. The battle of the Gods ensues. Apollo, in the form of Agenor, decoys Achilles from the town, which in the mean time the Trojans enter and shut the gates against him.

But when they came, at length, where Xanthus winds
His stream vortiginous from Jove derived,
There, separating Ilium's host, he drove
Part o'er the plain to Troy in the same road
By which the Grecians had so lately fled
The fury of illustrious Hector's arm.
That way they fled pouring themselves along
Flood-like, and Juno, to retard them, threw
Darkness as night before them. Other part,
Push'd down the sides of Xanthus, headlong plunged
With dashing sound into his dizzy stream,
And all his banks re-echoed loud the roar.
They, struggling, shriek'd in silver eddies whirl'd.
As when, by violence of fire expell'd,
Locusts uplifted on the wing escape
To some broad river, swift the sudden blaze
Pursues them, they, astonish'd, strew the flood,
So, by Achilles driven, a mingled throng
Of horses and of warriors overspread
Xanthus, and glutted all his sounding course.
He, chief of heroes, leaving on the bank
His spear against a tamarisk reclined,
Plunged like a God, with faulchion arm'd alone,
But fill'd with thoughts of havoc. On all sides
Down came his edge; groans follow'd dread to hear

Of warriors smitten by the sword, and all
The waters as they ran redden'd with blood.
As smaller fishes, flying the pursuit
Of some huge dolphin, terrified, the creeks
And secret hollows of a haven fill,
For none of all that he can seize he spares,
So lurk'd the trembling Trojans in the caves
Of Xanthus' awful flood. But He (his hands
Wearied at length with slaughter) from the rest
Twelve youths selected whom to death he doom'd,
In vengeance for his loved Patroclus slain.
Them stupified with dread like fawns he drove
Forth from the river, manacling their hands
Behind them fast with their own tunic-strings,
And gave them to his warrior train in charge.
Then, ardent still for blood, rushing again
Toward the stream, Dardanian Priam's son
He met, Lycaon, as he climb'd the bank.
Him erst by night, in his own father's field
Finding him, he had led captive away.
Lycaon was employ'd cutting green shoots
Of the wild-fig for chariot-rings, when lo!
Terrible, unforeseen, Achilles came.
He seized and sent him in a ship afar
To Lemnos; there the son of Jason paid
His price, and, at great cost, Eëtion
The guest of Jason, thence redeeming him,
Sent him to fair Arisba; but he 'scaped
Thence also, and regain'd his father's house.
Eleven days, at his return, he gave
To recreation joyous with his friends,
And on the twelfth his fate cast him again
Into Achilles' hands, who to the shades
Now doom'd him, howsoever loth to go.
Soon as Achilles swiftest of the swift
Him naked saw (for neither spear had he
Nor shield nor helmet, but, when he emerged,
Weary and faint had cast them all away)
Indignant to his mighty self he said.
  Gods! I behold a miracle! Ere long
The valiant Trojans whom myself have slain

Shall rise from Erebus, for he is here,
The self-same warrior whom I lately sold
At Lemnos, free, and in the field again.
The hoary Deep is prison strong enough
For most, but not for him. Now shall he taste
The point of this my spear, that I may learn
By sure experience, whether hell itself
That holds the strongest fast, can him detain,
Or whether he shall thence also escape.
While musing thus he stood, stunn'd with dismay
The youth approach'd, eager to clasp his knees,
For vehement he felt the dread of death
Working within him; with his Pelian ash
Uplifted high noble Achilles stood
Ardent to smite him; he with body bent
Ran under it, and to his knees adhered;
The weapon, missing him, implanted stood
Close at his back, when, seizing with one hand
Achilles' knees, he with the other grasp'd
The dreadful beam, resolute through despair,
And in wing'd accents suppliant thus began.
Oh spare me! pity me! Behold I clasp
Thy knees, Achilles! Ah, illustrious Chief!
Reject not with disdain a suppliant's prayer.
I am thy guest also, who at thy own board
Have eaten bread, and did partake the gift
Of Ceres with thee on the very day
When thou didst send me in yon field surprised
For sale to sacred Lemnos, far remote,
And for my price receiv'dst an hundred beeves.
Loose me, and I will yield thee now that sum
Thrice told. Alas! this morn is but the twelfth
Since, after numerous hardships, I arrived
Once more in Troy, and now my ruthless lot
Hath given me into thy hands again.
Jove cannot less than hate me, who hath twice
Made me thy prisoner, and my doom was death,
Death in my prime, the day when I was born
Son of Laothöe from Alta sprung,
From Alta, whom the Leleges obey
On Satnio's banks in lofty Pedasus.

His daughter to his other numerous wives
King Priam added, and two sons she bore
Only to be deprived by thee of both.
My brother hath already died, in front
Of Ilium's infantry, by thy bright spear,
The godlike Polydorus; and like doom
Shall now be mine, for I despair to escape
Thine hands, to which the Gods yield me again.
But hear and mark me well. My birth was not
From the same womb as Hector's, who hath slain
Thy valiant friend for clemency renown'd.
Such supplication the illustrious son
Of Priam made, but answer harsh received.
Fool! speak'st of ransom? Name it not to me.
For till my friend his miserable fate
Accomplish'd, I was somewhat given to spare,
And numerous, whom I seized alive, I sold.
But now, of all the Trojans whom the Gods
Deliver to me, none shall death escape,
'Specially of the house of Priam, none.
Die, therefore, even thou, my friend! What mean
Thy tears unreasonably shed and vain?
Died not Patroclus, braver far than thou?
And look on me,—see'st not to what an height
My stature towers, and what a bulk I boast?
A King begat me, and a Goddess bore.
What then! A death by violence awaits
Me also, and at morn, or eve, or noon,
I perish, whensoe'er the destined spear
Shall reach me, or the arrow from the nerve.
He ceased, and where the suppliant kneel'd, he died.
Quitting the spear, with both hands spread abroad
He sat, but swift Achilles with his sword
'Twixt neck and key-bone smote him, and his blade
Of double edge sank all into the wound.
He prone extended on the champaign lay
Bedewing with his sable blood the glebe,
Till, by the foot, Achilles cast him far
Into the stream, and, as he floated down,
Thus in wing'd accents, glorying, exclaim'd.
Lie there, and feed the fishes, which shall lick

Thy blood secure. Thy mother ne'er shall place
Thee on thy bier, nor on thy body weep,
But swift Scamander on his giddy tide
Shall bear thee to the bosom of the sea.
There, many a fish shall through the crystal flood
Ascending to the rippled surface, find
Lycaon's pamper'd flesh delicious fare.
Die Trojans! till we reach your city, you
Fleeing, and slaughtering, I. This pleasant stream
Of dimpling silver which ye worship oft
With victim bulls, and sate with living steeds
His rapid whirlpools, shall avail you nought,
But ye shall die, die terribly, till all
Shall have requited me with just amends
For my Patroclus, and for other Greeks
Slain at the ships while I declined the war.
  He ended, at whose words still more incensed
Scamander means devised, thenceforth to check
Achilles, and avert the doom of Troy.
Meantime the son of Peleus, his huge spear
Grasping, assail'd Asteropæus son
Of Pelegon, on fire to take his life.
Fair Peribœa, daughter eldest-born
Of Acessamenus, his father bore
To broad-stream'd Axius, who had clasp'd the nymph
In his embrace. On him Achilles sprang.
He newly risen from the river, stood
Armed with two lances opposite, for him
Xanthus embolden'd, at the deaths incensed
Of many a youth whom, mercy none vouchsafed,
Achilles had in all his current slain.
And now small distance interposed, they faced
Each other, when Achilles thus began.
  Who art and whence, who dar'st encounter me?
Hapless the sires whose sons my force defy.
  To whom the noble son of Pelegon.
Pelides, mighty Chief! Why hast thou ask'd
My derivation? from the land I come
Of mellow-soil'd Pœonia far remote,
Chief leader of Pœonia's host spear-arm'd;
This day hath also the eleventh risen

I at Troy arrived. For my descent,
rom Axius river wide-diffused,
Axius, fairest stream that waters earth,
f bold Pelegon whom men report
re. Let this suffice. Now fight, Achilles!
spake he threatening, and Achilles raised
tless the Pelian ash. At once two spears
ero bold, Asteropæus threw,
both hands apt for battle. One his shield
k but pierced not, impeded by the gold,
f a God, the other as it flew
d his right elbow; sprang the sable blood;
verflying him, the spear in earth
planted deep, still hungering for the prey.
full at the Pœonian Peleus' son
d forth his weapon with unsparing force
ain; he struck the sloping river-bank,
nid-length deep stood plunged the ashen beam.
with his faulchion drawn, Achilles flew
ite him; he in vain, meantime, assay'd
uck the rooted spear forth from the bank;
e with full force he shook the beam, and thrice,
ugh reluctant, left it; at his fourth
effort, bending it he sought to break
shen spear-beam of Æacides,
erish'd by his keen-edged faulchion first;
n the belly at his navel's side
note him; to the ground effused fell all
wels, death's dim shadows veil'd his eyes.
es ardent on his bosom fix'd
ot, despoil'd him, and exulting cried.
there; though River-sprung thou find'st it hard
pe with sons of Jove omnipotent.
said'st, a mighty River is my sire—
y descent from mightier Jove I boast;
ther, whom the Myrmidons obey,
of Æacus, and he of Jove.
ve all streams excels that seek the sea,
ve's descendants nobler are than theirs.
d a River at thy side—Let Him
l thee, if he can, some succour—No—

He may not fight against Saturnian Jove.
Therefore, not kingly Acheloïus,
Nor yet the strength of Ocean's vast profound,
Although from Him all rivers and all seas
All fountains and all wells proceed, may boast
Comparison with Jove, but even He
Astonish'd trembles at his fiery bolt,
And his dread thunders rattling in the sky.
He said, and drawing from the bank his spear,
Asteropæus left stretch'd on the sands,
Where, while the clear wave dashed him, eels his flanks
And ravening fishes numerous nibbled bare.
The horsed Pœonians next he fierce assail'd,
Who seeing their brave Chief slain by the sword
And forceful arm of Peleus' son, beside
The eddy-whirling stream fled all dispersed.
Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,
Thrasius, Astypylus and Ophelestes,
Ænius and Mnesus; nor had these sufficed
Achilles, but Pœonians more had fallen,
Had not the angry River from within
His circling gulfs in semblance of a man
Call'd to him, interrupting thus his rage.
Oh both in courage and injurious deeds
Unmatch'd, Achilles! whom themselves the Gods
Cease not to aid, if Saturn's son have doom'd
All Ilium's race to perish by thine arm,
Expel them, first, from me, ere thou achieve
That dread exploit; for, cumber'd as I am
With bodies, I can pour my pleasant stream
No longer down into the sacred Deep;
All vanish where thou comest. But oh desist
Dread Chief! Amazement fills me at thy deeds.
To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
River divine! hereafter be it so.
But not from slaughter of this faithless host
I cease, till I shall shut them fast in Troy
And trial make of Hector, if his arm
In single fight shall strongest prove, or mine.
He said, and like a God, furious, again.
Assail'd the Trojans; then the circling Flood

To Phœbus thus his loud complaint address'd.
Ah son of Jove, God of the silver bow!
The mandate of the son of Saturn ill
Hast thou perform'd, who, earnest, bade thee aid
The Trojans, till (the sun sunk in the West)
Night's shadow dim should veil the fruitful field.
He ended, and Achilles spear-renown'd
Plunged from the bank into the middle stream.
Then, turbulent, the River all his tide
Stirr'd from the bottom, landward heaving off
The numerous bodies that his current chok'd
Slain by Achilles; them, as with the roar
Of bulls, he cast aground, but deep within
His oozy gulfs the living safe conceal'd.
Terrible all around Achilles stood
The curling wave, then, falling on his shield
Dash'd him, nor found his footsteps where to rest.
An elm of massy trunk he seized and branch
Luxuriant, but it fell torn from the root
And drew the whole bank after it; immersed
It damm'd the current with its ample boughs,
And join'd as with a bridge the distant shores.
Upsprang Achilles from the gulf and turn'd
His feet, now wing'd for flight, into the plain
Astonish'd; but the God, not so appeased,
Arose against him with a darker curl,[1]
That he might quell him and deliver Troy.
Back flew Achilles with a bound, the length
Of a spear's cast, for such a spring he own'd
As bears the black-plumed eagle on her prey
Strongest and swiftest of the fowls of air.
Like Her he sprang, and dreadful on his chest
Clang'd his bright armour. Then, with course oblique
He fled his fierce pursuer, but the flood,
Fly where he might, came thundering in his rear.
As when the peasant with his spade a rill
Conducts from some pure fountain through his grove
Or garden, clearing the obstructed course,
The pebbles, as it runs, all ring beneath,

[1] *Ἀκροκελαινιόων.—The beauty and force of this word are wonderful; I have in vain endeavoured to do it justice.*

And, as the slope still deepens, swifter still
It runs, and, murmuring, outstrips the guide,
So Him, though swift, the River always reach'd
Still swifter; who can cope with power divine?
Oft as the noble Chief, turning, essay'd
Resistance, and to learn if all the Gods
Alike rush'd after him, so oft the flood,
Jove's offspring, laved his shoulders. Upward then
He sprang distress'd, but with a sidelong sweep
Assailing him, and from beneath his steps
Wasting the soil, the Stream his force subdued.
Then looking to the skies, aloud he mourn'd.
  Eternal Sire! forsaken by the Gods
I sink, none deigns to save me from the flood,
From which once saved, I would no death decline.
Yet blame I none of all the Powers of heaven
As Thetis; she with falsehood sooth'd my soul,
She promised me a death by Phœbus' shafts
Swift-wing'd, beneath the battlements of Troy.
I would that Hector, noblest of his race,
Had slain me, I had then bravely expired
And a brave man had stripp'd me of my arms.
But Fate now dooms me to a death abhorr'd
Whelm'd in deep waters, like a swine-herd's boy
Drown'd in wet weather while he fords a brook.
  So spake Achilles; then, in human form,
Minerva stood and Neptune at his side;
Each seized his hand confirming him, and thus
The mighty Shaker of the shores began.
  Achilles! moderate thy dismay, fear nought.
In us behold, in Pallas and in me,
Effectual aids, and with consent of Jove;
For to be vanquish'd by a River's force
Is not thy doom. This foe shall soon be quell'd;
Thine eyes shall see it. Let our counsel rule
Thy deed, and all is well. Cease not from war
Till fast within proud Ilium's walls her host
Again be prison'd, all who shall escape;
Then (Hector slain) to the Achaian fleet
Return; we make the glorious victory thine.
  So they, and both departing sought the skies.

animated by the voice divine,
ved toward the plain now all o'erspread
vast flood on which the bodies swam
ıields of many a youth in battle slain.
p'd, he waded, and the current stemm'd
onward, by the flood in vain opposed,
uch might Pallas fill'd him. Nor his rage
nder aught repress'd, but still the more
ed against Achilles, curl'd aloft
ters, and on Simoïs call'd aloud.
her! oh let us with united force
if we may, this warrior; he shall else
ay the lofty towers of Priam low,
host, appall'd, defend them now no more.
—succour me—Thy channel fill with streams
ıll thy fountains; call thy torrents down;
gh the waters; mingle trees and stones
ıproar wild, that we may quell the force
s dread Chief triumphant now, and fill'd
›rojects that might more beseem a God.
in shall be his strength, his beauty nought
›rofit him or his resplendent arms,
will bury them in slime and ooze,
will overwhelm himself with soil,
heaping o'er him and around him sands
e, that no Greek shall find his bones
er, in my bottom deep immersed.
shall his tomb be piled, nor other earth,
last rites, his friends shall need for Him.
ɜaid, and lifting high his angry tide
inous, against Achilles hurl'd,
ıg, the foam, the bodies, and the blood;
ıll his sable waves divine again
ıulating, bore him swift along.
'd Juno at that sight, terrified lest
:s in the whirling deluge sunk
l perish, and to Vulcan quick exclaim'd.
:an, my son, arise; for we account
ıs well able to contend with thee.
ıstant succour; show forth all thy fires.
will haste to call the rapid South

And Zephyrus, that tempests from the sea
Blowing, thou may'st both arms and dead consume
With hideous conflagration. Burn along
The banks of Xanthus, fire his trees and Him
Seize also. Let him by no specious guile
Of flattery soothe thee, or by threats appal,
Nor slack thy furious fires 'till with a shout
I give command, then bid them cease to blaze.
She spake, and Vulcan at her word his fires
Shot dreadful forth; first, kindling on the field,
He burn'd the bodies strew'd numerous around
Slain by Achilles; arid grew the earth
And the flood ceased. As when a sprightly breeze
Autumnal blowing from the North, at once
Dries the new-water'd garden,[2] gladdening him
Who tills the soil, so was the champaign dried;
The dead consumed, against the River, next,
He turn'd the fierceness of his glittering fires.
Willows and tamarisks and elms he burn'd,
Burn'd lotus, rushes, reeds; all plants and herbs
That clothed profuse the margin of his flood.
His eels and fishes, whether wont to dwell
In gulfs beneath, or tumble in the stream,
All languish'd while the Artist of the skies
Breath'd on them; even Xanthus lost, himself,
All force, and, suppliant, Vulcan thus address'd.
Oh Vulcan! none in heaven itself may cope
With thee. I yield to thy consuming fires.
Cease, cease. I reck not if Achilles drive
Her citizens, this moment, forth from Troy,
For what are war and war's concerns to me?
So spake he scorch'd, and all his waters boil'd.
As some huge cauldron hisses urged by force
Of circling fires and fill'd with melted lard,
The unctuous fluid overbubbling[3] streams
On all sides, while the dry wood flames beneath,
So Xanthus bubbled and his pleasant flood

[2] The reason given in the Scholium is, that the surface being hard by the wind the moisture remains unexhaled from beneath, and time to saturate the roots.—See Villoisson.

[3] Ἀμβολάδην.

Hiss'd in the fire, nor could he longer flow
But check'd his current, with hot steams annoy'd
By Vulcan raised. His supplication, then,
Importunate to Juno thus he turn'd.
Ah Juno! why assails thy son my streams,
Hostile to me alone? Of all who aid
The Trojans I am surely least to blame,
Yet even I desist if thou command;
And let thy son cease also; for I swear
That never will I from the Trojans turn
Their evil day, not even when the host
Of Greece shall set all Ilium in a blaze.
He said, and by his oath pacified, thus
The white-arm'd Deity to Vulcan spake.
Peace, glorious son! we may not in behalf
Of mortal man thus longer vex a God.
Then Vulcan his tremendous fires repress'd,
And down into his gulfy channel rush'd
The refluent flood; for when the force was once
Subdued of Xanthus, Juno interposed,
Although incensed, herself to quell the strife.
But contest vehement the other Gods
Now waged, each breathing discord; loud they rush'd
And fierce to battle, while the boundless earth
Quaked under them, and, all around, the heavens
Sang them together with a trumpet's voice.
Jove listening, on the Olympian summit sat
Well-pleased, and, in his heart laughing for joy,
Beheld the Powers of heaven in battle join'd.
Not long aloof they stood. Shield-piercer Mars
His brazen spear grasp'd, and began the fight
Rushing on Pallas, whom he thus reproach'd.
Wasp! front of impudence, and past all bounds
Audacious! Why impellest thou the Gods
To fight? Thy own proud spirit is the cause.
Remember'st not, how, urged by thee, the son
Of Tydeus, Diomede, myself assail'd,
When thou, the radiant spear with thy own hand
Guiding, didst rend my body? Now, I ween,
The hour is come in which I shall exact
Vengeance for all thy malice shown to me.

So saying, her shield he smote tassell'd around
Terrific, proof against the bolts of Jove;
That shield gore-tainted Mars with fury smote.
But she, retiring, with strong grasp upheaved
A rugged stone, black, ponderous, from the plain,
A land-mark fix'd by men of ancient times,
Which hurling at the neck of stormy Mars
She smote him. Down he fell. Seven acres, stretch'd,
He overspread, his ringlets in the dust
Polluted lay, and dreadful rang his arms.
The Goddess laugh'd, and thus in accents wing'd
With exultation, as he lay, exclaim'd.
Fool! Art thou still to learn how far my force
Surpasses thine, and darest thou cope with me?
Now feel the furies of thy mother's ire
Who hates thee for thy treachery to the Greeks,
And for thy succour given to faithless Troy.
She said, and turn'd from Mars her glorious eyes.
But him deep-groaning and his torpid powers
Recovering slow, Venus conducted thence
Daughter of Jove, whom soon as Juno mark'd,
In accents wing'd to Pallas thus she spake.
Daughter invincible of glorious Jove!
Haste—follow her—Ah shameless! how she leads
Gore-tainted Mars through all the host of heaven.
So she, whom Pallas with delight obey'd;
To Venus swift she flew, and on the breast
With such force smote her that of sense bereft
The fainting Goddess fell. There Venus lay
And Mars extended on the fruitful glebe,
And Pallas thus in accents wing'd exclaim'd.
I would that all who on the part of Troy
Oppose in fight Achaia's valiant sons,
Were firm and bold as Venus in defence
Of Mars, for whom she dared my power defy!
So had dissension (Ilium overthrown
And desolated) ceased long since in heaven.
So Pallas, and approving Juno smiled.
Then the Imperial Shaker of the shores
Thus to Apollo. Phœbus! wherefore stand
We thus aloof? Since others have begun,

we also; shame it were to both
d we, no combat waged, ascend again
ous and the brass-built hall of Jove.
, for thou art younger; me whose years
and knowledge thine surpass so far,
:s not. Oh stupidity! how gross
ou and senseless! Are no traces left
' remembrance of our numerous wrongs
n'd at Ilium, when, of all the Gods
ves alone, by Jove's commandment, served
ipulated hire, a year complete,
sk-master the proud Laomedon?
f a bulwark'd town, spacious, secure
it assault, and beautiful as strong
'or the Trojans, and thine office was
d for King Laomedon his herds
; the groves of Ida many-valed.
nen the gladsome hours the season brought
ment, then the unjust King of Troy
s'd us of our whole reward amerced
lence, and added threats beside.
nto distant isles, bound hand and foot,
he threaten'd, and to amputate
rs of both; we, therefore, hasted thence
ing deep our promised hire withheld.
thou for this the Trojans? Canst thou less
eek, with us, to exterminate the whole
ous race, wives, children, husbands, all?
vhom the King of radiant shafts Apollo.
eptune, thou wouldst deem, thyself, unwise
ding for the sake of mortal men
hee; a wretched race, who like the leaves
ourish rank, by fruits of earth sustain'd,
ipless fall. Here, therefore, us between
strife cease, far better left to Them.
aid, and turn'd away, fearing to lift
nd against the brother of his sire.
n Diana of the woods with sharp
e, his huntress sister, thus reproved.
st thou, Apollo! and to Neptune yield'st
rn'd victory, the prize of fame
-*y*.

Resigning patient and with no dispute?
Fool! wherefore bearest thou the bow in vain?
Ah, let me never in my father's courts
Hear thee among the Immortals vaunting more
That thou would'st Neptune's self confront in arms.
So she, to whom Apollo nought replied.
But thus the consort of the Thunderer, fired
With wrath, reproved the Archeress of heaven.
How hast thou dared, impudent, to oppose
My will? Bow-practised as thou art, the task
To match my force were difficult to thee.
Is it, because by ordinance of Jove
Thou art a lioness to womankind,
Killing them at thy pleasure? Ah beware,—
Far easier is it, on the mountain-heights
To slay wild beasts and chase the roving hind,
Than to conflict with mightier than ourselves.
But, if thou wish a lesson on that theme,
Approach—Thou shalt be taught with good effect
How far my force in combat passes thine.
She said, and with her left hand seizing both
Diana's wrists, snatch'd suddenly the bow
Suspended on her shoulder with the right,
And, smiling, smote her with it on the ears.
She, writhing oft and struggling, to the ground
Shook forth her rapid shafts, then, weeping, fled
As to her cavern in some hollow rock
The dove, not destined to his talons, flies
The hawk's pursuit, and left her arms behind.
Then, messenger of heaven, the Argicide
Address'd Latona. Combat none with thee,
Latona, will I wage. Unsafe it were
To cope in battle with a spouse of Jove.
Go, therefore, loudly as thou wilt, proclaim
To all the Gods that thou hast vanquish'd me.
Collecting, then, the bow and arrows fallen
In wild disorder on the dusty plain,
Latona with the sacred charge withdrew
Following her daughter; she, in the abode
Brass-built arriving of Olympian Jove,
Sat on his knees, weeping till all her robe

Ambrosial shook. The mighty Father smiled,
And to his bosom straining her, enquired.
  Daughter beloved! who, which of all the Gods
Hath raised his hand, presumptuous, against Thee,
As if convicted of some open wrong?
  To whom the clear-voiced Huntress crescent-crown'd.
My Father! Juno, thy own consort fair
My sorrow caused, from whom dispute and strife
Perpetual, threaten the Immortal Powers.
  Thus they in heaven mutual conferr'd. Meantime
Apollo into sacred Troy return'd
Mindful to guard her bulwarks, lest the Greeks
Too soon for Fate should desolate the town.
The other Gods, some angry, some elate
With victory, the Olympian heights regain'd,
And sat beside the Thunderer. But the son
Of Peleus—He both Trojans slew and steeds.
As when in volumes slow smoke climbs the skies
From some great city which the Gods have fired
Vindictive, sorrow thence to many ensues
With mischief, and to all labour severe,
So caused Achilles labour, on that day,
Severe, and mischief to the men of Troy.
  But ancient Priam from a sacred tower
Stood looking forth, whence soon he noticed vast
Achilles, before whom the Trojans fled,
All courage lost. Descending from the tower
With mournful cries and hasting to the wall
He thus enjoin'd the keepers of the gates.
  Hold wide the portals till the flying host
Re-enter, for himself is nigh, himself
Achilles drives them home. Now, woe to Troy!
But soon as safe within the walls received
They breathe again, shut fast the ponderous gates
At once, lest that destroyer also pass.
  He said; they, shooting back the bars, threw wide
The gates and saved the people, whom to aid
Apollo also sprang into the field.
They, parch'd with drought and whiten'd all with dust,
Flew right toward the town, while, spear in hand,
Achilles press'd them, vengeance in his heart.

And all on fire for glory. Then, full sure,
Ilium, the city of lofty gates, had fallen
Won by the Grecians, had not Phœbus roused
Antenor's valiant son, the noble Chief
Agenor; him with dauntless might he fill'd,
And shielding him against the stroke of fate
Beside him, stood himself, by the broad beech
Cover'd and wrapt in clouds. Agenor, then,
Seeing the city-waster hero nigh
Achilles, stood, but standing, felt his mind
Troubled with doubts; he groan'd, and thus he mused.
  Alas! if following the tumultuous flight
Of these, I shun Achilles, swifter far
He soon will lop my ignominious head.
But if, these leaving to be thus dispersed
Before him, from the city-wall I fly
Across the plain of Troy into the groves
Of Ida, and in Ida's thickets lurk,
I may, at evening, to the town return
Bathed and refreshed. But whither tend my thoughts?
Should he my flight into the plain observe,
And swift pursuing seize me, then, farewell
All hope to 'scape a miserable death,
For he hath strength passing the strength of man.
How then—shall I withstand him here before
The city? He hath also flesh to steal
Pervious, within it but a single life,
And men report him mortal, howsoe'er
Saturnian Jove lift him to glory now.
So saying, he turn'd and stood, his dauntless heart
Beating for battle. As the pard springs forth
To meet the hunter from her gloomy lair,
Nor, hearing loud the hounds, fears or retires,
But whether from afar or nigh at hand
He pierce her first, although transfixt, the fight
Still tries, and combats desperate till she fall,
So, brave Antenor's son fled not, or shrank,
Till he had proved Achilles, but his breast
O'ershadowing with his buckler, and his spear
Aiming well-poised against him, loud exclaim'd.
  Renown'd Achilles! Thou art high in hope

Doubtless, that thou shalt this day overthrow
The city of the glorious sons of Troy.
Fool! ye must labour yet ere she be won,
For numerous are her citizens and bold,
And we will guard her for our parents' sake
Our wives and little ones. But here thou diest
Terrible Chief and dauntless as thou art.
He said, and with full force hurling his lance
Smote, and err'd not, his greave beneath the knee.
The glittering tin, forged newly, at the stroke
Tremendous rang, but quick recoiled and vain
The weapon, weak against that guard divine.
Then sprang Achilles in his turn to assail
Godlike Agenor, but Apollo took
That glory from him, snatching wrapt in clouds.
Agenor thence, whom calm he sent away.
Then Phœbus from pursuit of Ilium's host
By art averted Peleus' son; the form
Assuming of Agenor, swift he fled
Before him, and Achilles swift pursued.
While Him Apollo thus lured to the chase
Wide o'er the fruitful plain, inclining still
Toward Scamander's dizzy stream his course
Nor flying far before, but with false hope
Always beguiling him, the scatter'd host
Meantime, in joyful throngs, regained the town.
They fill'd and shut it fast, nor dared to wait
Each other in the field, or to enquire
Who lived and who had fallen, but all, whom flight
Had rescued, like a flood pour'd into Troy.

BOOK XXII.

ARGUMENT.

Achilles slays Hector.

Thus they, throughout all Troy, like hunted fawns
Dispersed, their trickling limbs at leisure cool'd,
And, drinking, slaked their fiery thirst, reclined
Against the battlements. Meantime, the Greeks
Sloping their shields, approach'd the walls of Troy,
And Hector, by his adverse fate ensnared,
Still stood exposed before the Scæan gate.
Then spake Apollo thus to Peleus' son.
Wherefore, thyself mortal, pursuest thou me
Immortal? oh Achilles! blind with rage,
Thou know'st not yet, that thou pursuest a God.
Unmindful of thy proper task, to press
The flying Trojans, thou hast hither turn'd
Devious, and they are all now safe in Troy;
Yet hope not me to slay; I cannot die.
To whom Achilles swiftest of the swift,
Indignant. Oh, of all the Powers above
To me most adverse, Archer of the skies!
Thou hast beguiled me, leading me away
From Ilium far, whence intercepted, else,
No few had at this moment gnaw'd the glebe.
Thou hast defrauded me of great renown,
And, safe thyself, hast rescued *them* with ease.
Ah—had I power, I would requite thee well.
So saying, incensed he turn'd toward the town
His rapid course, like some victorious steed
That whirls, at stretch, a chariot to the goal.
Such seem'd Achilles, coursing light the field.
Him, first, the ancient King of Troy perceived
Scouring the plain, resplendent as the star

ıal, of all stars in dead of night
ɔuous most, and named Orion's dog;
st it shines, but ominous, and dire
portends to miserable man;
n'd Achilles' armour as he flew.
'ail'd the hoary King; with lifted hands
ıd he smote, and, uttering doleful cries
ɔlication, sued to his own son.
'd before the gate, desirous stood
bat with Achilles, when his Sire
ms outstretch'd toward him, thus began.
Hector! wait not, oh my son! the approach
dread Chief, alone, lest premature
ie, this moment by Achilles slain,
is strongest far. Oh that the Gods
ved as I! then, soon should vultures rend
gs his carcase, and my grief should cease.
ı unchilded me of many a son,
ant youths, whom he hath slain or sold
ant isles, and even now, I miss
ns, whom since the shutting of the gates
ıot, Polydorus and Lycaon,
ldren by Laothöe the fair.
survive prisoners in yonder camp,
edeem them with the gold and brass
le Eltes to his daughter given,
ıtore, and still reserved. But should they both,
slain, have journey'd to the shades,
ın, from whom they sprang have cause to mourn
ɔurn them long, but shorter shall the grief
m prove, if thou escape and live.
hen, my son! enter the city-gate
ıou may'st save us all, nor in thy bloom
cut off, enhance Achilles' fame.
serate also thy unhappy Sire
distracted, whom Saturnian Jove
s to a sad death, and ere I die
s innumerable; to behold
aughter'd, daughters ravish'd, torn and stripp'd
ıtrimonial chamber, infants dash'd
the ground in dire hostility,

And matrons dragg'd by ruthless Grecian hands.
Me, haply, last of all, dogs shall devour
In my own vestibule, when once the spear
Or faulchion of some Greek hath laid me low.
The very dogs fed at my table-side,
My portal-guards, drinking their master's blood
To drunkenness, shall wallow in my courts.
Fair falls the warlike youth in battle slain,
And when he lies torn by the pointed steel;
His death becomes him well; he is secure,
Though dead, from shame, whatever next befalls:
But when the silver locks and silver beard
Of an old man slain by the sword, from dogs
Receive dishonour, of all ills that wait
On miserable man, that sure is worst.
So spake the ancient King, and his grey hairs
Pluck'd with both hands, but Hector firm endured.
On the other side all tears his mother stood,
And lamentation; with one hand she bared,
And with the other hand produced her breast,
Then in wing'd accents, weeping, him bespake.
My Hector! reverence This, and pity me.
If ever, drawing forth this breast, thy griefs
Of infancy I soothed, oh now, my son!
Acknowledge it, and from within the walls
Repulse this enemy; stand not abroad
To cope with *Him*, for he is savage-fierce,
And should he slay thee, neither shall myself
Who bore thee, nor thy noble spouse weep o'er
Thy body, but, where we can never come,
Dogs shall devour it in the fleet of Greece.
So they with prayers importuned, and with tears
Their son, but him sway'd not; unmoved he stood,
Expecting vast Achilles now at hand.
As some fell serpent in his cave expects
The traveller's approach, batten'd with herbs
Of baneful juice to fury, forth he looks
Hideous, and lies coil'd all around his den,
So Hector, fill'd with confidence untamed,
Fled not, but placing his bright shield against
A buttress, with his noble heart conferr'd.

Alas for me! should I repass the gate,
Polydamas would be the first to heap
Reproaches on me, for he bade me lead
The Trojans back this last calamitous night
In which Achilles rose to arms again.
But I refused, although to have complied,
Had proved more profitable far; since then
By rash resolves of mine I have destroy'd
The people, how can I escape the blame
Of all in Troy? The meanest there will say—
By his self-will he hath destroy'd us all.
So shall they speak, and then shall I regret
That I return'd ere I had slain in fight
Achilles, or that, by Achilles slain,
I died not nobly in defence of Troy.
But shall I thus? Lay down my bossy shield,
Put off my helmet, and my spear recline
Against the city wall, then go myself
To meet the brave Achilles, and at once
Promise him Helen, for whose sake we strive,
With all the wealth that Paris in his fleet
Brought home, to be restored to Atreus' sons,
And to distribute to the Greeks at large
All hidden treasures of the town, an oath
Taking beside from every senator,
That he will nought conceal, but will produce
And share in just equality what stores
Soever our fair city still includes?
Ah, airy speculations, questions vain!
I may not sue to Him; compassion none
Will he vouchsafe me, or my suit respect,
But, seeing me unarm'd, will sate at once
His rage, and womanlike I shall be slain.
It is no time from oak or hollow rock
With Him to parley, as a nymph and swain,
A nymph and swain[1] soft parley mutual hold,
But rather to engage in combat fierce

[1] The repetition follows the Original, and the Scholiast is of opinion that Homer uses it here that he may express more emphatically the length to which such *conferences* are apt to proceed.—Δια την πολυλογιαν τη ἀναληψει ἐχρησατο.

Incontinent; so shall we soonest learn
Whom Jove will make victorious, Him or me.
  Thus pondering he stood; meantime approach'd
Achilles, terrible as fiery Mars,
Crest-tossing God, and brandish'd as he came
O'er his right shoulder high the Pelian spear.
Like lightning, or like flame, or like the sun
Ascending, beam'd his armour. At that sight
Trembled the Trojan Chief, nor dared expect
His nearer step, but flying left the gates
Far distant, and Achilles swift pursued.
As in the mountains, fleetest fowl of air,
The hawk darts eager at the dove; she scuds
Aslant, he, screaming, springs and springs again
To seize her, all impatient for the prey,
So flew Achilles constant to the track
Of Hector, who with dreadful haste beneath
The Trojan bulwarks plied his agile limbs.
Passing the prospect-mount where high in air
The wild-fig waved[2], they rush'd along the road,
Declining never from the wall of Troy.
And now they reach'd the running rivulets clear,
Where from Scamander's dizzy flood arise
Two fountains, tepid one, from which a smoke
Issues voluminous as from a fire,
The other, even in summer heats, like hail
For cold, or snow, or chrystal-stream frost-bound.
Beside them may be seen the broad canals
Of marble scoop'd, in which the wives of Troy
And all her daughters fair were wont to lave
Their costly raiment, while the land had rest,
And ere the warlike sons of Greece arrived.
By these they ran, one fleeing, one in chase.
Valiant was he who fled, but valiant far
Beyond him He who urged the swift pursuit;
Nor ran they for a vulgar prize, a beast
For sacrifice, or for the hide of such,
The swift foot-racer's customary meed,
But for the noble Hector's life they ran.
As when two steeds, oft conquerors, trim the goal

[2] It grew near to the tomb of Ilus.

For some illustrious prize, a tripod bright
Or beauteous virgin, at a funeral game,
So they with nimble feet the city thrice
Of Priam compass'd. All the Gods look'd on,
And thus the Sire of Gods and men began.
Ah—I behold a warrior dear to me
Around the walls of Ilium driven, and grieve
For Hector, who the thighs of fatted bulls
On yonder heights of Ida many-valed
Burn'd oft to me, and in the heights of Troy:
But Him Achilles, glorious Chief, around
The city-walls of Priam now pursues.
Consider this, ye Gods! weigh the event.
Shall we from death save Hector? or, at length,
Leave him, although in battle high-renown'd,
To perish by the might of Peleus' son?
Whom answer'd thus Pallas cœrulean-eyed.
Dread Sovereign of the storms! what hast thou said?
Wouldst thou deliver from the stroke of fate
A mortal man death-destined from of old?
Do it; but small thy praise shall be in heaven.
Then answer thus, cloud-gatherer Jove return'd.
Fear not, Tritonia, daughter dear! that word
Spake not my purpose; me thou shalt perceive
Always to thee indulgent. What thou wilt
That execute, and use thou no delay.
So roused he Pallas of herself prepared,
And from the heights Olympian down she flew.
With unremitting speed Achilles still
Urged Hector. As among the mountain-heights
The hound pursues, roused newly from her lair
The flying fawn through many a vale and grove;
And though she trembling skulk the shrubs beneath,
Tracks her continual, till he find the prey,
So 'scaped not Hector, Peleus' rapid son.
Oft as toward the Dardan gates he sprang
Direct, and to the bulwarks firm of Troy,
Hoping some aid by volleys from the wall,
So oft, outstripping him, Achilles thence
Enforced him to the field, who, as he might,
Still ever stretch'd toward the walls again.

As, in a dream,[3] pursuit hesitates oft,
This hath no power to fly, that to pursue,
So these—One fled, and one pursued in vain.
How, then, had Hector his impending fate
Eluded, had not Phœbus, at his last,
Last effort meeting him, his strength restored,
And wing'd for flight his agile limbs anew?
The son of Peleus, as he ran, his brows
Shaking, forbad the people to dismiss
A dart at Hector, lest a meaner hand
Piercing him, should usurp the foremost praise.
But when the fourth time to those rivulets
They came, then lifting high his golden scales,
Two lots the everlasting Father placed
Within them, for Achilles one, and one
For Hector, balancing the doom of both.
Grasping it in the midst, he raised the beam.
Down went the fatal day of Hector, down
To Ades, and Apollo left his side.
Then blue-eyed Pallas hasting to the son
Of Peleus, in wing'd accents him address'd.
Now, dear to Jove, Achilles famed in arms!
I hope that, fierce in combat though he be,
We shall, at last, slay Hector, and return
Crown'd with great glory to the fleet of Greece.
No fear of his deliverance now remains,
Not even should the King of radiant shafts
Apollo toil in supplication, roll'd
And roll'd again[4] before the Thunderer's feet.
But stand, recover breath; myself, the while,
Shall urge him to oppose thee face to face.
So Pallas spake, whom joyful he obey'd,
And on his spear brass-pointed lean'd. But she,
(Achilles left) to noble Hector pass'd,
And in the form, and with the voice loud-toned
Approaching of Deiphobus, his ear
In accents, as of pity, thus address'd.
Ah brother! thou art overtask'd, around

[3] The numbers in the original are so constructed as to express the painful struggle that characterizes such a dream.

[4] προπροκυλινδόμενος.

The walls of Troy by swift Achilles driven;
But stand, that we may chase him in his turn.
To whom crest-tossing Hector huge replied.
Deiphobus! of all my father's sons
Brought forth by Hecuba, I ever loved
Thee most, but more than ever love thee now,
Who hast not fear'd, seeing me, for my sake
To quit the town, where others rest content.
To whom the Goddess, thus, cœrulean-eyed.
Brother! our parents with much earnest suit
Clasping my knees, and all my friends implored me
To stay in Troy, (such fear hath seized on all)
But grief for thee prey'd on my inmost soul.
Come—fight we bravely—spare we now our spears
No longer; now for proof if Peleus' son
Slaying us both, shall bear into the fleet
Our arms gore-stain'd, or perish slain by thee.
So saying, the wily Goddess led the way.
They soon, approaching each the other, stood
Opposite, and huge Hector thus began.
Pelides! I will fly thee now no more.
Thrice I have compass'd Priam's spacious walls
A fugitive, and have not dared abide
Thy onset, but my heart now bids me stand
Dauntless, and I will slay, or will be slain.
But come. We will attest the Gods; for they
Are fittest both to witness and to guard
Our covenant. If Jove to me vouchsafe
The hard-earn'd victory, and to take thy life,
I will not with dishonour foul insult
Thy body, but, thine armour stripp'd, will give
Thee to thy friends, as thou shalt me to mine.
To whom Achilles, louring dark, replied.
Hector! my bitterest foe! speak not to me
Of covenants! as concord can be none
Lions and men between, nor wolves and lambs
Can be unanimous, but hate perforce
Each other by a law not to be changed,
So cannot amity subsist between
Thee and myself; nor league make I with thee
Or *compact, till thy blood* in battle shed

Or mine, shall gratify the fiery Mars.
Rouse all thy virtue, thou hast utmost need
Of valour now, and of address in arms.
Escape me more thou canst not, Pallas' hand
By mine subdues thee; now will I avenge
At once the agonies of every Greek
In thy unsparing fury slain by thee.
He said, and, brandishing the Pelian ash,
Dismiss'd it; but illustrious Hector warn'd,
Couch'd low, and, overflying him, it pierced
The soil beyond, whence Pallas plucking it
Unseen, restored it to Achilles' hand,
And Hector to his godlike foe replied.
Godlike Achilles! thou hast err'd, nor know'st
At all my doom from Jove, as thou pretend'st,
But seek'st, by subtlety and wind of words,
All empty sounds, to rob me of my might.
Yet stand I firm. Think not to pierce my back.
Behold my bosom! if the Gods permit,
Meet me advancing, and transpierce me there.
Meantime avoid my glittering spear, but oh
May'st thou receive it all! since lighter far
To Ilium should the toils of battle prove,
Wert thou once slain, fiercest of her foes.
He said, and hurling his long spear with aim
Unerring, smote the centre of the shield
Of Peleus' son, but his spear glanced away.
He, angry to have sent it forth in vain,
(For he had other none) with eyes downcast
Stood motionless awhile, then with loud voice
Sought from Deiphobus, white-shielded Chief,
A second; but Deiphobus was gone.
Then Hector understood his doom, and said.
Ah, it is plain; this is mine hour to die.
I thought Deiphobus at hand, but me
Pallas beguiled, and he is still in Troy.
A bitter death threatens me, it is nigh,
And there is no escape; Jove, and Jove's son
Apollo, from the first, although awhile
My prompt deliverers, chose this lot for me,
And now it finds me. But I will not fall

Inglorious; I will act some great exploit
That shall be celebrated ages hence.
So saying, his keen faulchion from his side
He drew, well-temper'd, ponderous, and rush'd
At once to combat. As the eagle darts
Right downward through a sullen cloud to seize
Weak lamb or timorous hare, so brandishing
His splendid faulchion, Hector rush'd to fight.
Achilles, opposite, with fellest ire
Full-fraught came on; his shield with various art
Celestial form'd, o'erspread his ample chest,
And on his radiant casque terrific waved
The bushy gold of his resplendent crest,
By Vulcan spun, and pour'd profuse around.
Bright as, among the stars, the star of all
Most radiant, Hesperus, at midnight moves,
So, in the right-hand of Achilles beam'd
His brandish'd spear, while, meditating woe
To Hector, he explored his noble form,
Seeking where he was vulnerable most.
But every part, his dazzling armour torn
From brave Patroclus' body, well secured,
Save where the circling key-bone from the neck
Disjoins the shoulder; there his throat appear'd,
Whence injured life with swiftest flight escapes;
Achilles, plunging in that part his spear,
Impell'd it through the yielding flesh beyond.
The ashen beam his power of utterance left
Still unimpair'd, but in the dust he fell,
And the exulting conqueror exclaim'd.
But Hector! thou hadst once far other hopes,
And, stripping slain Patroclus, thought'st thee safe,
Nor caredst for absent me. Fond dream and vain!
I was not distant far; in yonder fleet
He left one able to avenge his death,
And he hath slain thee. Thee the dogs shall rend
Dishonourably, and the fowls of air,
But all Achaia's host shall him entomb.
To whom the Trojan Chief languid replied.
By thy own life, by theirs who gave thee birth,

And by thy knees[5], oh let not Grecian dogs
Rend and devour me, but in gold accept
And brass a ransom at my father's hands,
And at my mother's, an illustrious price;
Send home my body, grant me burial rites
Among the daughters and the sons of Troy.
To whom with aspect stern Achilles thus.
Dog! neither knees nor parents name to me.
I would my fierceness of revenge were such,
That I could carve and eat thee, to whose arms
Such griefs I owe; so true it is and sure,
That none shall save thy carcase from the dogs.
No, trust me, would thy parents bring me weigh'd
Ten—twenty ransoms, and engage on oath
To add still more; would thy Dardanian Sire
Priam, redeem thee with thy weight in gold,
Not even at that price would I consent
That she who bare should place thee on thy bier
With lamentation; dogs and raveuing fowls
Shall rend thy body while a scrap remains.
Then, dying, warlike Hector thus replied.
Full well I knew before, how suit of mine
Should speed preferr'd to thee. Thy heart is steel.
But oh, while yet thou livest, think, lest the Gods
Requite thee on that day, when pierced thyself
By Paris and Apollo, thou shalt fall,
Brave as thou art, before the Scæan gate.
He ceased, and death involved him dark around.
His spirit, from his limbs dismiss'd, the house
Of Ades sought, mourning in her descent
Youth's prime and vigour lost, disastrous doom!
But Him though dead, Achilles thus bespake.
Die thou. My death shall find me at what hour
Jove gives commandment, and the Gods above.
He spake, and from the dead drawing away
His brazen spear, placed it apart, then stripp'd
His arms gore-stain'd. Meantime the other sons
Of the Achaians, gathering fast around,
The bulk admired, and the proportion just

[5] The knees of the conqueror were a kind of sanctuary to which the vanquished fled for refuge.

Of Hector, neither stood a Grecian there
Who pierced him not, and thus the soldier spake.
Ye Gods! how far more patient of the touch
Is Hector now, than when he fired the fleet!
Thus would they speak, then give him each a stab.
And now, the body stripp'd, their noble Chief
The swift Achilles standing in the midst,
The Grecians in wing'd accents thus address'd.
Friends, Chiefs and Senators of Argos' host!
Since, by the will of heaven, this man is slain
Who harm'd us more than all our foes beside,
Essay we next the city, so to learn
The Trojan purpose, whether (Hector slain)
They will forsake the citadel, or still
Defend it, even though of Him deprived.
But wherefore speak I thus? still undeplored,
Unburied in my fleet Patroclus lies;
Him never, while alive myself, I mix
With living men and move, will I forget.
In Ades, haply, they forget the dead,
Yet will not I Patroclus, even there.
Now chaunting pæans, ye Achaian youths
Return we to the fleet with this our prize;
We have achieved great glory[6], we have slain
Illustrious Hector, him whom Ilium praised
In all her gates, and as a God revered.
He said; then purposing dishonour foul
To noble Hector, both his feet he bored
From heel to ancle, and, inserting thongs,
Them tied behind his chariot, but his head
Left unsustain'd to trail along the ground.
Ascending next, the armour at his side
He placed, then lash'd the steeds; they willing flew.
Thick dust around the body dragg'd arose,
His sable locks all swept the plain, and all
His head, so graceful once, now track'd the dust,
For Jove had given it into hostile hands
That they might shame it in his native soil.

[6] The lines of which these three are a translation, are supposed by some to have been designed for the Επινικιον, or song of victory sung by the *whole army*.

Thus, whelm'd in dust, it went. The mother Queen
Her son beholding, pluck'd her hair away,
Cast far aside her lucid veil, and fill'd
With shrieks the air. His father wept aloud,
And, all around, long long complaints were heard
And lamentations in the streets of Troy,
Not fewer or less piercing, than if flames
Had wrapt all Ilium to her topmost towers.
His people scarce detain'd the ancient King
Grief-stung, and resolute to issue forth
Through the Dardanian gates; to all he kneel'd
In turn, then roll'd himself in dust, and each
By name solicited to give him way.
  Stand off, my fellow mourners! I would pass
The gates, would seek, alone, the Grecian fleet.
I go to supplicate the bloody man,
Yon ravager; he may respect, perchance,
My years, may feel some pity of my age;
For, such as I am, his own father is,
Peleus, who rear'd him for a curse to Troy,
But chiefly rear'd him to myself a curse,
So numerous have my sons in prime of youth
Fall'n by his hand, all whom I less deplore
(Through mourning all) than one; my agonies
For Hector, soon shall send me to the shades.
Oh had he but within these arms expired,
The hapless Queen who bore him, and myself
Had wept him, then, till sorrow could no more!
  So spake he weeping, and the citizens
All sigh'd around; next, Hecuba began
Amid the women, thus, her sad complaint.
  Ah wherefore, oh my son! wretch that I am,
Breathe I forlorn of thee? Thou, night and day,
My glory wast in Ilium, thee her sons
And daughters, both, hail'd as their guardian God,
Conscious of benefits from thee received,
Whose life prolong'd should have advanced them all
To high renown. Vain boast! thou art no more.
  So mourn'd the Queen. But fair Andromache
Nought yet had heard, nor knew by sure report
Hector's delay without the city-gates.

She in a closet of her palace sat,
A twofold web weaving magnificent,
With sprinkled flowers inwrought of various hues,
And to her maidens had commandment given
Through all her house, that compassing with fire
An ample tripod, they should warm a bath
For noble Hector from the fight return'd.
Tenderness ill-inform'd! she little knew
That in the field, from such refreshments far,
Pallas had slain him by Achilles' hand.
She heard a cry of sorrow from the tower;
Her limbs shook under her, her shuttle fell,
And to her bright-hair'd train, alarm'd, she cried.
Attend me two of you, that I may learn
What hath befallen. I have heard the voice
Of the Queen-mother; my rebounding heart
Chokes me, and I seem fetter'd by a frost.
Some mischief sure o'er Priam's sons impends.
Far be such tidings from me! but I fear
Horribly, lest Achilles, cutting off
My dauntless Hector from the gates alone,
Enforce him to the field, and quell perhaps
The might, this moment, of that dreadful arm
His hinderance long; for Hector ne'er was wont
To seek his safety in the ranks, but flew
First into battle, yielding place to none.
So saying, she rush'd with palpitating heart
And frantic air abroad, by her two maids
Attended; soon arriving at the tower,
And at the throng of men, awhile she stood
Down-looking wistful from the city-wall,
And, seeing him in front of Ilium, dragg'd
So cruelly toward the fleet of Greece,
O'erwhelm'd with sudden darkness at the view
Fell backward, with a sigh heard all around.
Far distant flew dispersed her head-attire,
Twist, frontlet, diadem, and even the veil
By golden Venus given her on the day
When Hector led her from Eëtion's house
Enrich'd with nuptial presents to his home.
Around her throng'd her sisters of the house

Of Priam, numerous, who within their arms
Fast held her[7] loathing life; but she, her breath
At length and sense recovering, her complaint
Broken with sighs amid them thus began.
Hector! I am undone; we both were born
To misery, thou in Priam's house in Troy,
And I in Hypoplacian Thebes wood-crown'd
Beneath Eëtion's roof. He, doom'd himself
To sorrow, me more sorrowfully doom'd,
Sustain'd in helpless infancy, whom oh
That he had ne'er begotten! thou descend'st
To Pluto's subterraneous dwelling drear,
Leaving myself destitute, and thy boy,
Fruit of our hapless loves, an infant yet,
Never to be hereafter thy delight,
Nor love of thine to share or kindness more.
For should he safe survive this cruel war,
With the Achaians penury and toil
Must be his lot, since strangers will remove
At will his landmarks, and possess his fields.
Thee lost, he loses all, of father, both,
And equal playmate in one day deprived,
To sad looks doom'd, and never-ceasing tears.
He seeks, necessitous his father's friends,
One by his mantle pulls, one by his vest,
Whose utmost pity yields to his parch'd lips
A thirst-provoking drop, and grudges more;
Some happier child, as yet untaught to mourn
A parent's loss, shoves rudely from the board
My son, and, smiting him, reproachful cries—
Away—Thy father is no guest of ours—
Then, weeping, to his widow'd mother comes
Astyanax, who on his father's lap
Ate marrow only, once, and fat of lambs,
And when sleep took him, and his crying fit
Had ceased, slept ever on the softest bed,
Warm in his nurse's arms, fed to his fill

[7] It is an observation of the Scholiast, that two more affecting spectacles cannot be imagined, than Priam struggling to escape into the field, and Andromache to cast herself from the wall; for so he understands ἀνυζομένην ἀπολισθαι.

With delicacies, and his heart at rest.
But now, Astyanax (so named in Troy
For thy sake, guardian of her gates and towers)
His father lost, must many a pang endure.
And as for thee, cast naked forth among
Yon galleys, where no parent's eye of thine
Shall find thee, when the dogs have torn thee once
Till they are sated, worms shall eat thee next.
Meantime, thy graceful raiment rich, prepared
By our own maidens, in thy palace lies;
But I will burn it, burn it all, because
Useless to thee, who never, so adorn'd,
Shalt slumber more; yet every eye in Troy
Shall see, how glorious once was thy attire.
So, weeping, she; to whom the multitude
Of Trojan dames responsive sigh'd around.

BOOK XXIII.

ARGUMENT.

The body of Patroclus is burned, and the funeral games ensue.

SUCH mourning was in Troy; meantime the Greeks
Their galleys and the shores of Hellespont
Regaining, each to his own ship retired.
But not the Myrmidons; Achilles them
Close rank'd in martial order still detain'd,
And thus his fellow-warriors brave address'd.
Ye swift-horsed Myrmidons, associates dear!
Release not from your chariots yet your steeds
Firm-hoof'd, but, steeds and chariots driving near,
Bewail Patroclus, as the rites demand
Of burial; then, satiate with grief and tears,
We will release our steeds, and take repast.
He ended, and, himself leading the way,
His numerous band all mourn'd at once the dead.
Around the body thrice their glossy steeds,
Mourning they drove, while Thetis in their hearts
The thirst of sorrow kindled; they with tears
The sands bedew'd, with tears their radiant arms,
Such deep regret of one so brave they felt.
Then, placing on the bosom of his friend
His homicidal hands, Achilles thus
The shade of his Patroclus, sad, bespake.
Hail, oh Patroclus, even in Ades hail!
For I will now accomplish to the full
My promise pledged to thee, that I would give
Hector dragg'd hither to be torn by dogs
Piecemeal, and would before thy funeral pile
The necks dissever of twelve Trojan youths
Of noblest rank, resentful of thy death.
He said, and meditating foul disgrace
To noble Hector, stretch'd him prone in dust.

Beside the bier of Menœtiades.
Then all the Myrmidons their radiant arms
Put off, and their shrill-neighing steeds released.
A numerous band beside the bark they sat
Of swift Æacides, who furnish'd forth
Himself a feast funereal for them all.
Many a white ox under the ruthless steel
Lay bleeding, many a sheep and blatant goat,
With many a saginated boar bright-tusk'd,
Amid fierce flames Vulcanian stretch'd to roast.
Copious the blood ran all around the dead.
And now the Kings of Greece conducted thence
To Agamemnon's tent the royal son
Of Peleus, loth to go, and won at last
With difficulty, such his anger was
And deep resentment of his slaughter'd friend.
Soon then as Agamemnon's tent they reach'd,
The Sovereign bade his heralds kindle fire
Around an ample vase, with purpose kind
Moving Achilles from his limbs to cleanse
The stains of battle; but he firm refused
That suit, and bound refusal with an oath—
No; by the Highest and the best of all,
By Jove I will not. Never may it be
That brazen bath approach this head of mine,
Till I shall first Patroclus' body give
To his last fires, till I shall pile his tomb,
And sheer my locks in honour of my friend;
For, like to this, no second woe shall e'er
My heart invade, while vital breath I draw.
But, all unwelcome as it is, repast
Now calls us. Agamemnon, King of men!
Give thou command that at the dawn they bring
Wood hither, such large portion as beseems
The dead, descending to the shades, to share,
That hungry flames consuming out of sight
His body soon, the host may war again.
He spake; they, hearing, readily obey'd.
Then, each his food preparing with dispatch,
They ate, nor wanted any of the guests
Due *portion, and their* appetite sufficed

To food and wine, all to their tents repair'd
Seeking repose; but on the sands beside
The billowy deep Achilles groaning lay
Amidst his Myrmidons, where space he found
With blood unstain'd beside the dashing wave.
There, soon as sleep, deliverer of the mind,
Wrapp'd him around (for much his noble limbs
With chase of Hector round the battlements
Of wind-swept Ilium wearied were and spent)
The soul came to him of his hapless friend,
In bulk resembling, in expressive eyes
And voice Patroclus, and so clad as he.
Him, hovering o'er his head, the form address'd.
  Sleep'st thou, Achilles! of thy friend become
Heedless? Him living thou didst not neglect
Whom thou neglectest dead. Give me a tomb
Instant, that I may pass the infernal gates.
For now, the shades and spirits of the dead
Drive me afar, denying me my wish
To mingle with them on the farthest shore,
And in wide-portal'd Ades sole I roam.
Give me thine hand, I pray thee, for the earth
I visit never more, once burnt with fire;
We never shall again close council hold
As we were wont, for me my fate severe,
Mine even from my birth, hath deep absorb'd.
And oh Achilles, semblance of the Gods!
Thou too predestined art beneath the wall
To perish of the high-born Trojan race.
But hear my last injunction! ah, my friend!
My bones sepulchre not from thine apart,
But as, together we were nourish'd both
Beneath thy roof, (what time from Opoëis
Menœtius led me to thy father's house,
Although a child, yet fugitive for blood,
Which, in a quarrel at the dice, I spilt,
Killing my playmate by a casual blow,
The offspring of Amphidamas, when, like
A father, Peleus with all tenderness
Received and cherish'd me, and call'd me thine)
So, let one vase inclose, at last, our bones,

en vase, thy Goddess mother's gift.
om Achilles, matchless in the race.
l and honour'd! wherefore hast thou come?
s enjoin'd me? I will all perform
gence that thou hast now desired.
er stand, that we may mutual clasp
er, though but with a short embrace,
satiety of grief enjoy.
d, and stretch'd his arms toward the shade,
seized not; shrill-clamouring and light
e, the spirit pass'd into the earth.
upsprang Achilles, clash'd aloud
s together, and thus, sad, exclaim'd.
en, ye Gods! there doubtless are below
and semblance both, but empty forms;
ight long, mourning, disconsolate,
of my Patroclus, hapless friend!
er'd o'er me, giving me in charge
equests, just image of himself.
ing, he call'd anew their sorrow forth,
-palm'd Aurora found them all
g afresh the pitiable dead.
al Agamemnon call'd abroad
d mule-drivers from the tents in haste
r wood. Uprose a valiant man,
f the virtuous Chief Idomeneus,
, who led them to the task.
aring each in hand his sharpen'd axe
ted cord, thence journey'd forth, the mules
before them; much uneven space
asured, hill and dale, right onward now,
circuitous; but at the groves
at length, of Ida fountain-fed,
en-edged axes to the towering oaks
ful they applied; down fell the trees
sh sonorous. Splitting, next, the trunks,
nd them on the mules; they, with firm hoofs
side stamping, through the thickets rush'd,
of the plain. Each man his log
he armour-bearer of the King
Meriones, had them enjoin'd)

Bore after them, and each his burthen cast
Down on the beach regular, where a tomb
Of ample size Achilles for his friend
Patroclus had, and for himself, design'd.
Much fuel thrown together, side by side
There down they sat, and his command at once
Achilles issued to his warriors bold,
That all should gird their armour, and the steeds
Join to their chariots; undelaying each
Complied, and in bright arms stood soon array'd.
Then mounted combatants and charioteers.
First, moved the chariots, next, the infantry
Proceeded numerous, amid whom his friends,
Bearing the body of Patroclus, went.
They poll'd their heads, and cover'd him with hair
Shower'd over all his body, while behind
Noble Achilles march'd the Hero's head
Sustaining sorrowful, for to the realms
Of Ades a distinguish'd friend he sent.
And now, arriving on the ground erewhile
Mark'd by Achilles, setting down the dead,
They heap'd the fuel quick, a lofty pile.
But Peleus' son, on other thoughts intent,
Retiring from the funeral pile, shore off
His amber ringlets, whose exuberant growth
Sacred to Sperchius he had kept unshorn,
And looking o'er the gloomy Deep, he said.
Sperchius! in vain Peleus my father vow'd
That, hence returning to my native land,
These ringlets shorn I should present to thee
With a whole hecatomb, and should, beside,
Rams offer fifty at thy fountain head
In thy own field, at thy own fragrant shrine.
So vow'd the hoary Chief, whose wishes thou
Leavest unperform'd. Since, therefore, never more
I see my native home, the Hero these
Patroclus takes down with him to the shades.
He said, and filling with his hair the hand
Of his dead friend, the sorrows of his train
Waken'd afresh. And now the lamp of day
Westering[1] apace, had left them still in tears,

[1] Westering wheel. MILTON.

; Achilles suddenly address'd
;amemnon, standing at his side.
:s! (for Achaia's sons thy word
diest execute,) we may with grief
)urselves hereafter; but, the host
ng from the pile, now give command
:y prepare repast; ourselves,[2] to whom
bours in peculiar appertain
sh them; but bid the Chiefs abide.
ı when imperial Agamemnon heard,
er'd instant to their several ships
ple; but the burial-dressers thence
t; they, still abiding, heap'd the pile.
lred feet of breadth from side to side
ve to it, and on the summit placed
:rowing hearts the body of the dead.
fat sheep, with many an ox full-horn'd
y'd before the pile, busy their task
tering, and Peleus' son the fat
'rom every victim, overspread
e the body with it of his friend
s, and the flay'd beasts heap'd around.
acing flagons on the pile, replete
and honey, he inclined their mouths
:he bier, and slew and added next,
)aning and in haste, four martial steeds.
;s the Hero at his table fed,
ı beheading two, their carcases
l also. Last, twelve gallant sons
Trojans slaying, (for his heart
vith great vengeance,) he applied the force
:y flames that should devour the whole,
ourning loud, by name his friend invoked.
e, Patroclus! even in the shades.
ıy promise to thee all fulfill'd!
allant sons of Trojans famed in arms,
with thyself, are all become
these fires: but fire shall never feed
)r; him I destine to the dogs.
:aten'd he; but Him no dogs devour'd;

[2] *Himself* and the Myrmidons.

Them, day and night, Jove's daughter Venus chased
Afar, and smooth'd the Hero o'er with oils
Of rosy scent ambrosial, lest his corse,
Behind Achilles' chariot dragg'd along
So rudely, should be torn, and Phœbus hung
A veil of sable clouds from heaven to earth,
O'ershadowing broad the space where Hector lay,
Lest parching suns intense should stiffen him.
But the pile kindled not. Then, Peleus' son
Seeking a place apart, two Winds in prayer
Boreas invoked and Zephyrus, to each
Vowing large sacrifice. With earnest suit
(Libation pouring from a golden cup)
Their coming he implored, that so the flames
Kindling, incontinent might burn the dead.
Iris, his supplications hearing, swift
Convey'd them to the Winds; they, in the hall
Banquetting of the heavy-blowing West,
Sat frequent. Iris, sudden at the gate
Appear'd; they, at the sight upstarting all,
Invited each the Goddess to himself.
But she refused a seat and thus she spake.
I sit not here. Borne over Ocean's stream
Again, to Æthiopia's land I go
Where hecatombs are offer'd to the Gods,
Which, with the rest, I also wish to share.
But Peleus' son, earnest, the aid implores
Of Boreas and of Zephyrus the loud,
Vowing large sacrifice if ye will fan
Briskly the pile on which Patroclus lies
By all Achaia's warriors deep deplored.
She said, and went. Then suddenly arose
The Winds, and, roaring, swept the clouds along.
First, on the sea they blew; big rose the waves
Beneath the blast. At fruitful Troy arrived
Vehement on the pile they fell, and dread
On all sides soon a crackling blaze ensued.
All night, together blowing shrill, they drove
The sheeted flames wide from the funereal pile,
And all night long, a goblet in his hand
From golden beakers fill'd, Achilles stood

ı libations soaking deep the soil,
g on the spirit of his friend.
ɔnd father mourns, burning the bones
ı son, who, dying on the eve
l nuptials, hath his parents left
'd with inconsolable distress,
d Achilles, his companion's bones
nd pacing to and fro the field
pile with many a sigh profound.
the star, day's harbinger, arose,
whom, in saffron vest attired
her beams diffuses o'er the sea,
hen wasted, ceased to flame, and then
the Winds over the Thracian deep
ɛ flood before them as they pass'd.
Pelides lying down apart
funereal pile, slept, but not long,
ɛary; waken'd by the stir and din
nnon's train. He sat erect,
:he leaders of the host address'd.
and ye potentates who rule
Achaian host! first quench the pile
ıt with generous wine, where'er the fire
d it. We will then the bones collect
ades, which shall with ease
though many bones lie scatter'd near,
ıe middle pile Patroclus lay,
ıpart and on its verge we burn'd
and Trojans, a promiscuous heap.
ollected in a golden vase
spose, lined with a double caul,
, also, to my home below.
now a tomb of amplest bounds
s may suffice, which yet in height
ans and in breadth shall much augment
who, survivors of my fate,
remain in the Achaian fleet.
ɛ Pelides, and the Chiefs complied.
he pile had blazed, with generous wine
ch'd it, and the hills of ashes sank.
ɔing, to a golden vase, with lard

Twice lined, they gave their gentle comrade's bones
Fire-bleach'd, and lodging safely in his tent
The relics, overspread them with a veil.
Designing, next, the compass of the tomb
They mark'd its boundary with stones, then fill'd
The wide enclosure hastily with earth,
And, having heap'd it to its height, return'd.
But all the people, by Achilles still
Detain'd, there sitting, form'd a spacious ring,
And he the destined prizes from his fleet
Produced, capacious cauldrons, tripods bright,
Steeds, mules, tall oxen, women at the breast
Close-cinctured elegant, and unwrought[3] iron.
First, to the chariot-drivers he proposed
A noble prize; a beauteous maiden versed
In arts domestic, with a tripod ear'd,
Of twenty and two measures. These he made
The conqueror's meed. The second should a mare
Obtain, unbroken yet, six years her age,
Pregnant, and bearing in her womb a mule.
A cauldron of four measures, never smirch'd
By smoke or flame, but fresh as from the forge
The third awaited; to the fourth he gave
Two golden talents, and, unsullied yet
By use, a twin-ear'd phial[4] to the fifth.
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.
Atrides, and ye Chiefs of all the host!
These prizes, in the circus placed, attend
The charioteers. Held we the present games
In honour of some other Grecian dead,
I would myself bear hence the foremost prize;
For ye are all witnesses well-inform'd
Of the superior virtue of my steeds.
They are immortal; Neptune on my sire
Peleus conferr'd them, and my sire on me.
But neither I this contest share myself,
Nor shall my steeds; for they would miss the force

[3] Such it appears to have been in the sequel.

[4] Φιάλη—a vessel, as Athenæus describes it, made for the purpose warming water. It was formed of brass, and expanded somewhat the shape of a broad leaf.

e of a charioteer so kind
lost, who many a time hath cleansed
with water of the crystal brook,
em sleek, himself, with limpid oil.
:e, mourning, motionless they stand
hevell'd, streaming to the ground.
ver of the host profess
l, and glory in your steeds
t chariots, for the strife prepare!
'elides, and the charioteers,
iown'd, arose. Long ere the rest
ig of men, Admetus' son
plish'd in equestrian arts.
' son, brave Diomede, arose;
Trojan coursers by himself
ı Æneas won what time
their master. Third, upstood
treus with the golden locks,
ıariot Agamemnon's mare
nd his own Podargus join'd.
ıs from Anchises sprung
on gave; she was the price
ɔurchased leave to dwell at home
ıdance on the King at Troy;
ift of Jove, he had acquired
and in wide-spread Sicyon dwelt.
/ith ardour, Menelaus yoked.
rising fourth, his steeds
prepared, son of the valiant King
stor Neleïades.
:ed were they, and thus his sire,
:ent approaching to his side,
of himself not uninform'd.
! Thou art, I know, beloved
Neptune both, from whom, though young,
:eived knowledge of every art
nd hast little need to learn.
already how to trim the goal
kill, yet wondrous slow of foot
are, whence evil may ensue.
ıeir steeds be swifter, I account

Thee wise, at least, as they. Now is the time
For counsel, furnish now thy mind with all
Precaution, that the prize escape thee not.
The feller of huge trees by skill prevails
More than by strength; by skill the pilot guides
His flying bark rock'd by tempestuous winds,
And more by skill than speed the race is won.
But He who in his chariot and his steeds
Trusts only, wanders here and wanders there
Unsteady, while his coursers loosely rein'd
Roam wide the field; not so the charioteer
Of sound intelligence; he though he drive
Inferior steeds, looks ever to the goal
Which close he clips, not ignorant to check
His coursers at the first, but with tight rein
Ruling his own, and watching those before.
Now mark; I will describe so plain the goal
That thou shalt know it surely. A dry stump
Extant above the ground an ell in height
Stands yonder; either oak it is, or pine
More likely, which the weather least impairs.
Two stones, both white, flank it on either hand.
The way is narrow there, but smooth the course
On both sides. It is either, as I think,
A monument of one long since deceased,
Or was, perchance, in ancient days design'd,
As now by Peleus' mighty son, a goal.
That mark in view, thy steeds and chariot push
Near to it as thou may'st; then, in thy seat
Inclining gently to the left, prick smart
Thy right-hand horse challenging him aloud,
And give him rein; but let thy left-hand horse
Bear on the goal so closely, that the nave
And felly[5] of thy wheel may seem to meet.
Yet fear to strike the stone, lest foul disgrace
Of broken chariot and of crippled steeds

[5] This could not happen unless the felly of the wheel were nearly horizontal to the eye of the spectator, in which case the chariot must be infallibly overturned.—There is an obscurity in the passage which none of the commentators explain. The Scholiast, as quoted by Clarke, attempts an explanation, but, I think, not successfully.

, and thou become the public jest.
y beloved! use caution; for if once
:urn the goal at speed, no man thenceforth
:each, or if he reach, shall pass thee by,
ıgh Arion in thy rear he drove
.us' rapid horse of race divine,
ıse, Troy's boast, bred by Laomedon.
Nestor spake, inculcating with care
ı son's mind these lessons in the art,
) his place retiring, sat again.
ıes his coursers glossy-maned
ready last. Then to his chariot-seat
nounted, and the lots were thrown; himself
:s shook them. First, forth leap'd the lot
stor's son Antilochus, after whom
ıng Eumelus took his destined place.
ıird was Menelaus spear-renown'd;
ıes the fourth; and last of all
ıt of all, heroic Diomede
ɔn of Tydeus took his lot to drive.
ıged they stood; Achilles show'd the goal
ı the champaign, nigh to which he placed
ɔdlike Phœnix servant of his sire,
rk the race and make a true report.
raised the lash at once, and with the reins
:e all smote their steeds, urging them on
rous; they, sudden, left the fleet
ır behind them, scouring swift the plain.
like a stormy cloud, uprose the dust
chests beneath, and scatter'd in the wind
manes all floated; now the chariots swept
ıw declivity unseen, and now
;ing started into view; erect
:ivers stood; emulous, every heart
.ouble; each encouraged loud his steeds;
flying, fill'd with dust the darken'd air.
hen returning to the hoary deep
:an their last career, then each display'd
est his charioteership, and the race
retch'd, at once, into its utmost speed.

Then, soon the mares of Pheretiades[6]
Pass'd all, but Diomede behind him came,
Borne by his unemasculated steeds
Of Trojan pedigree; they not remote,
But close pursued him; and at every pace
Seem'd entering both, the chariot at their head;
For blowing warm into Eumelus' neck
Behind, and on his shoulders broad, they went,
And their chins rested on him as they flew.
Then had Tydides pass'd him, or had made
Decision dubious, but Apollo struck,
Resentful[7], from his hand the glittering scourge.
Fast roll'd the tears indignant down his cheeks,
For he beheld the mares with double speed,
Flying, and of the spur deprived, his own
Retarded steeds continual thrown behind.
But not unnoticed by Minerva pass'd
The art by Phœbus practised to impede
The son of Tydeus, whom with winged haste
Following, she gave to him his scourge again,
And with new force his lagging steeds inspired.
Eumelus, next, the angry Goddess, swift
Pursuing, snapt his yoke; wide flew the mares
Asunder, and the pole fell to the ground.
Himself, roll'd from his seat, fast by the wheel
With lacerated elbows, nostrils, mouth,
And batter'd brows lay prone; sorrow his eyes
Deluged, and disappointment choak'd his voice.
Then, far outstripping all, Tydides push'd
His steeds beyond, which Pallas fill'd with power
That she might make the glorious prize his own.
Him follow'd Menelaus amber-hair'd,
The son of Atreus, and his father's steeds
Encouraging, thus spake Antilochus.
Away—now stretch ye forward to the goal.
I bid you not to an unequal strife
With those of Diomede, for Pallas them
Quickens that he may conquer, and the Chief
So far advanced makes competition vain.

[6] Eumelus.

[7] Resentful of the attack made on him by Diomede in the fifth Book.

But reach the son of Atreus, fly to reach
His steeds, incontinent; ah, be not shamed
For ever, foil'd by Æthe, by a mare!
Why fall ye thus behind, my noblest steeds?
I tell you both, and ye shall prove me true,
No favour shall ye find at Nestor's hands,
My valiant Sire, but he will thrust his spear
Right through you, should we lose, for sloth of yours,
Or by your negligence, the nobler prize.
Haste then—pursue him—reach the royal Chief—
And how to pass him in yon narrow way
Shall be my care, and not my care in vain.
He ended; they, awhile, awed by his voice,
With more exertion ran, and Nestor's son
Now saw the hollow straight mark'd by his Sire.
It was a chasm abrupt, where winter-floods,
Wearing the soil, had gullied deep the way.
Thither Atrides, anxious to avoid
A clash of chariots drove, and thither drove
Also, but somewhat devious from his track,
Antilochus. Then Menelaus fear'd,
And with loud voice the son of Nestor hail'd.
Antilochus, at what a madman's rate
Drivest thou! stop—check thy steeds,—the way is here
Too straight, but widening soon, will give thee scope
To pass me by; beware, lest chariot close
To chariot driven, thou maim thyself and me.
He said; but still more rapid and the scourge
Plying continual, as he had not heard,
Antilochus came on. Far as the quoit
By some broad-shoulder'd youth for trial hurl'd
Of manhood flies, so far Antilochus
Shot forward; but the coursers fell behind
Of Atreus' son, who now abated much
By choice his driving, lest the steeds of both
Justling, should overturn with sudden shock
Both chariots, and themselves in dust be roll'd,
Through hot ambition of the foremost prize.
Him then the Hero golden-hair'd reproved.
Antilochus! the man lives not on earth
Like thee for *love of* mischief. Go, extoll'd

For wisdom falsely by the sons of Greece.
Yet, trust me, not without an oath, the prize
Thus foully sought shall even now be thine.
He said, and to his coursers call'd aloud.
Ah be not tardy; stand not sorrow-check'd;
Their feet will fail them sooner far than yours,
For years have pass'd since they had youth to boast.
So He; and springing at his voice, his steeds
Regain'd apace the vantage lost. Meantime
The Grecians, in full circus seated, mark'd
The steeds; they flying, fill'd with dust the air.
Then, ere the rest, Idomeneus discern'd
The foremost pair; for, on a rising ground
Exalted, he without the circus sat,
And hearing, though remote, the driver's voice
Chiding his steeds, knew it, and knew beside
The leader horse distinguish'd by his hue,
Chestnut throughout, save that his forehead bore
A splendid blazon white, round as the moon.
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.
Friends! Chiefs and senators of Argos' host!
Discern I sole the steeds, or also ye?
The horses, foremost now, to me appear
Other than erst, and I descry at hand
A different charioteer; the mares of late
Victorious, somewhere distant in the race
Are hurt; I plainly saw them at the first
Turning the goal, but see them now no more;
And yet with eyes inquisitive I range
From side to side the whole broad plain of Troy.
Either the charioteer hath slipp'd the reins,
Or rounded not successfully the goal
Through want of guidance. Thrown, as it should seem,
Forth from his seat, he hath his chariot maim'd,
And his ungovern'd steeds have roam'd away.
Arise and look ye forth yourselves, for I
With doubtful ken behold him; yet the man
Seems, in my view, Ætolian by descent,
A Chief of prime renown in Argos' host,
The Hero Tydeus' son, brave Diomede.
But Ajax Oïliades the swift

harp reproved. Why art thou always given
ıte, Idomeneus? thou seest the mares,
:e indeed, but posting to the goal.
ırt not youngest of the Argives here
ch, nor from beneath thy brows look forth
-sighted more than ours, thine eyes abroad,
ıll thou pratest, although silence more
l suit thee, among wiser far than thou.
ares which led, lead still, and he who drives
us, is the same who drove before.
whom the Cretan Chief, angry, replied.
whom none in wrangling can excel
leness, though in all beside thou fall
the Argives, being boorish-rough,
now—a tripod let us wager each,
ıldron, and let Agamemnon judge
horses lead, that, losing, thou may'st learn.
said; then sudden from his seat upsprang
Ajax Oïliades, prepared
ırsh retort, nor had the contest ceased
:n them, but had grown from ill to worse,
ot himself, Achilles, interposed.
-Idomeneus—abstain ye both
bitter speech offensive, and such terms
become you. Ye would feel, yourselves,
:ment, should another act as ye,
the course, peaceable, from your seats;
ıarioteers, by competition wing'd,
ɔon themselves arrive, then shall ye know
:tly, both who follows and who leads.
ɜcarce had said, when nigh at hand appear'd
:s, lashing, as he came, his steeds
ual; they with hoofs uplifted high
yet remaining ground shorten'd apace,
ling with dusty drops at every stroke
:harioteer, while close upon their heels
ıt with tin and gold the chariot ran,
tracking light the dust, so swift they flew.
od in the mid-circus; there the sweat
under them from neck and chest profuse,
iomede from his resplendent seat

Leaping, reclined his scourge against the yoke.
Nor was his friend brave Sthenelus remiss,
But, seizing with alacrity the prize,
Consign'd the tripod and the virgin, first,
To his own band in charge; then loosed the steeds.
Next came, by stratagem, not speed advanced
To that distinction, Nestor's son, whom yet
The Hero Menelaus close pursued.
Near as the wheel runs to a courser's heels,
Drawing his master at full speed; his tail
With its extremest hairs the felly sweeps
That close attends him o'er the spacious plain,
So near had Menelaus now approach'd
Antilochus; for though at first he fell
A full quoit's cast behind, he soon retrieved
That loss, with such increasing speed the mare
Bright-maned of Agamemnon, Æthe, ran;
She, had the course few paces more to both
Afforded, should have clearly shot beyond
Antilochus, nor dubious left the prize.
But noble Menelaus threw behind
Meriones, companion in the field,
Of King Idomeneus, a lance's flight,
For slowest were his steeds, and he, to rule
The chariot in the race, least skill'd of all.
Last came Eumelus drawing to the goal,
Himself, his splendid chariot, and his mares
Driving before him. Peleus' rapid son
Beheld him with compassion, and, amid
The Argives, in wing'd accents thus he spake.
Here comes the most expert, driving his steeds
Before him. Just it were that he received
The second prize; Tydides claims the first.
He said, and all applauded the award.
Then had Achilles to Eumelus given
The mare (for such the pleasure seem'd of all)
Had not the son of mighty Nestor risen,
Antilochus, who pleaded thus his right.
Achilles! acting as thou hast proposed,
Thou shalt offend me much, for thou shalt take
The prize from me, because the Gods, his steeds

And chariot-yoke disabling, render'd vain
His efforts, and no failure of his own.
It was his duty to have sought the Gods
In prayer, then had he not, following on foot
His coursers, hindmost of us all arrived.
But if thou pity him, and deem it good,
Thou hast much gold, much brass, and many sheep
In thy pavilion; thou hast maidens fair,
And coursers also. Of thy proper stores
Hereafter give to him a richer prize
Than this, or give it now, so shall the Greeks
Applaud thee; but this mare yield I to none;
Stand forth the Grecian who desires to win
That recompense, and let him fight with me.
He ended, and Achilles, godlike Chief,
Smiled on him, gratulating his success,
Whom much he loved; then, ardent, thus replied.
Antilochus! if thou wouldst wish me give
Eumelus of my own, even so I will.
I will present to him my corslet bright
Won from Asteropæus, edged around
With glittering tin; a precious gift, and rare.
So saying, he bade Automedon his friend
Produce it from the tent; he at his word
Departing, to Achilles brought the spoil,
Which at his hands Eumelus glad received.
Then, stung with grief, and with resentment fired
Immeasurable, Menelaus rose
To charge Antilochus. His herald gave
The sceptre to his hand, and (silence bidden
To all) the godlike Hero thus began.
Antilochus! oh heretofore discreet!
What hast thou done? Thou hast dishonour'd foul
My skill, and wrong'd my coursers, throwing thine,
Although inferior far, by fraud before them.
Ye Chiefs and Senators of Argos' host!
Impartial judge between us, lest of these,
Some say hereafter, Menelaus bore
Antilochus by falsehood down, and led
The mare away, because, although his steeds
Were worse, *his arm* was mightier, and prevail'd.

Yet hold—myself will judge, and will to all
Contentment give, for I will judge aright.
Hither, Antilochus, illustrious youth!
And, as the law prescribes, standing before
Thy steeds and chariot, holding too the scourge
With which thou drovest, lay hand on both thy steeds,
And swear by Neptune, circler of the earth,
That neither wilfully, nor yet by fraud
Thou didst impede my chariot in its course.
  Then, prudent, thus Antilochus replied.
Oh royal Menelaus! patient bear
The fault of one thy junior far, in years
Alike unequal and in worth to thee.
Thou know'st how rash is youth, and how propense
To pass the bounds by decency prescribed,
Quick, but not wise. Lay, then, thy wrath aside;
The mare now given me I will myself
Deliver to thee, and if thou require
A larger recompense, will rather yield
A larger much than from thy favour fall
Deservedly for ever, mighty Prince!
And sin so heinously against the Gods.
  So saying, the son of valiant Nestor led
The mare, himself, to Menelaus' hand,
Who with heart-freshening joy the prize received.
As on the ears of growing corn the dews
Fall grateful, while the spiry grain erect
Bristles the fields, so, Menelaus, felt
Thy inmost soul a soothing pleasure sweet!
Then answer thus the Hero quick return'd.
  Antilochus! exasperate though I were,
Now, such no longer, I relinquish glad
All strife with thee, for that at other times
Thou never inconsiderate wast or light,
Although by youthful heat misled to-day.
Yet safer is it not to over-reach
Superiors, for no other Grecian here
Had my extreme displeasure calm'd so soon;
But thou hast suffer'd much, and much hast toil'd,
As thy good father and thy brother have,
On my behalf; I, therefore, yield, subdued

By thy entreaties, and the mare, though mine,
Will also give thee, that these Grecians all
May know me neither proud nor hard to appease.
So saying, the mare he to Noëmon gave,
Friend of Antilochus, and, well-content,
The polish'd cauldron for *his* prize received.
The fourth awarded lot (for he had fourth
Arrived) Meriones asserted next,
The golden talents; but the phial still
Left unappropriated Achilles bore
Across the circus in his hand, a gift
To ancient Nestor, whom he thus bespake.
Thou also, oh my father! this accept,
Which, in remembrance of the funeral rites
Of my Patroclus, keep, for him thou seest
Among the Greeks no more. Receive a prize,
Thine by gratuity; for thou shalt wield
The cæstus, wrestle, at the spear contend,
Or in the foot-race (fallen as thou art
Into the wane of life) never again.
He said, and placed it in his hands. He, glad,
Receiving it, in accents wing'd replied.
True, oh my son! is all which thou hast spoken.
These limbs, these hands, young friend! (their vigour lost)
No longer, darted from the shoulder, spring
At once to battle. Ah that I could grow
Young yet again, could feel again such force
Athletic, as when in Buprasium erst
The Epeans with sepulchral pomp entomb'd
King Amarynceus, where his sons ordain'd
Funereal games in honour of their Sire!
Epean none or even Pylian there
Could cope with me, or yet Ætolian bold.
Boxing, I vanquish'd Clytomedes, son
Of Enops; wrestling, the Pleuronian Chief
Ancæus; in the foot-race Iphiclus,
Though a fleet runner; and I over-pitch'd
Phyleus and Polydorus at the spear.
The sons of Actor in the chariot-race
Alone surpass'd me, being two for one,

And jealous both lest I should also win
That prize, for to the victor charioteer
They had assign'd the noblest prize of all.
They were twin-brothers, and one ruled the steeds,
The steeds one ruled[8], the other lash'd them on.
Such once was I; but now, these sports I leave
To younger; me submission most befits
To withering age, who then outshone the best.
But go. The funeral of thy friend with games
Proceed to celebrate; I accept thy gift
With pleasure; and my heart is also glad
That thou art mindful evermore of one
Who loves thee, and such honour in the sight
Yield'st me of all the Greeks, as is my due.
May the Gods bless thee for it more and more!
He spake, and Peleus' son, when he had heard
At large his commendation from the lips
Of Nestor, through the assembled Greeks return'd.
He next proposed, not lightly to be won,
The boxer's prize. He tether'd down a mule,
Untamed and hard to tame, but strong to toil,
And in her prime of vigour, in the midst;
A goblet to the vanquish'd he assign'd,
Then stood erect, and to the Greeks exclaim'd.
Atridæ! and ye Argives brazen-greaved!
I call for two bold combatants expert
To wage fierce strife for these, with lifted fists
Smiting each other. He, who by the aid
Of Phœbus shall o'ercome, and whom the Greeks
Shall all pronounce victorious, leads the mule
Hence to his tent; the vanquish'd takes the cup.
He spake, and at his word a Greek arose
Big, bold, and skilful in the boxer's art,
Epeüs, son of Panopeus; his hand
He on the mule imposed, and thus he said.
Approach the man ambitious of the cup!
For no Achaian here shall with his fist
Me foiling, win the mule. I boast myself
To all superior. May it not suffice
That I to no pre-eminence pretend

[8] The repetition follows the Original.

In battle? To attain to foremost praise
Alike in every art is not for one.
But this I promise, and will well perform—
My blows shall lay him open, split him, crush
His bones to splinters, and let all his friends,
Attendant on him, wait to bear him hence,
Vanquish'd by my superior force in fight.
He ended, and his speech found no reply.
One godlike Chief alone, Euryalus,
Son of the King Mecisteus, who, himself,
Sprang from Talaion, opposite arose.
He, on the death of Oedipus, at Thebes
Contending in the games held at his tomb,
Had overcome the whole Cadmean race.
Him Diomede spear-famed for fight prepared,
Giving him all encouragement, for much
He wish'd him victory. First then he threw[9]
His cincture to him; next, he gave him thongs[10]
Cut from the hide of a wild buffalo.
Both girt around, into the midst they moved.
Then, lifting high their brawny arms, and fists
Mingling with fists, to furious fight they fell;
Dire was the crash of jaws, and the sweat stream'd
From every limb. Epeüs fierce advanced,
And while Euryalus with cautious eye
Watch'd his advantage, pash'd him on the cheek.
He stood no longer, but, his shapely limbs,
Unequal to his weight, sinking, he fell.
As by the rising North-wind driven ashore
An huge fish flounces on the weedy beach,
Which soon the sable flood covers again,
So, beaten down, he bounded. But Epeüs,
Heroic Chief, upraised him by his hand,
And his own comrades from the circus forth
Led him, step dragging after step, the blood
Ejecting grumous, and at every pace
Rolling his head languid from side to side.
They placed him all unconscious on his seat
In his own band, then fetch'd his prize, the cup.

[9] παρακάββαλε.
[10] *With which* they bound on the cestus.

Still other prizes, then, Achilles placed
In view of all, the sturdy wrestler's meed.
A large hearth-tripod, valued by the Greeks
At twice six beeves, should pay the victor's toil;
But for the vanquish'd, in the midst he set
A damsel in variety expert
Of arts domestic, valued at four beeves.
He rose erect, and to the Greeks he cried.
Arise ye, now, who shall this prize dispute.
So spake the son of Peleus; then arose
Huge Telamonian Ajax, and upstood
Ulysses also, in all wiles adept.
Both girt around, into the midst they moved.
With vigorous gripe each lock'd the other fast,
Like rafters, standing, of some mansion built
By a prime artist, proof against all winds.
Their backs, tugg'd vehemently, creak'd[11], the sweat
Trickled, and on their flanks and shoulders, red
The whelks arose; they bearing still in mind
The tripod, ceased not struggling for the prize.
Nor could Ulysses from his station move
And cast down Ajax, nor could Ajax him
Unsettle, fixt so firm Ulysses stood.
But when, long time expectant, all the Greeks
Grew weary, then, huge Ajax him bespake.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Lift, or be lifted, and let Jove decide.
He said, and heaved Ulysses. Then, his wiles
Forgat not He, but on the ham behind
Chopp'd him; the limbs of Ajax at the stroke
Disabled sank; he fell supine, and bore
Ulysses close adhering to his chest
Down with him. Wonder rivetted all eyes.
Then brave Ulysses from the ground awhile
Him lifted in his turn, but ere he stood,
Inserting his own knee the knees between[12]

[11] τετρίγει.—It is a circumstance on which the Scholiast observes that it denotes in a wrestler the greatest possible bodily strength and firmness of position.—See Villoisson.

[12] I have given what seems to me the most probable interpretation, and such a one as to any person who has ever witnessed a wrestling-match, will, I presume, appear intelligible.

Of Ajax, threw him. To the earth they fell
Both, and with dust defiled lay side by side.
And now, arising to a third essay,
They should have wrestled yet again, had not
Achilles, interfering, them restrain'd.
  Strive not together more; cease to exhaust
Each other's force; ye both have earn'd the prize.
Depart alike requited, and give place
To other Grecians who shall next contend.
  He spake; they glad complied, and wiping off
The dust, put on their tunics. Then again
Achilles other prizes yet proposed,
The rapid runner's meed. First, he produced
A silver goblet of six measures; earth
Own'd not its like for elegance of form.
Skilful Sidonian artists had around
Embellish'd it, and o'er the sable Deep
Phœnician merchants into Lemnos' port
Had borne it, and the boon to Thoas[13] given;
But Jason's son, Euneüs, in exchange
For Priam's son Lycaon, to the hand
Had pass'd it of Patroclus famed in arms.
Achilles this, in honour of his friend,
Set forth, the swiftest runner's recompense.
The second should a fatted ox receive
Of largest size, and he assign'd of gold
A just half-talent to the worst and last.
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.
  Now stand ye forth who shall this prize dispute.
He said, and at his word instant arose
Swift Ajax Oïliades; upsprang
The shrewd Ulysses next, and after him
Brave Nestor's son Antilochus, with whom
None vied in speed of all the youths of Greece.
They stood prepared. Achilles show'd the goal.
At once all started. Oïliades
Led swift the course, and closely at his heels
Ulysses ran. Near as some cinctured maid
Industrious holds the distaff to her breast,

[13] King of Lemnos.

While to and fro with practised finger neat
She tends the flax drawing it to a thread,
So near Ulysses follow'd him, and press'd
His footsteps, ere the dust fill'd them again,
Pouring his breath into his neck behind,
And never slackening pace. His ardent thirst
Of victory with universal shouts
All seconded, and, eager, bade him On.
And now, the contest shortening to a close,
Ulysses his request silent and brief
To azure-eyed Minerva thus preferr'd.
Oh Goddess hear, prosper me in the race!
Such was his prayer, with which Minerva pleased,
Freshen'd his limbs, and made him light to run.
And now, when in one moment they should both
Have darted on the prize, then Ajax' foot
Sliding, he fell; for where the dung of beeves
Slain by Achilles for his friend, had spread
The soil, there[14] Pallas tripp'd him. Ordure foul
His mouth, and ordure foul his nostrils fill'd.
Then brave Ulysses, first arriving, seized
The cup, and Ajax took his prize, the ox.
He grasp'd his horn, and sputtering as he stood
The ordure forth, the Argives thus bespake.
Ah—Pallas tripp'd my footsteps; she attends
Ulysses ever with a mother's care.
Loud laugh'd the Grecians. Then, the remnant prize
Antilochus receiving, smiled and said.
Ye need not, fellow-warriors, to be taught
That now as ever, the immortal Gods
Honour on seniority bestow.
Ajax is elder, yet not much, than I.
But Laertiades was born in times
Long past, a Chief coeval with our Sires,
Not young, but vigorous; and, of the Greeks,
Achilles may alone with Him contend.
So saying, the merit of superior speed
To Peleus' son he gave, who thus replied.
Antilochus! thy praise of me shall prove

[14] That is to say, Ulysses, who, from the first intending it, had run close behind him.

Nor vain nor unproductive to thyself,
For the half-talent doubled shall be thine.
He spake, and, doubling it, the talent placed
Whole in his hand. He glad the gift received.
Achilles, then, Sarpedon's arms produced,
Stripp'd from him by Patroclus, his long spear,
Helmet and shield, which in the midst he placed.
He stood erect, and to the Greeks he cried.
I call for two brave warriors arm'd to prove
Each other's skill with weapons keen, this prize
Disputing, next, in presence of us all.
Who first shall through his armour reach the skin
Of his antagonist, and shall draw his blood,
To Him this silver-studded faulchion bright
I give ; the blade is Thracian, and of late
Asteropæus wore it, whom I slew.
These other arms shall be their common meed,
And I will banquet both within my tent.
He said, then Telamonian Ajax huge
Arose, and opposite the son arose
Of warlike Tydeus, Diomede the brave.
Apart from all the people each put on
His arms, then moved into the middle space,
Louring terrific, and on fire to fight.
The host look'd on amazed. Approaching each
The other, thrice they sprang to the assault,
And thrice struck hand to hand. Ajax the shield
Pierced of his adversary, but the flesh
Attain'd not, baffled by his mail within.
Then Tydeus' son, sheer o'er the ample disk
Of Ajax, thrust a lance home to his neck,
And the Achaians for the life appall'd
Of Ajax, bade them, ceasing, share the prize.
But the huge faulchion with its sheath and belt—
Achilles them on Diomede bestow'd.
The Hero, next, an iron clod produced
Rough from the forge, and wont to task the might
Of King Eëtion ; but, when him he slew,
Pelides, glorious Chief, with other spoils
From Thebes convey'd it in his fleet to Troy.
He *stood erect, and* to the Greeks he cried.

Come forth who also shall this prize dispute!
How far soe'er remote the winner's fields,
This lump shall serve his wants five circling years;
His shepherd shall not, or his plougher, need
In quest of iron seek the distant town,
But hence he shall himself their wants supply.
Then Polypœtes brave in fight arose,
Arose Leonteus also, godlike Chief,
With Ajax son of Telamon. Each took
His station, and Epeüs seized the clod.
He swung, he cast it, and the Grecians laugh'd.
Leonteus, branch of Mars, quoited it next.
Huge Telamonian Ajax with strong arm
Dismiss'd it third, and overpitch'd them both.
But when brave Polypœtes seized the mass
Far as the vigorous herdsman flings his staff
That twirling flies his numerous beeves between,
So far his cast outmeasured all beside,
And the host shouted. Then the friends arose
Of Polypœtes valiant Chief, and bore
His ponderous acquisition to the ships.
The archers' prize Achilles next proposed,
Ten double and ten single axes, form'd
Of steel convertible to arrow points.
He fix'd, far distant on the sands, the mast
Of a brave bark cœrulean-prow'd, to which
With small cord fasten'd by the foot he tied
A timorous dove, their mark at which to aim.
[15]Who strikes the dove, he conquers, and shall bear
These double axes all into his tent.
But who the cord alone, missing the bird,
Successful less, he wins the single blades.
The might of royal Teucer then arose,
And, fellow-warrior of the King of Crete,
Valiant Meriones. A brazen casque
Received the lots; they shook them, and the lot
Fell first to Teucer. He, at once, a shaft
Sent smartly forth, but vow'd not to the King[16]

[15] The transition from narrative to dramatic follows the Original.
[16] Apollo; frequently by Homer called the King without any addition.

ımb, all firstlings of the flock.
ɔre (for Apollo greater praise
m) miss'd the dove, but struck the cord
her, at small distance from the knot,
his arrow sever'd it. Upsprang
ınto the air, and to the ground
ɜ fell the cord. Shouts rent the skies.
in haste, Meriones the bow
om his hand holding a shaft the while
ım'd, and to Apollo vow'd
ımb, all firstlings of the flock.
he dove aloft, under a cloud,
e she wheel'd around, struck her beneath
ıı; through her and beyond her pass'd
ɾ, and, returning, pierced the soil
ıe foot of brave Meriones.
hing on the mast again, her head
and hung her wide-unfolded wing,
expiring, dropp'd and fell remote.
ıt seized the people. To his tent
the ten best axes bore,
er the inferior ten to his.
ast, Achilles in the circus placed
ɔus spear and cauldron yet unfired,
with flowers around, its worth an ox.
he spear-expert; Atrides first,
ıg Agamemnon, King of men,
brave fellow-warrior of the King
Meriones; when thus his speech
ɔ the royal Chief address'd.
! (for we know thy skill and force
! that none can hurl the spear as thou)
: is thine, order it to thy ship;
please thee, as I would it might,
Meriones the spear receive.
l; nor Agamemnon not complied,
ɜriones the brazen spear
g, to Talthybius gave in charge
ıron, next, his own illustrious prize.

BOOK XXIV.

ARGUMENT.

Priam, by command of Jupiter, and under conduct of Mercury, seeks Achilles in his tent, who admonished previously by Thetis, consents to accept ransom for the body of Hector. Hector is mourned, and the manner of his funeral, circumstantially described, concludes the poem.

THE games all closed, the people went dispersed
Each to his ship; they mindful of repast,
And to enjoy repose; but other thoughts
Achilles' mind employ'd; he still deplored
With tears his loved Patroclus, nor the force
Felt of all-conquering sleep, but turn'd and turn'd
Restless from side to side, mourning the loss
Of such a friend, so manly, and so brave.
Their fellowship in toil; their hardships oft
Sustain'd in fight laborious, or o'ercome
With difficulty on the perilous Deep—
Remembrance busily retracing themes
Like these, drew down his cheeks continual tears.
Now on his side he lay, now lay supine,
Now prone; then starting from his couch he roam'd
Forlorn the beach, nor did the rising morn
On seas and shores escape his watchful eye,
But joining to his chariot his swift steeds,
He fasten'd Hector to be dragg'd behind.
Around the tomb of Menœtiades
Him thrice he dragg'd; then rested in his tent,
Leaving him at his length stretch'd in the dust.
Meantime Apollo with compassion touch'd
Even of the lifeless Hector, from all taint
Saved him, and with the golden ægis broad
Covering, preserved him, although dragg'd, untorn.
While he, indulging thus his wrath, disgraced
Brave Hector, the Immortals, at that sight

Vith pity moved, exhorted Mercury
he watchful Argicide, to steal him thence.
hat counsel pleased the rest, but neither pleased
uno, nor Neptune, nor the blue-eyed maid.
hey still, as at the first, held fast their hate
f sacred Troy, detested Priam still,
nd still his people, mindful of the crime
f Paris, who when to his rural hut
hey came, those Goddesses affronting, praise
nd admiration gave to Her alone
Vho with vile lusts his preference repaid.
ut when the twelfth ensuing morn arose,
pollo, then, the Immortals thus address'd.
Ye Gods, your dealings now injurious seem
nd cruel. Was not Hector wont to burn
highs of fat goats and bullocks at your shrines?
Vhom now, though dead, ye cannot yet endure
o rescue, that Andromache once more
light view him, his own mother, his own son,
lis father and the people, who would soon
ield him his just demand, a funereal fire.
ut, oh ye Gods! your pleasure is alone
o please Achilles, that pernicious Chief,
Vho neither right regards, nor owns a mind
hat can relent, but as the lion, urged
y his own dauntless heart and savage force,
avades without remorse the rights of man,
hat he may banquet on his herds and flocks,
o Peleus' son all pity from his breast
lath driven, and shame, man's blessing[1] or his curse[1].
or whosoever hath a loss sustain'd
till dearer, whether of his brother born
rom the same womb, or even of his son,
Vhen he hath once bewail'd him, weeps no more,
or fate itself gives man a patient mind.
et Peleus' son, not so contented, slays
lustrious Hector first, then drags his corse
a cruel triumph at his chariot-wheels
round Patroclus' tomb; but neither well

[1] His blessing, if he is properly influenced by it; his curse in its consquences if *he is deaf to its* dictates.

nks the bull's[s] horn with its leaden weight,
ı bearing to the raveners of the Deep.
in her vaulted cave Thetis she found
'ery nymph of Ocean round about
mpass'd; she, amid them all, the fate
of her noble son ordain'd to death
rtile Troy, from Phthia far remote.
Iris, drawing near, her thus address'd.
se, O Thetis! Jove, the author dread
erlasting counsels, calls for thee.
whom the Goddess of the Silver feet.
calls the mighty Thunderer me? I fear,
ɔss'd with countless sorrows as I am,
ngle with the Gods.—Yet I obey—
ɔrd of his can prove an empty sound.
saying, the Goddess took her sable veil,
ne'er beheld a darker,) and began
rogress, by the storm-wing'd Iris led,
her hand the billows open'd wide
ɜ before them; they, ascending soon
hore, updarted swift into the skies.
found loud-voiced Saturnian Jove around
ɔn'd by the ever blessed Gods
ned in full assembly; she beside
ather Jove (Pallas retiring) sat.
Juno, with consolatory speech,
ıted to her hand a golden cup,
ich she drank, then gave it back again,
hus the Sire of Gods and men began.
ldess of ocean, Thetis! thou hast sought
ɔus, bearing in thy bosom grief
to be assuaged, as well I know.
ıalt thou learn, afflicted as thou art,
[have summoned thee. Nine days the Gods,
rning Hector's body and thy own
city-spoiler son, have held dispute,
ome have urged ofttimes the Argicide
sighted Mercury, to steal the dead.
forbad it for Achilles' sake,

[s] ıe angler's custom was, in those days, to guard his line above the *vm the fishes' bite*, by passing it through a pipe of horn.

Whom I exalt, the better to insure
Thy reverence and thy friendship evermore.
Haste, therefore, seek thy son, and tell him thus.
The Gods resent it, say (but most of all
Myself am angry) that he still detains
Amid his fleet, through fury of revenge,
Unransom'd Hector; so shall he, at length,
Through fear of me, perchance, release the slain.
Myself to generous Priam will, the while,
Send Iris, who shall bid him to the fleet
Of Greece, such ransom bearing as may soothe
Achilles, for redemption of his son.
So spake the God, nor Thetis not complied.
Descending swift from the Olympian heights
She reach'd Achilles' tent. Him there she found
Groaning disconsolate, while others ran
To and fro, occupied around a sheep
New-slaughter'd, large, and of exuberant fleece.
She sitting close beside him, softly stroak'd
His cheek, and thus, affectionate, began.
How long, my son! sorrowing and mourning here,
Wilt thou consume thy soul, nor give one thought
Either to food or love? Yet love is good,
And woman grief's best cure; for length of days
Is not thy doom, but, even now, thy death
And ruthless destiny are on the wing.
Mark me,—I come a lieger sent from Jove.
The Gods, he saith, resent it, but himself
More deeply than the rest, that thou detain'st
Amid thy fleet, through fury of revenge,
Unransom'd Hector. Be advised, accept
Ransom, and to his friends resign the dead.
To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
Come then the ransomer, and take him hence;
If Jove himself command it,—Be it so.
So they, among the ships, conferring sat
On various themes, the Goddess and her son;
Meantime Saturnian Jove commanded down
His swift ambassadress to sacred Troy.
Hence, rapid Iris, leave the Olympian heights,
And, finding noble Priam, bid him haste

Into Achaia's fleet, bearing such gifts
As may assuage Achilles, and prevail
To liberate the body of his son.
Alone, he must; no Trojan of them all
May company the senior thither, save
An ancient herald to direct his mules
And his wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead
Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew.
Let neither fear of death nor other fear
Trouble him aught, so safe a guard and sure
We give him; Mercury shall be his guide
Into Achilles' presence in his tent.
Nor will himself Achilles slay him there,
Or even permit his death, but will forbid
All violence; for he is not unwise
Nor heedless, no—nor wilful to offend,
But will his suppliant with much grace receive.[4]
He ceased; then Iris tempest-wing'd arose,
Jove's messenger, and, at the gates arrived
Of Priam, woe and wailing found within.
Around their father, in the hall, his sons
Their robes with tears water'd, while them amidst
The hoary king sat mantled, muffled close,
And on his venerable head and neck
Much dust was spread, which, rolling on the earth,
He had shower'd on them with unsparing hands.
The palace echoed to his daughters' cries,
And to the cries of matrons calling fresh
Into remembrance many a valiant Chief
Now stretch'd in dust by Argive hands destroy'd.
The messenger of Jove at Priam's side
Standing, with whisper'd accents low his ear
Saluted, but he trembled at the sound.
Courage, Dardanian Priam! fear thou nought;
To thee no prophetess of ill, I come;
But with kind purpose: Jove's ambassadress
Am I, who though remote, yet entertains
Much pity, and much tender care for thee.

[4] Jupiter justifies him against Apollo's charge, affirming him to be free from those *mental defects* which chiefly betray men into sin, folly, *improvidence, and perverseness.*

Olympian Jove commands thee to redeem
The noble Hector, with an offering large
Of gifts that may Achilles' wrath appease.
Alone, thou must; no Trojan of them all
Hath leave to attend thy journey thither, save
An ancient herald to direct thy mules
And thy wheel'd litter, and to bring the dead
Back into Ilium, whom Achilles slew.
Let neither fear of death nor other fear
Trouble thee aught, so safe a guard and sure
He gives thee; Mercury shall be thy guide
Even to Achilles' presence in his tent.
Nor will himself Achilles slay thee there,
Or even permit thy death, but will forbid
All violence; for he is not unwise
Nor heedless, no—nor wilful to offend,
But will his suppliant with much grace receive.
  So spake the swift ambassadress, and went.
Then, calling to his sons, he bade them bring
His litter forth, and bind the coffer on,
While to his fragrant chamber he repair'd
Himself, with cedar lined and lofty roof'd,
A treasury of wonders, into which
The Queen he summon'd, whom he thus bespake.
  Hecuba! the ambassadress of Jove
Hath come, who bids me to the Grecian fleet,
Bearing such presents thither as may soothe
Achilles, for redemption of my son.
But say, what seems this enterprize to thee?
Myself am much inclined to it, I feel
My courage prompting me amain toward
The fleet, and into the Achaian camp.
  Then wept the Queen aloud, and thus replied.
Ah! whither is thy wisdom fled, for which
Both strangers once, and Trojans honour'd *thee?*
How canst thou wish to penetrate alone
The Grecian fleet, and to appear before
His face by whom so many valiant sons
Of thine have fallen? Thou hast an iron heart!
For should that savage man and faithless once
Seize and discover thee, no pity expect

rence at his hands. Come—let us weep
er, here sequester'd; for the thread
or him by his destiny severe
he was born, ordain'd our son remote
is his parents to be food for hounds
Chief's tent. Oh! clinging to his side,
could tear him with my teeth! His deeds,
eful to my son, then should not want
tion; for he slew not him
ng, but standing boldly for the wives,
ughters fair, and citizens of Troy,
ss of flight[6], and of the wish to fly.
m Godlike Priam answer'd, ancient King.
e me not who willing am to go,
, thyself, a bird of ominous note
ify me under my own roof,
ou shalt not prevail. Had mortal man
'd me this attempt, prophet, or priest,
thsayer, I had pronounced him false
ar'd it but the more. But, since I saw
ddess with these eyes, and heard, myself,
ice divine, I go; that word shall stand;
f my doom be in the fleet of Greece
ish, be it so; Achilles' arm
give me speedy death, and I shall die
g my son, and satisfied with tears.
aying, he open'd wide the elegant lids
merous chests, whence mantles twelve he took
ture beautiful; twelve single cloaks;
ny carpets, with as many robes,
ich he added vests, an equal store.
o took ten talents forth of gold,
igh'd, two splendid tripods, cauldrons four,
fter these a cup of matchless worth
to him when ambassador in Thrace;
le gift, which yet the hoary King
l not, such fervour of desire he felt
se his son. Then from his portico,

; at first, he did fly. It is therefore spoken, as the Scholiast
s, φιλοτοργῶς, and must be understood as the language of strong
l affection.

With angry taunts he drove the gather'd crowds.
Away! away! ye dregs of earth, away;
Ye shame of human kind! Have ye no griefs
At home, that ye come hither troubling *me*?
Deem ye it little that Saturnian Jove
Afflicts me thus, and of my very best,
Best boy deprives me? Ah! ye shall be taught
Yourselves that loss, far easier to be slain
By the Achaians now, since he is dead.
But I, ere yet the city I behold
Taken and pillaged, with these aged eyes,
Shall find safe hiding in the shades below.
He said, and chased them with his staff; they left
In haste the doors, by the old King expell'd.
Then, chiding them aloud, his sons he call'd,
Helenus, Paris, noble Agathon,
Pammon, Antiphonus, and bold in fight
Polites, Dios of illustrious fame,
Hippothoüs and Deiphobus—all nine
He call'd, thus issuing, angry, his commands,
Quick! quick! ye slothful in your father's cause,
Ye worthless brood! would that in Hector's stead
Ye all had perish'd in the fleet of Greece!
Oh altogether wretched! in all Troy
No man had sons to boast valiant as mine,
And I have lost them all. Nestor is gone
The godlike, Troilus the steed-renown'd,
And Hector, who with other men compared
Seem'd a Divinity, whom none had deem'd
From mortal man derived, but from a God.
These Mars hath taken, and hath left me none
But scandals of my house, void of all truth,
Dancers, exact step-measurers[6], a band
Of public robbers, thieves of kids and lambs.
Will ye not bring my litter to the gate
This moment, and with all this package quick
Charge it, that we may hence without delay?
He said, and by his chiding awed, his sons
Drew forth the royal litter, neat, new-built,
And following swift the draught, on which they bound

[6] κορυτυπτῆσιν ἄριστοι.

he coffer; next, they lower'd from the wall
he sculptured boxen yoke with its two rings[7];
nd with the yoke its furniture, in length
ine cubits; this to the extremest end
djusting of the pole, they cast the ring
ver the ring-bolt; then, thrice through the yoke
hey drew the brace on both sides, made it fast
/ith even knots, and tuck'd[8] the dangling ends.
roducing, next, the glorious ransom-price
f Hector's body, on the litter's floor
hey heap'd it all, then yoked the sturdy mules,
gift illustrious by the Mysians erst
onferred on Priam; to the chariot, last,
hey led forth Priam's steeds, which the old King
n person serving them) with freshest corn
onstant supplied; meantime, himself within
he palace, and his herald, were employ'd
irding[9] themselves, to go; wise each and good.
nd now came mournful Hecuba, with wine
elicious charged, which in a golden cup
he brought, that not without libation due
irst made, they might depart. Before the steeds
er steps she stay'd, and Priam thus address'd.
Take this, and to the Sire of all perform
ibation, praying him a safe return
rom hostile hands, since thou art urged to seek
he Grecian camp, though not by my desire.
ray also to Idæan Jove cloud-girt,
/ho oversees all Ilium, that he send
is messenger, or ere thou go, the bird
is favourite most, surpassing all in strength,
t thy right-hand; him seeing, thou shalt tend

[7] Through which the reins were passed.
[8] The yoke being flat at bottom, and the pole round, there would of ourse be a small aperture between the band and the pole on both sides, rough which, according to the Scholium in Villoisson, they thrust the ids of the tackle lest they should dangle.
[9] The text here is extremely intricate; as it stands now, the sons are, st, said to yoke the horses, then Priam and Idæus are said to do it, id in the palace too. I have therefore adopted an alteration suggested r Clarke, *who with* very little violence to the copy, proposes instead of *νγνύσθην to read—ζωννύσθην*.

With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.
But should loud-thundering Jove his lieger swift
Withhold, from me far be it to advise
This journey, howsoe'er thou wish to go.
To whom the godlike Priam thus replied.
This exhortation will I not refuse,
O Queen! for, lifting to the Gods his hands
In prayer for their compassion, none can err.
So saying, he bade the maiden o'er the rest,
Chief in authority, pour on his hands
Pure water, for the maiden at his side
With ewer charged and laver, stood prepared.
He laved his hands; then, taking from the Queen
The goblet, in his middle area stood
Pouring libation with his eyes upturn'd
Heaven-ward devout, and thus his prayer preferr'd.
Jove, great and glorious above all, who rulest,
On Ida's summit seated, all below!
Grant me arrived within Achilles' tent
Kindness to meet and pity, and oh send
Thy messenger or ere I go, the bird
Thy favourite most, surpassing all in strength,
At my right hand, which seeing, I shall tend
With better hope toward the fleet of Greece.
He ended, at whose prayer, incontinent,
Jove sent his eagle, surest of all signs,
The black-plumed bird voracious, Morphnos[10] named,
And Percnos.[10] Wide as the well-guarded door
Of some rich potentate his vans he spread
On either side; they saw him on the right,
Skimming the towers of Troy; glad they beheld
That omen, and all felt their hearts consoled.
Delay'd not then the hoary King, but quick
Ascending to his seat, his coursers urged
Through vestibule and sounding porch abroad.
The four-wheel'd litter led, drawn by the mules
Which sage Idæus managed, behind whom
Went Priam, plying with the scourge his steeds
Continual through the town, while all his friends,
Following their sovereign with dejected hearts,

[10] The words both signify—sable.

Lamented him as going to his death.
But when from Ilium's gate into the plain
They had descended, then the sons-in-law
Of Priam, and his sons, to Troy return'd.
Nor they, now traversing the plain, the note
Escaped of Jove the Thunderer; he beheld
Compassionate the venerable King,
And thus his own son Mercury bespake.
Mercury! (for above all others thou
Delightest to associate with mankind
Familiar, whom thou wilt winning with ease
To converse free,) go thou, and so conduct
Priam into the Grecian camp, that none
Of all the numerous Danaï may see
Or mark him, till he reach Achilles' tent.
He spake, nor the ambassador of heaven
The Argicide delay'd, but bound in haste
His undecaying sandals to his feet,
Golden, divine, which waft him o'er the floods
Swift as the wind, and o'er the boundless earth.
He took his rod with which he charms to sleep
All eyes, and theirs who sleep opens again.
Arm'd with that rod, forth flew the Argicide.
At Ilium and the Hellespontic shores
Arriving sudden, a King's son he seem'd,
Now clothing first his ruddy cheek with down,
Which is youth's loveliest season; so disguised,
His progress he began. They now (the tomb
Magnificent of Ilus past) beside
The river stay'd the mules and steeds to drink,
For twilight dimm'd the fields. Idæus first
Perceived him near, and Priam thus bespake.
Think, son of Dardanus! for we have need
Of our best thought. I see a warrior. Now,
Now we shall die; I know it. Turn we quick
Our steeds to flight; or let us clasp his knees
And his compassion suppliant essay.
Terror and consternation at that sound
The mind of Priam felt; erect the hair
Bristled his limbs, and with amaze he stood
Motionless. But the God, meantime, approach'd,

And, seizing ancient Priam's hand, enquired.
Whither, my father! in the dewy night
Drivest thou thy mules and steeds, while others sleep?
And fear'st thou not the fiery host of Greece,
Thy foes implacable, so nigh at hand?
Of whom should any, through the shadow dun
Of flitting night, discern thee bearing forth
So rich a charge, then what wouldst thou expect?
Thou art not young thyself, nor with the aid
Of this thine ancient servant, strong enough
Force to repulse, should any threaten force.
But injury fear none or harm from me;
I rather much from harm by other hands
Would save thee, thou resemblest so my sire.
Whom answer'd godlike Priam, hoar with age.
My son! well spoken. Thou hast judged aright.
Yet even me some Deity protects
Thus far; to whom I owe it that I meet
So seasonably one like thee, in form
So admirable, and in mind discreet
As thou art beautiful. Blest parents, thine!
To whom the messenger of heaven again,
The Argicide. Oh ancient and revered!
Thou hast well spoken all. Yet this declare,
And with sincerity; bear'st thou away
Into some foreign country, for the sake
Of safer custody, this precious charge?
Or, urged by fear, forsake ye all alike
Troy's sacred towers? since he whom thou hast lost,
Thy noble son, was of excelling worth
In arms, and nought inferior to the Greeks.
Then thus the godlike Priam, hoary King.
But tell me first, who *Thou* art, and from whom
Descended, loveliest youth! who hast the fate
So well of my unhappy son rehearsed?
To whom the herald Mercury replied.
Thy questions, venerable Sire! proposed
Concerning noble Hector, are design'd
To prove me. Him, not seldom, with these eyes
In man-ennobling fight I have beheld
active; saw him when he thinn'd the Greeks

With his sharp spear, and drove them to the ships.
Amazed we stood to notice him; for us,
Incensed against the ruler of our host,
Achilles suffer'd not to share the fight.
I serve Achilles; the same gallant bark
Brought us, and of the Myrmidons am I,
Son of Polyctor; wealthy is my Sire,
And such in years as thou; six sons he hath,
Beside myself the seventh, and, (the lots cast
Among us all,) mine sent me to the wars.
That I have left the ships, seeking the plain,
The cause is this; the Greeks, at break of day,
Will compass, arm'd, the city, for they loathe
To sit inactive, neither can the chiefs
Restrain the hot impatience of the host.
Then godlike Priam answer thus return'd.
If of the band thou be of Peleus' son,
Achilles, tell me undisguised the truth.
My son, subsists he still, or hath thy Chief
Limb after limb given him to his dogs?
Him answer'd then the herald of the skies.
Oh venerable Sir! him neither dogs
Have eaten yet, nor fowls, but at the ships
His body, and within Achilles' tent
Neglected lies. Twelve days he so hath lain;
Yet neither worm which diets on the brave
In battle fallen, hath eaten him, or taint
Invaded. He around Patroclus' tomb
Drags him indeed pitiless, oft as day
Reddens the East, yet safe from blemish still
His corse remains. Thou would'st, thyself, admire,
Seeing how fresh the dew-drops, as he lies,
Rest on him, and his blood is cleansed away
That not a stain is left. Even his wounds
(For many a wound they gave him) all are closed,
Such care the blessed Gods have of thy son,
Dead as he is, whom living much they loved.
So he; then, glad, the ancient King replied.
Good is it, oh my son! to yield the Gods
Their just demands. My boy, while yet he lived,
Lived not unmindful of the worship due

To the Olympian powers, who, therefore, him
Remember, even in the bands of death.
Come then—this beauteous cup take at my hand—
Be thou my guard, and, if the Gods permit,
My guide, till to Achilles' tent I come.
  Whom answer'd then the messenger of heaven.
Sir! thou perceivest me young, and art disposed
To try my virtue; but it shall not fail.
Thou bidd'st me at thine hand a gift accept,
Whereof Achilles knows not; but I fear
Achilles, and on no account should dare
Defraud him, lest some evil find me next.
But Thee I would with pleasure hence conduct
Even to glorious Argos, over sea
Or over land, nor any, through contempt
Of such a guard, should dare to do thee wrong.
  So Mercury, and to the chariot seat
Upspringing, seized at once the lash and reins,
And with fresh vigour mules and steeds inspired.
Arriving at the foss and towers, they found
The guard preparing now their evening cheer,
All whom the Argicide with sudden sleep
Oppress'd, then oped the gates, thrust back the bars,
And introduced, with all his litter-load
Of costly gifts, the venerable King.
But when they reach'd the tent for Peleus' son
Raised by the Myrmidons (with trunks of pine
They built it, lopping smooth the boughs away,
Then spread with shaggy mowings of the mead
Its lofty roof, and with a spacious court
Surrounded it, all fenced with driven stakes;
One bar alone of pine secured the door,
Which ask'd three Grecians with united force
To thrust it to its place, and three again
To thrust it back, although Achilles oft
Would heave it to the door himself alone;)
Then Hermes, benefactor of mankind,
That bar displacing for the King of Troy,
Gave entrance to himself and to his gifts
For Peleus' son design'd, and from the seat
Alighting, thus his speech to Priam turn'd.

Oh ancient Priam! an immortal God
Attends thee; I am Hermes, by command
Of Jove my father thy appointed guide.
But I return. I will not, entering here,
Stand in Achilles' sight; immortal Powers
May not so unreservedly indulge
Creatures of mortal kind. But enter thou,
Embrace his knees, and by his father both
And by his Goddess mother sue to him,
And by his son, that his whole heart may melt.
So Hermes spake, and to the skies again
Ascended. Then leap'd Priam to the ground,
Leaving Idæus; he, the mules and steeds
Watch'd, while the ancient King into the tent
Proceeded of Achilles dear to Jove.
Him there he found, and sitting found apart
His fellow-warriors, of whom two alone
Served at his side, Alcimus, branch of Mars,
And brave Automedon; he had himself
Supp'd newly, and the board stood unremoved.
Unseen of all huge Priam enter'd, stood
Near to Achilles, clasp'd his knees, and kiss'd
Those terrible and homicidal hands
That had destroy'd so many of his sons.
As when a fugitive for blood the house
Of some Chief enters in a foreign land,
All gaze, astonish'd at the sudden guest,
So gazed Achilles, seeing Priam there,
And so stood all astonish'd, each his eyes
In silence fastening on his fellow's face.
But Priam kneel'd, and suppliant thus began.
Think, oh Achilles, semblance of the Gods!
On thy own father full of days like me,
And trembling on the gloomy verge of life.
Some neighbour Chief, it may be, even now,
Oppresses him, and there is none at hand,
No friend to succour him in his distress.
Yet, doubtless, hearing that Achilles lives,
He still rejoices, hoping day by day,
That one day *he shall see* the face again

Of his own son from distant Troy return'd.
But me no comfort cheers, whose bravest sons,
So late the flower of Ilium, all are slain.
When Greece came hither, I had fifty sons;
Nineteen were children of one bed, the rest
Born of my concubines. A numerous house!
But fiery Mars hath thinn'd it. One I had,
One, more than all my sons the strength of Troy,
Whom standing for his country thou hast slain—
Hector—His body to redeem I come
Into Achaia's fleet, bringing, myself,
Ransom inestimable to thy tent.
Reverence the Gods, Achilles! recollect
Thy father; for his sake compassion show
To me more pitiable still, who draw
Home to my lips, (humiliation yet
Unseen on earth) his hand who slew my son.
So saying, he waken'd in his soul regret
Of his own Sire; softly he placed his hand
On Priam's hand, and push'd him gently away.
Remembrance melted both. Rolling before
Achilles' feet, Priam his son deplored
Wide-slaughtering Hector, and Achilles wept
By turns his father, and by turns his friend
Patroclus; sounds of sorrow fill'd the tent.
But when, at length satiate, Achilles felt
His heart from grief, and all his frame relieved,
Upstarting from his seat, with pity moved
Of Priam's silver locks and silver beard,
He raised the ancient father by his hand,
Whom in wing'd accents kind he thus bespake.
Wretched indeed! ah what must thou have felt!
How hast thou dared to seek alone the fleet
Of the Achaians, and his face by whom
So many of thy valiant sons have fallen?
Thou hast an heart of iron, terror-proof.
Come—sit beside me—Let us, if we may,
Great mourners both, bid sorrow sleep awhile.
There is no profit of our sighs and tears;
For thus, exempt from care themselves, the Gods

Ordain man's miserable race to mourn.
Fast by the threshold of Jove's courts are placed
Two casks, one stored with evil, one with good,
From which the God dispenses as he wills.
For whom the glorious Thunderer mingles both,
He leads a life checker'd with good and ill
Alternate; but to whom he gives unmix'd
The bitter cup, he makes that man a curse,
His name becomes a by-word of reproach,
His strength is hunger-bitten, and he walks
The blessed earth, unblest, go where he may.
So was my father Peleus at his birth
Nobly endow'd with plenty and with wealth
Distinguish'd by the Gods past all mankind,
Lord of the Myrmidons, and, though a man,
Yet match'd from heaven with an immortal bride.
But even him the Gods afflict, a son
Refusing him, who might possess his throne
Hereafter; for myself, his only heir,
Pass as a dream, and while I live, instead
Of solacing his age, here sit, before
Your distant walls, the scourge of thee and thine.
Thee also, ancient Priam, we have heard
Reported, once possessor of such wealth
As neither Lesbos, seat of Macar, owns,
Nor Eastern Phrygia, nor yet all the ports
Of Hellespont, but thou didst pass them all
In riches, and in number of thy sons.
But since the Powers of Heaven brought on thy land
This fatal war, battle and deeds of death
Always surround the city where thou reign'st.
Cease, therefore, from unprofitable tears,
Which, ere they raise thy son to life again,
Shall, doubtless, find fresh cause for which to flow.
To whom the ancient king godlike replied.
Hero, forbear. No seat is here for me,
While Hector lies unburied in your camp.
Loose him, and loose him now, that with these eyes
I may behold my son; accept a price
Magnificent, which may'st thou long enjoy,

And, since my life was precious in thy sight,
May'st thou revisit safe thy native shore!
  To whom Achilles, louring, and in wrath[11].
Urge me no longer, at a time like this,
With that harsh note; I am already inclined
To loose him. Thetis, my own mother came
Herself on that same errand, sent from Jove.
Priam! I understand thee well. I know
That, by some God conducted, thou hast reach'd
Achaia's fleet; for, without aid divine,
No mortal even in his prime of youth,
Had dared the attempt; guards vigilant as ours
He should not easily elude, such gates,
So massy, should not easily unbar.
Thou, therefore, vex me not in my distress,
Lest I abhor to see thee in my tent,
And, borne beyond all limits, set at nought
Thee, and thy prayer, and the command of Jove.
  He said; the old King trembled, and obey'd.
Then sprang Pelides like a lion forth,
Not sole, but with his two attendant friends
Alcimus and Automedon the brave,
For them (Patroclus slain) he honour'd most
Of all the Myrmidons. They from the yoke
Released both steeds and mules, then introduced
And placed the herald of the hoary King.
They lighten'd next the litter of its charge
Inestimable, leaving yet behind
Two mantles and a vest, that, not unveil'd
The body might be borne back into Troy.
Then, calling forth his women, them he bade
Lave and anoint the body, but apart,
Lest haply Priam, noticing his son,
Through stress of grief should give resentment scope,
And irritate by some affront himself
To slay him, in despite of Jove's commands.

[11] Mortified to see his generosity, after so much kindness shown to Priam, still distrusted, and that the impatience of the old king threatened to deprive him of all opportunity to do gracefully what he could not be expected to do willingly.

They, therefore, laving and anointing first
The body, cover'd it with cloak and vest;
Then, Peleus' son disposed it on the bier,
Lifting it from the ground, and his two friends
Together heaved it to the Royal wain.
Achilles, last, groaning, his friend invoked.
Patroclus! should the tidings reach thine ear,
Although in Ades, that I have released
The noble Hector at his father's suit,
Resent it not; nor sordid gifts have paid
His ransom-price, which thou shalt also share.
So saying, Achilles to his tent return'd,
And on the splendid couch whence he had risen
Again reclined, opposite to the seat
Of Priam, whom the Hero thus bespake.
Priam! at thy request thy son is loosed,
And lying on his bier; at dawn of day
Thou shalt both see him and convey him hence
Thyself to Troy. But take we now repast;
For even bright-hair'd Niobe her food
Forgat not, though of children twelve bereft,
Of daughters six, and of six blooming sons.
Apollo these struck from his silver bow,
And those shaft-arm'd Diana, both incensed
That oft Latona's children and her own
Numbering, she scorn'd the Goddess who had borne
Two only, while herself had twelve to boast.
Vain boast! those two sufficed to slay them all.
Nine days they welter'd in their blood, no man
Was found to bury them, for Jove had changed
To stone the people; but themselves, at last,
The Powers of Heaven entomb'd them on the tenth.
Yet even she, once satisfied with tears,
Remember'd food; and now, the rocks among
And pathless solitudes of Sipylus,
The rumour'd cradle of the nymphs who dance
On Acheloüs' banks, although to stone
Transform'd, she broods her heaven-inflicted woes.
Come, then, my venerable guest! take we
Refreshment also; once arrived in Troy

With thy dear son, thou shalt have time to weep
Sufficient, nor without most weighty cause.
So spake Achilles, and, upstarting, slew
A sheep white-fleeced, which his attendants flay'd,
And busily and with much skill their task
Administering, first scored the viands well,
Then pierced them with the spits, and when the roast
Was finish'd, drew them from the spits again.
And now, Automedon dispensed around
The polish'd board bread in neat baskets piled,
Which done, Achilles portion'd out to each
His share, and all assail'd the ready feast.
But when nor hunger more nor thirst they felt,
Dardanian Priam, wond'ring at his bulk
And beauty, (for he seem'd some God from heaven)
Gazed on Achilles, while Achilles held
Not less in admiration of his looks
Benign, and of his gentle converse wise,
Gazed on Dardanian Priam, and, at length,
(The eyes of each gratified to the full)
The ancient King thus to Achilles spake.
Hero! dismiss us now each to our bed,
That there at ease reclined, we may enjoy
Sweet sleep; for never have these eyelids closed
Since Hector fell and died, but without cease
I mourn, and nourishing unnumber'd woes,
Have roll'd me in the ashes of my courts.
But I have now both tasted food, and given
Wine to my lips, untasted till with thee.
So he, and at his word Achilles bade
His train beneath his portico prepare
With all dispatch two couches, purple rugs,
And arras, and warm mantles over all.
Forth went the women bearing lights, and spread
A couch for each, when feigning needful fear[12],

[12] Ἐπικερτομίων. Clarke renders the word in this place *falso metû ludens*, and Eustathius says that Achilles suggested such cause of fear to *Priam*, to excuse his lodging him in an exterior part of the tent. The general import of the Greek word is sarcastic, but here it signifies rather —*to* intimidate. See also Dacier.

Achilles thus his speech to Priam turn'd.
My aged guest beloved! sleep thou without;
Lest some Achaian Chief (for such are wont
Oftimes, here sitting, to consult with me)
Hither repair; of whom should any chance
To spy thee through the gloom, he would at once
Convey the tale to Agamemnon's ear,
Whence hindrance might arise, and the release
Haply of Hector's body be delay'd.
But answer me with truth. How many days
Would'st thou assign to the funereal rites
Of noble Hector, for so long I mean
Myself to rest, and keep the host at home?
Then thus the ancient King godlike replied.
If thou indeed be willing that we give
Burial to noble Hector, by an act
So generous, O Achilles! me thou shalt
Much gratify; for we are shut, thou know'st,
In Ilium close, and fuel must procure
From Ida's side remote; fear, too, hath seized
On all our people. Therefore thus I say.
Nine days we wish to mourn him in the house;
To his interment we would give the tenth,
And to the public banquet; the eleventh
Shall see us build his tomb; and on the twelfth
(If war we must) we will to war again.
To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
So be it, ancient Priam! I will curb
Twelve days the rage of war, at thy desire.
He spake, and at his wrist the right hand grasp'd
Of the old Sovereign, to dispel his fear.
Then in the vestibule the herald slept
And Priam, prudent both, but Peleus' son
In the interior tent, and at his side
Brisēis, with transcendent beauty adorn'd.
Now all, all night, by gentle sleep subdued,
Both Gods and chariot-ruling warriors lay,
But not the benefactor of mankind,
Hermes; him sleep seized not, but deep he mused
How likeliest from amid the Grecian fleet

He might deliver by the guard unseen
The King of Ilium; at his head he stood
In vision, and the senior thus bespake.
  Ah heedless and secure! hast thou no dread
Of mischief, ancient King, that thus by foes
Thou sleep'st surrounded, lull'd by the consent
And sufferance of Achilles? Thou hast given
Much for redemption of thy darling son,
But thrice that sum thy sons who still survive
Must give to Agamemnon and the Greeks
For *thy* redemption, should they know thee here.
  He ended; at the sound alarm'd upsprang
The King, and roused his herald. Hermes yoked
Himself both mules and steeds, and through the camp
Drove them incontinent, by all unseen.
  Soon as the windings of the stream they reach'd,
Deep-eddied Xanthus, progeny of Jove,
Mercury the Olympian summit sought,
And saffron-vested morn o'erspread the earth.
They, loud lamenting, to the city drove
Their steeds; the mules close follow'd with the dead.
Nor warrior yet, nor cinctured matron knew
Of all in Ilium aught of their approach,
Cassandra sole except. She, beautiful
As golden Venus, mounted on the height
Of Pergamus, her father first discern'd,
Borne on his chariot-seat erect, and knew
The herald heard so oft in echoing Troy;
Him also on his bier outstretch'd she mark'd,
Whom the mules drew. Then, shrieking through the streets
She ran of Troy, and loud proclaim'd the sight.
  Ye sons of Ilium and ye daughters, haste,
Haste all to look on Hector, if ye e'er
With joy beheld him, while he yet survived,
From fight returning; for all Ilium erst
In him, and all her citizens rejoiced.
  She spake. Then neither male nor female more
In Troy remain'd, such sorrow seized on all.
Issuing from the city-gate, they met
Priam conducting, sad, the body home,

And, foremost of them all, the mother flew
And wife of Hector to the bier, on hich
Their torn-off tresses with unsparing hands
They shower'd, while all the people wept around.
All day, and to the going down of day
They thus had mourn'd the dead before the gates,
Had not their Sovereign from his chariot-seat
Thus spoken to the multitude around.
Fall back on either side, and let the mules
Pass on; the body in my palace once
Deposited, ye then may weep your fill.
He said; they, opening, gave the litter way.
Arrived within the royal house, they stretch'd
The breathless Hector on a sumptuous bed,
And singers placed beside him, who should chaunt
The strain funereal; they with many a groan
The dirge began, and still, at every close,
The female train with many a groan replied.
Then, in the midst, Andromache white-arm'd
Between her palms the dreadful Hector's head
Pressing, her lamentation thus began.
My Hero! thou hast fallen in prime of life,
Me leaving here desolate, and the fruit
Of our ill-fated loves, an helpless child;
Whom grown to manhood I despair to see.
For ere that day arrive, down from her height
Precipitated shall this city fall,
Since thou hast perish'd once her sure defence,
Faithful protector of her spotless wives,
And all their little ones. Those wives shall soon
In Grecian barks capacious hence be borne,
And I among the rest. But thee, my child!
Either thy fate shall with thy mother send
Captive into a land where thou shalt serve
In sordid drudgery some cruel lord,
Or haply some Achaian here, thy hand
Seizing, shall hurl thee from a turret-top
To a sad death, avenging brother, son,
Or father by the hands of Hector slain;
For He *made many* a Grecian bite the ground.

Thy father, boy, bore never into fight
A milky mind, and for that self-same cause
Is now bewailed in every house of Troy.
Sorrow unutterable thou hast caused
Thy parents, Hector! but to me hast left
Largest bequest of misery, to whom,
Dying, thou neither didst thy arms extend
Forth from thy bed, nor gavest me precious word
To be remember'd day and night with tears.
  So spake she weeping, whom her maidens all
With sighs accompanied, and her complaint
Mingled with sobs Hecuba next began.
  Ah Hector! dearest to thy mother's heart
Of all her sons, much must the Gods have loved
Thee living, whom, though dead, they thus preserve.
What son soever of our house beside
Achilles took, over the barren Deep
To Samos, Imbrus, or to Lemnos girt
With rocks inhospitable, him he sold;
But thee, by his dread spear of life deprived,
He dragg'd and dragg'd around Patroclus' tomb,
As if to raise again his friend to life
Whom thou hadst vanquish'd; yet he raised him not.
But as for thee, thou liest here with dew
Besprinkled, fresh as a young plant[13], and more
Resemblest some fair youth by gentle shafts
Of Phœbus pierced, than one in battle slain.
  So spake the Queen, exciting in all hearts
Sorrow immeasurable, after whom
Thus Helen, third, her lamentation pour'd.
  Ah, dearer far than all my brothers else
Of Priam's house! for being Paris' spouse,
Who brought me (would I had first died!) to Troy,
I call thy brothers mine; since forth I came
From Sparta, it is now the twentieth year,
Yet never heard I once hard speech from thee,
Or taunt morose, but if it ever chanced,
That of thy father's house female or male

[13] This, according to the Scholiast, is a probable sense of προσφατος.—He derives it απο των νεωτι πεφασμενων εκ γης φυτων.—See Villoisson.

Blamed me, and even if herself the Queen,
(For in the King, whate'er befell, I found
Always a father,) thou hast interposed
Thy gentle temper and thy gentle speech
To soothe them; therefore, with the same sad drops
Thy fate, oh Hector! and my own I weep;
For other friend within the ample bounds
Of Ilium have I none, nor hope to hear
Kind word again, with horror view'd by all.
So Helen spake weeping, to whom with groans
The countless multitude replied, and thus
Their ancient Sovereign next his people charged.
Ye Trojans, now bring fuel home, nor fear
Close ambush of the Greeks; Achilles' self
Gave me, at my dismission from his fleet,
Assurance, that from hostile force secure
We shall remain, till the twelfth dawn arise.
All, then, their mules and oxen to the wains
Join'd speedily, and under Ilium's walls
Assembled numerous; nine whole days they toil'd,
Bringing much fuel home, and when the tenth
Bright morn, with light for human kind arose,
Then bearing noble Hector forth with tears
Shed copious, on the summit of the pile
They placed him, and the fuel fired beneath.
But when Aurora, daughter of the Dawn,
Redden'd the East, then, thronging forth, all Troy
Encompass'd noble Hector's pile around.
The whole vast multitude convened, with wine
They quench'd the pile throughout, leaving no part
Unvisited, on which the fire had seized.
His brothers, next, collected, and his friends,
His white bones, mourning and with tears profuse
Watering their cheeks; then in a golden urn
They placed them, which with mantles soft they veil'd
Mæonian-hued, and, delving, buried it,
And overspread with stones the spot adust.
Lastly, short time allowing to the task,
They heap'd his tomb, while, posted on all sides,
Suspicious of assault, spies watch'd the Greeks.